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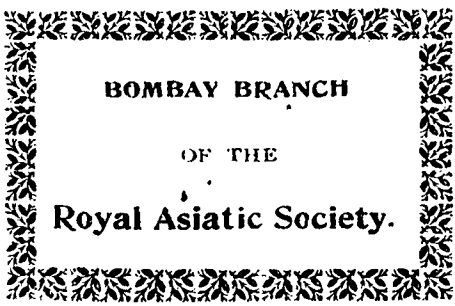

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THE VIADUCT: MORLAIX.

A RAMBLE INTO BRITTANY

BY

THE REV. GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A.
AUTHOR OF "NOOKS AND CORNERS IN OLD FRANCE," ETC.

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A RAMBLE INTO BRITTANY.

CHAPTER I.

DINAN.

WE landed at DINAN at a quarter-past ten o'clock, and, preferring, as usual, the privacy of a calèche to a public carriage, I secured one immediately, and was on the point of starting, when a brisk bonnie young woman, very plainly but faultlessly attired, and bright as a new pin (as the sex say) ran up to the left door of the vehicle, and asked me whether I was proceeding to the Hôtel de Bretagne. On my replying that I was on my way to an equally large house in an opposite quarter, to which I had been specially recommended, she shook her head, exclaiming, "Ah! mais c'est bien dommage! parceque vous seriez bien chez nous."

It proved to be Jeannette, the *fille de chambre* of the 'Bretagne;' and, though her mission had failed, and I bade my driver make the best of his way to the caravanserai I had named, she sprung into the

driving-seat, and, with a light laugh, directed him to set her down near the Porte St. Louis,—on our way ; unless, indeed, Monsieur might be induced to go on with her to the 'Bretagne.'

I concluded these were the manners of the Bretonnes, and let it pass with as much good humour as would serve the occasion, but I subsequently learned that the hotel-keepers of Dinan resort to this particular expedient, and think it all right and reasonable and business-like : and *pour vous dire la verité,* gentle reader, I incline to believe I *should* have done well in suffering the "neat, trimly dress'd" touter, at whose alacrity and *bon naturel* it was impossible to take umbrage, to install me in her employer's hostelry; why and wherefore will transpire in due order of narration.

In less than eight or nine minutes, we, the driver and I, arrived at the place of destination, where the *maître d'hôtel* came forth (not exactly like mine host of 'the Clarendon' or 'Claridges!') in his *shirt-sleeves,* and all eagerness, good humour, and fair words, to greet me. On his learning that I had a written memorandum and message from a lady in England for his wife, he called her forward under the Archway, saying I had a communication to make. She had not shaved her upper lip, nor her chin, nor dressed her visage with smiles ; and of the fair writer of the inquiries and message which I placed before her she stolidly declared she remembered nothing! It was but a *souvenir* of the July

of 1868;—and here our colloquy, after the engaging of an apartment for the week, terminated. She bore, for all the world, as they say, the appearance of a man, (and not a good-looking wight by any means,) in female attire. Accommodation, it appeared, was scarce. I had come just on the eve of the Race Week; and every room on the first floor had been bespoken by families for at least ten days past: but, if I would consent to mount higher, there was a back second floor chamber which (as Mrs. Bouncer tells Box and Cox) would in all likelihood prove very acceptable, for it looked out on the country.

I think I never, in all my travels through fifty-three years, had gazed, on the sudden, on so exquisite a picture of 'paysage riant' as the view from the opened window of this apartment, and I wondered how the room was for an hour left without an occupant. So far, I had fared well; but in all other respects I could not but believe that I might have taken Jeannette's word, as Hamlet says, for a thousand pounds; but it was now too late.

These hotels, however charitably we may be disposed to judge, would be more accurately denominated as large Public Houses. Everything struck me as being dull, dingy, and dirty; and, as I ascended the bare, unwashed, dusty stairs, a conviction came over me, (and what traveller will not understand the sensation?) that I should never like my quarters. The cleanest of three waiters was sent forward to conduct me to the room I was to

occupy—which, upon entry, I found to be as bare as a cell at the Grande Chartreuse Monastery; but a mat and a yard or two of carpet having been brought from another apartment, and "a better chair;" and an undertaking being given that I should have a foot-bath and pail *en permanence*, and not be restricted to a pint-and-a-quarter of water for ablution daily; nor be left without a water-bottle, or denied hot water when asked for, I accepted my position. The foreigners of all ranks, from the coronetted to the leather-capped, wash their faces and hands once in the day: the carafes on their washing stands being only a size larger than the milk-jug of an English breakfast set; and only within a few years last past, the tart dish has disappeared, which used to be supplied as a washing basin—and required the hands to be spread out flat on the bottom so as to be covered with water. Soap, of course, is never supplied; and when hot water is brought up, it is considered to be as lavish and extra luxurious a use of the element as if it were mulled Johannisberg, not likely to be very often rung for. Practising strict economy in the use of water, I have seen a Captain of Infantry making the best of a pint of it which was brought to him (in a court yard) in a metal basin, by washing his mouth first;—and returning the rinse into the vessel; and finishing up with face and hands. Our predilection (our weakness they consider it) for frequent and large washings is, in the eyes of the foreigners, one of the most

remarkable peculiarities and foibles of the English gentry; and though the really excellent hotels of Switzerland and Germany, and, indeed, of France,—(but these are not numerous)—are now furnished with ample apparatus to meet our national taste and usage, the inns of the small towns and villages, in the Grand Tour, are still as defective and ill-appointed as ever; and this at Dinan proved to be no exception.

Finding that if I did not dine at the *Table d'Hôte* at six o'clock, I must wait till eight for a solitary repast, I elected to avail myself of the former; on which little need be remarked. Bad is the best, out of Paris. The most hungry man at table is fed by ounces at a time, of lukewarm food: and if he help himself from each of the eight dishes brought round, he may, in the course of the sitting, have manipulated with spoon, knife, and fork, half-a-pound avoirdupois of different substances, and be led to believe he has dined:—and this is the pre-eminent advantage of these repasts,—that we rise from them with full ability to do justice to another such dinner an hour afterwards; which all the medical men in Europe will tell us is a great preservative of sound health; not of sprightliness!

A group of English who appeared to be quite at home and enjoying everything, ("felices ter et amplius!")—a family and friends,—occupied the upper part of the long table, and made me feel perfectly content with the place I had taken at the extreme

opposite end. The intermediate sitters were made up of just the most ordinary class of French travellers,—agents, factors, functionaries, and employés of all sorts, intermixed with some betting men out of Normandy, who were come up for the Race-week. Five or six chairs were occupied by commercial travellers (as usual), and some cattle-dealers from the Cotentin. This was 'the style of thing' for three or four days,—after which I was glad enough to join a Guernsey family (English) quartered at an old inn near the Porte St. Louis, known as the 'Hôtel des Voyageurs,' where the Duc de Montmorenci and his Duchess had, last year, been lodged, *incognito*, [as an acquaintance of mine, who visited them there, informed me]—and found themselves well cared for.

It was primitive, indeed; but not badly managed: more like a Public House than what *we* consider to be a Hotel,—as I have already observed with respect to the majority of Norman and Breton hotels. The carpeting in the sitting room up-stairs was altogether a novelty. It was composed of coffee-bags picked asunder in the seams, and then made up again in large squares and sewed into one. A very pretty pattern had been worked all over it in worsted; worthy of Queen Matilda's handiwork at Bayeux. These inns receive, in the course of two or three years, some thousand pounds' weight of coffee in the berry from the French colonies, and it is always imported by their agents in the whitish sail-cloth like

bags here spoken of. French economy and ingenuity accomplish the appropriation thereof in and about the premises when the material remains on hand.

THE principal hotels face the enclosure on the Grande Place where stands the effigy of Du Guesclin,—the hero of whose name and praises one soon becomes weary in Brittany;—not, indeed, because he achieved in his day a glorious immortality by frequent defeats of the English forces in France between 1342 and 1380, but simply because we meet with him and his reminiscences so often, (Monsr. Tonson like!) and this to the exclusion, comparatively, of brethren in arms who in their day did the State good service. He was a singularly ugly man, but is not seen to disadvantage here on his pedestal in the Esplanade which bears his name, —and where in 1823 the townspeople erected the statue whose actual existence is far more precarious than the fate of the living hero was in the hottest fights;—for, should any lawless *gamin de ville* throw a turnip or a potato at his comrade, and, missing him, hit the old Constable of France instead, the glory of Dinan would be departed in that moment, for the monument is all plaster of Paris;— an error in judgment on the part of the Mayor and authorities which at no distant date they may have to deplore.

It were needless for me to enter into the old story of Du Guesclin's duel on this spot with that Captain in the army of the Duke of Lancaster who, in

A.D. 1359, was signally defeated by him and owed his life to the intercession of 'old John of Gaunt.' It is written in very choice French and English, and still awakens such admiration among the natives and their rulers that, in 1855, the Corporation forwarded a request to the Government in Paris for a few pieces of the captured Russian ordnance which they might melt and cast into a bronze statue of Du Guesclin,—to take the place of the 'très fragile' effigy just mentioned. The reply, however, of the Minister was but too discouraging. The pieces of artillery brought into France from the Crimea had been already so generally distributed that none remained to meet the reasonable application from Dinan. The hero in white, therefore, remained *in statu quo*—of whom the voice of criticism has proclaimed that he more nearly personates a wandering minstrel than that ancient officer of the Crown whose functions were employed in deeds of war, and made him far more familiar with hard knocks, than with the "pleasings of a lute." The costume certainly brings before us one of Watteau's gallants at a Fête Champêtre—on a spot where we should have looked for a conqueror realizing Hotspur's description of himself—

> "When the fight was done,
> When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
> Breathless and faint, and leaning upon my sword."

A short stroll from the Place de Guesclin brought me to the Parish Church of St. Malo, (our old

acquaintance, M'Cleod!) in my way to which I passed the Post Office,—the only receiving office for letters in the town, for a population of nine thousand.. The inhabitants must be a very uncommunicative body; but economy, perhaps, keeps their inkstands empty; and, as poor circumstances are very manifest throughout the whole province, there is wisdom in this abstinence from the use of the Bureau de Poste. It prevails, indeed through France; each individual, on an average, in that country having been calculated to receive forty-two letters only in the year. In England it exceeds one hundred and fifty-six, or three letters in a week. It is but due to the French administration to say that it is admirably conducted; and the liberality with which letters are forwarded, without delay and without charge, pursuing the tourist from place to place with the original stamp on them, might well be imitated in our country. The history of Postal Improvements is eminently a history of international benefactions, and we now only want a Post Office order arrangement available to transmit and receive small sums under twenty francs, the want of which is a subject of perpetual inconvenience.

The Church of St. Malo has been generally considered as a fine relic of the past. The first stone was laid in 1490; and the choir and transept have been regarded as a beautiful specimen of the last period of Gothic architecture. These were all that were completed between the close of the fifteenth and the

middle of the present century, when the Incumbent of the Parish, L'Abbé Chènu, intent upon making an effort towards the erection, if it were possible, of a nave and all else essential to the completion of the edifice, took a journey to Paris, and, having obtained an audience of the Emperor, received from His Majesty a grant of £3,200 sterling, by aid of which the nave was built and roofed in; and much more was accomplished towards securing the safety of the fabric and the commodious seating of the congregation. These being the two main points and serving a practical purpose,—that of making the Church available for all parochial uses—it becomes us not to criticise such an *opus operatum*. The old exterior, the choir, exhibits the numerous apses and flying buttresses in which the architects of the fifteenth century delighted; and the clustering of the pinnacles surmounting the perpendicular parts of the buttresses gives an importance to the East end of the fabric which only serves to make all else look more mean and unpleasing. The Interior abounds with shortcomings and unsightliness; windows filled with stained glass of the most trashy samples of vulgar taste; and deal pews, appearing on all sides, scare the stranger who has entered with the expectation of looking on the fairest work of the fifteenth century; and all that remains for admiration is the old Curé's zeal, and the Emperor's considerate liberality.

The inhabitants direct our chief attention to the

many excellences of their so-called Romano-Byzantine Cathedral of St. Sauveur. This, too, has been over-rated. It is a large rambling pile, imposing enough when beheld from the East, but bearing the appearance of having been raised upon the ruins of several preceding structures, all built of the native granite (Kersanton), and designed upon the ground plan of what is called the Latin Cross. The earliest portions date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries; but the many exhausting wars of which Dinan felt the pressure, while Brittany was yet a province distinct from France, conspired to prevent this and other similar places of worship being completed till about the middle of the seventeenth century; though the Interior was for the most part finished in the fifteenth. There have been works in progress even up to a modern date; but here, again, as at the Church of St. Malo, there has been a wretched intermixture of materials. The ceilings of the transepts, for instance, are of wood, very indifferently painted. The organ, mostly a magnificent feature in the Cathedrals and Parish Churches of any note, is of the meanest description, and its gallery might have been copied from one in an ordinary English Meeting House. The pulpit, once in the Church of the Dominicans, is in the worst conceivable taste. The French admire it, *quand même*. Its canopy resembles a cavalry kettle-drum, and the decorations are suggestive of a hammercloth on a sheriff's carriage,—fringed and tasselled. I was horrified to

discover that the capitals of two stone pilasters, of purest Norman architecture, alongside of which the pulpit stair was led, were pared away by stroke of axe or chisel, to render the approach a little wider, and to prevent the preacher, about to enter the pulpit, from touching the capitals with his elbows! Not far from this, westward, was a very ancient pillar, brown with time, hardly ten feet high, including its capital, which I attributed to the eleventh century. In this Interior the columns have no capitals; they spread into arches. The only really interesting object in my regards was the ancient granite font, shaped like an oval bowl, 3 feet in length, and upheld by four figures intended to represent angels, the heads of which had been knocked off by the Revolutionary rabble of 1792-3. Their hands appear on the margin of the Font. Within the latter are sculptured two mullets, about ten inches in length. These fishes, according to the explanation afforded by M. l'Abbé Brageul, the present incumbent of the Parish of St. Sauveur, with whom I conversed on the subject, are intended to convey the religious truth that as a fish comes into the world in water and cannot live out of that element, so the Christian is born again of the Water of Baptism, and cannot otherwise live in the new life. I attribute to this old Font as early a date as the year 1040.

At one period there were fifteen altars in this Cathedral, at which Mass was said. They are less numerous now: all the old families at whose cost

they were originally constructed having long since become extinct, and no survivors caring to keep the chapel in repair, or to supply tapers, flowers, &c., to the altars. As I took up my position at the East, exteriorly, I counted eight of these apses for chapels, above which are seen clustering minarets and pinnacles that might be called a bouquet of granitic floral cusps, croquets, finials and leaves most exquisitely sculptured; the surmounting ornamentation of equally elaborated perpendicular buttresses, fifty feet high. Two of these, situate south-east, displayed the most beautiful work I had ever beheld in this category of architecture. The mouldings are convoluted, like the twisted strands of a small cable, and terminate upwards in a flower-like apex, which, if imitated in ivory, would be regarded as the perfection of delicate carving.

Turning off at this point to the left, and walking onwards to the West façade, we come upon the most ancient relics that the Cathedral exhibits of the eleventh century; but these are for the most part so worn away by time as to be hardly recognizable in their details; but, in the mass of sculptured figures (statuettes) that crowd the principal arch of the portal, archæologists have distinguished the Elders with their harps in the presence of Eternal Glory. About the remaining arches are four full-length statues, which have puzzled antiquarians in every generation, though they are supposed by the majority of competent judges to represent the Virgin

Mary, St. Ambrose, St. Denys, and St. John. Their feet rest on lions. There are also heads in alto-relievo, projecting out of the main wall, of a lion and an ox. These are considered emblematical of St. Mark and St. Luke; but the query arises why St. Matthew and St. John should not have been similarly symbolized. Many of the capitals of the small columns introduced among the arches are crowded with fantastic designs of which it is not easy to conjecture the import. A nude female is seen, from whose right breast hangs a toad; a serpent is clinging to her left. At her right stands a dragon: at her left, a winged personage. This is supposed to represent an individual of depraved morals, for whose soul the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness are contending. Another capital exhibits a pilgrim with his wallet and staff, confronted by a dragon; the Evil One assaulting the Christian in his earthly pilgrimage. There are almost as many specimens of this semi-barbarous sportiveness in stone work *within* as without this ancient temple. Time has done much in the work of demolition, but the rabble of the Revolution in 1792-3 did yet more; but, after all, one can only look upon such vestiges of early architecture as interesting samples of the infancy of Art in Western Europe. They are curious, however quaint, and often bordering on the profane; but of beauty they are altogether destitute. Whenever we meet with the semi-circular arches in ecclesiastical buildings of the eleventh century, these

grotesque decorations for the most part appear. A large mural tablet in the Eastern wall of the North transept records the interment of the body of Du Guesclin among the kings of France at St. Denys, and the preservation of his heart in Dinan. This is the stone memorial which was transferred sixty years ago from the ruins of the Church of the Jacobins in Dinan. The leaden casket in which his heart had lain there since 1380, escaped the notice of the execrable wretches that overran France in the name of the Convention in 1792-3, when they despoiled that church. The body, from which it had been extracted by the emissaries of Charles V. at Mans, where they fell in with the funeral escort on its way from Château Neuf de Randon (where he died) to Dinan, was scattered to the winds, with other remains of the illustrious dead, in 1793.

The tower was surmounted, incongruously enough, by a dome constructed in 1759. The present nondescript steeple, two hundred and thirty feet in height, was completed about twenty years afterwards. But I shall not encumber my pages with further accounts of these buildings. It is a narrative I generally turn away from in my own reading, and few there are who care to peruse the particulars of a locality possessing in their estimation no interest, and preferring not the slightest claim to their attention or regard. But I may be read again, as in years past, at Dinan; and I could not well permit

our countrymen there to say, "He absolutely makes no mention of those two remarkable churches!"

There are some queer specimens of the English now and then to be met with in the said town. I saw one of the gentler sex arrayed in a sky-blue gown trimmed with scarlet: headdress, best described in the Museum catalogue, as that of the Oriolus Regens of New Holland, or Loriot Prince Regent; Golden Orange plumage with jet black intermixed. The following extract from Natural (or non-natural) History exemplifies many of the objects that awaken curiosity and surprise, daily, in our own climate; and opportunities have been frequent, of late, for my depicting from the life:—The female Pupa Gloriosa displays a startling combination of colours in its plumage, especially about the head, which at first sight appears to be surmounted with a small military hat and feather exactly resembling the field officer's full-dress hat. In some of the varieties of this species the head appears to be enclosed in an almost invisible net: in others it seems to be encumbered with a hank of brown silk or yarn. The beak and all the space between the eyes and the throat exhibit the appearance of being slightly *powdered*. Body, warm brown tint, relieved with scarlet; tail, *panieré*; legs, red or red striped with white or black, and the spurs of the feet so elongated as to throw the body forward, considerably out of the perpendicular. Another, and very common specimen, exhibits a head built up, as

it were, in bright velvety plumage, the counterpart of the turret apparatus in our modern ships of war. This curious superstructure, added to the artificial height just mentioned, lifts the really dwarfish little creature into an elevation which, at first glance, deceives the eye of casual observers.

European costume is disporting itself, at the present time, in fashions of which our ordinary vocabulary contains not the correct terms; and I find the only really effective description of the hats (or bonnets), bodies, skirts, paniers, and hose of the present day is derivable from the Cabinets of Ornithological specimens in our Museums. Whenever, in the streets or public places, I perceive any of these exhibitions of female folly approaching, it is my constant practice to identify them with other "outlandish" bipeds,—those of the Tropics, particularly; of whom travellers report that those which display the most gorgeous plumage are songless, and awaken no interest beyond the admiration bestowed on the hues and conspicuous singularity of their feathers.

Reverting, however, to the old Town,—far more amusing and interesting than dull and disfigured churches are the ancient streets. As is well known, some of these are so narrow, and the uppermost story so prominent in proportion, that a carpet-broom might be held at either end by opposite neighbours, from their open casements. But the feature which most astonished me during my

sojourn in Dinan, was the inappropriateness of the greater part of the dwelling-houses to the rank and condition of the inmates. The primitive occupiers must have moved in a sphere seven grades above the class now lodged in these tenements. Many of the shop-fronts, for instance, are constructed out of massive granite, in blocks large enough to be worked up into fort batteries. There are sculptured ornaments of the rudest designs in doorways (archways they may rather be termed) that appear coeval with the period of our Heptarchy, or when men wore pointed shoes a yard long, and drank out of cows' horns. I saw an old crone shelling beans under an arcade, of which the projecting beams of massive oak still exhibited heraldic escutcheons. The first paterfamilias who buckled on armour in this mansion may have fought at Crécy or Poictiers,—a warrior of blue blood, who won his spurs before Charles V. was cradled. Beside her were just the same long slabs of granite, channelled, fluted, and otherwise ornamentally wrought, that I had already observed at Dol;—part, probably, of the coping of a balustrade in front of the same house. On these were laid beans, cabbages, onions, and other garden produce, smearing and polluting the handiwork of graving tools, familiar with emblazonment and mediæval illustration. The marvel is that any houses fall into ruin, for they seem to have been built for all time. I saw one levelled into heaps, and clambered on to the *débris*. The walls

were composed of huge blocks or boulders of ferruginous granite,—and the chestnut beams were proportionately large and strong; and the jambs of the fire-places might have supported an Armstrong gun. The premises were to be enlarged, and on this account the clearance was made; for, although the house was upwards of two centuries old, every part was sound and might have stood firm for a hundred years. This, indeed, might be affirmed of every other dwelling in the town, built up in granite. In the Rue St. Malo I measured the blocks of which the doorway was composed, at the entrance of a lowly tenement rented at eighteen shillings a year. There were four of two feet square; two of thirty-two inches and a-half: the key stone measuring eighteen inches square. The windows were genuinely prison-like, and had a few fetters been suspended therefrom any one would have taken for granted that this was a strong lock-up; though most of the neighbouring houses bore a similar aspect. In one of them resided a man who let out donkeys for riding—a lucrative speculation in Dinan where men, women and children, the English not excepted, ride about on these animals, in all directions. I needed not admission into Saumon Rochefort's stables to select his best ass,—for it was quartered in his *back parlour!*

27*th*. The Race week will evidently exercise a disturbing influence within and without doors at the "Traveller's Rest," where, in an inauspicious hour, I

took up my quarters. From eleven o'clock till nearly three in the morning, the rattle of wheels and the turmoil of ostlers and helpers, attending to parties arriving from different towns of the Department and Arrondissement, disquieted even the heaviest sleepers in the house. I found *I* was destined to receive visitors between the first and third watch. They came at brief intervals; neither knocking, nor ringing, nor kicking at the door, nor scratching the wainscot;—but, all silent as they were, they made their presence felt instantaneously. As was natural, under the circumstances, I rose in a moment and, lighting a candle, did my utmost to see and dismiss the parties; but their shyness and retiring habits refused me the contact I so eagerly desired. The rapidity and strategical regularity with which they eluded both touch and sight was really wonderful. The retreat from Corunna was not ordered with better generalship. I forget at the present moment who was the author of the following lines; but what he here states respecting the tiny and feebler folk is altogether as true with regard to their big brothers with whom, during the whole of my sojourn in my chosen Inn, I became intimately and unenviably acquainted:

'All the fleas have other fleas,
And lesser fleas that bite 'em:
And smaller fleas have smallest fleas,*
And so *ad infinitum*.'

* Parasites.

Like the huntsmen in my Home Wood, when the covert has been disturbed on the day before the Meet, I could never *find*. The fact is, these marauders' head-quarters are in the bed curtains,—in that part, especially, where the drapery is ornamentally puckered up into a coronet, under the ceiling,—whence, 'facilis descensus.' From this region, the foray is made: the assassin comes down upon the man—

'It will have blood.'—

and, when this is drawn, it is conveyed at such express speed to the summit here specified as to defy arrest, and the most vivid magnesium light avails not to detect a straggler belonging to the enemy's forces. To avert this intolerable nuisance and suffering, it would be sufficient, probably, to require that all the hangings should be taken down before the bed is occupied: for, if there enter into that (intended) place of rest any one but an oily Laplander, whose peculiar surface is his perfect security, the *piqueur* will feed sweetly on him; and not all the powers of endurance exhibited even by the man of Uz will stand more than a hundred wounds. Mine amounted to ninety-six, and then I gave in and fled.

It is only just and fair that I should state this to have been the first time in fifty-three years that I had to encounter such torment and wretchedness. The almost universal testimony of our countrymen familiar with France is, I conceive, in favour of

'the sleeping accommodation.' The bed-linen is almost without exception beautifully clean and white, and frequently bordered with decorative cotton lace,—as, indeed, was the case at Dinan.

In hot and dirty Italy (which I well know) we look for disagreeables of this nature; not that even there are they of very frequent occurrence: but, in most of the well-managed French hotels, the mattresses are annually ripped up, and the horse hair and wool are spread out upon the pavement of the Court-yard, and combed and pulled and peppered with most praiseworthy carefulness and consideration. I saw this excellent work in full progress last August (the general vacation time) in Paris. Such precautions and provisions for cleanliness are infinitely more to be appreciated by the Traveller than the profusely gilded saloons, sofas, and bedsteads, and velvet draperies and burnished settees: and the little way-side inn where, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, we migrate *à choix*, "from the blue bed to the brown," proves oftimes the foster nurse of Nature, while in cities we rise as from unrest.

Want of hands and want of funds lie at the foundation of most of the evil attaching to the large Hotels; whether under the management of a Company, or of a single speculator. A Coffee-house keeper or a Restaurateur, thinking to improve his *status*, starts as the Master of a spacious Hotel with an absurdly inadequate capital and an infinitesimal plant or outfit,—which might suffice for the board-

ing of half a dozen guests or lodgers, but is made to meet the requisites of twenty. Here, for instance, is a case in point :—

I formed acquaintance with one of the magistrates, an old resident in Dinan, who lavished on me many attentions, and furnished me with information for which I still feel greatly indebted. He had often visited London and some of the provinces of our country, and held to the opinion that there was no place in the world comparable with it. Within two days after my arrival he entered into conversation with our Maitre d'Hôtel and his *manly-looking* wife (!), and, *inter alia*, expressed his wish that they would do their utmost to make favourable impressions on the English gentleman who was, &c., and so forth ; saying, as I told him, much more than I at all cared they should know concerning their quiet lodger. He received their assurance that they would studiously endeavour to make me like Dinan and their House. It was not, therefore, any lack of respectfulness, but of *hardware* and *crockery* which permitted the waiter in attendance on me to serve my breakfast on odds and ends of broken sets, blue, yellow, green, white, (mostly cracked,) with which a low lodging-house in Eastcheap or Tothill Fields would alone make a man acquainted. Milk jugs without handles ; plates chipped in four or five places and split across ; a coffee-pot, sometimes of pewter, sometimes of earthenware, without a lid or with a broken handle held together by wire and, in

one case, by lead!—and so scanty was the outfit in the bar parlour or pantry, that on two occasions I had not proceeded half-way through my simple repast before the waiter came with a request that I would let him have the coffee-pot—(that mutilated, bandaged and lifelong-invalided vessel!) for a Monsieur in an adjoining room. Brittany abounds with these hand-to-mouth expedients and shortcomings; the unmistakeable indications of beggarly means: but I had not anticipated this in Dinan. My experiences in Bed, Board, and Lodging will not bear full recital —but Jeannette's words 'Vous seriez bien chez nous' were often sounding in my ears; and had I been obliged to stay above a week I should have decamped, and taken my chance of better things at 'La Bretagne.' But all these establishments are on the decline, and doing badly. Why do returning travellers, (our lady acquaintances, especially,) maintain such reticence after having held apartments in these Inns? Why write they not to our friend Murray, and apprize him, in such an instance as this, that 'Bad are the best,' that he may prepare the uninitiated for all that is coarse and repulsive? It had even been suggested to me, before I left England, that if I had any ladies as companions on my summer ramble, they might be most desirably lodged on the Grande Place, while I might be making excursions from it! It is this tolerance and uncomplaining contentment, this winking at abominations, this conformity to dirty and detestable

systems, which has encouraged so many foreign innkeepers to persevere in their old hereditary stint and stink, and to make us feel, only too often, an extent of discomforts which imperils health and is continually shocking the feelings, till noisome nuisances and irritating deprivations make foreign lodging-houses a theme of misery. The complacency with which these annoyances are tolerated and withheld from publicity is, in my regard, good-nature sinning against the community at large. It tends to perpetuate low grovelling notions among a class of people who require to be shamed into propriety, and to be reported and exposed before they will adopt the standard by which our countrymen ought to demand that they should be treated in consideration of their payments,—and establish those arrangements which alone are consistent with decency; however far short of the refinements with which daily life makes us familiar at home.

About six or seven years ago, I was staying in one of the noblest Hotels in Switzerland: my nearest fellow-lodger being an English duchess,—a Lady of Honour about our Court. When I quitted it, I took the Master of the house aside, and put into his hands a little memorandum, saying:—"Your hotel is admirably ordered, and merits all the support it evidently meets with; but, be advised by me: here is a little list of items which you would do well to give your attention to. On behalf of ladies still remaining under your roof, I counsel you to act at

once on my friendly suggestions." Expressing his sense of my goodwill, with many acknowledgments, he instantly perused my writing, and rejoined with, "Monsieur!—you have rendered me a valuable service—I undertake to pledge myself to the introduction of every one of these things in less than a week from this day: come, and you will find them."

If such plain speaking and dealing were universal we should find ourselves in far better case abroad than nine tourists out of ten will report us to be; and the common excuse urged by the innkeeper *that no one has ever complained,* would no longer serve its turn. The most spirited proceeding in a right direction I have noted within the last five years was on the part of a very right-minded *aubergiste* (a Swiss) in Paris. My poor friend, the late Curé of Varennes, had recommended his house to me. On my quitting it in 1863, I recommended him to make an alteration of material consequence on his premises: one that might positively render himself as well as any future guests a good service. Two years afterwards I revisited him. "Come and see," exclaimed he, "what I have done at your suggestion!" And admirably done, too. The man was proud of the *fait accompli*, and by his enlarged and increasing connexion it was duly appreciated and *reported:* and thus might it be with all, did we but speak and act when occasion presents itself. To sum up with a parody on a passage which those of my readers who remember the "Rejected Addresses"

will recognise. "That which has been suggested by the free parlance of *one* may be carried out effectually by the iterated remonstrances and warnings of *many;* and then, but not till then, the accommodations of foreign hotels will be complete."

After the groans and grumbling—(and both were fully justifiable)—to which very inferior accommodation and bad management gave rise, I must make honourable mention of the prospect from my bedroom window which, such be the uses of Philosophy— (the Stoic, *par excellence!*) — redeemed nearly all the annoyance and suffering detailed in the preceding pages. It commanded the line of ancient ramparts, thickly planted with various trees, and begirt with orchards and gardens on slopes and little terraces. The foreground of the picture was enriched even to grandeur by the beautiful tower, almost a castle, named after Anne of Brittany: the middle distance was an elevation of land partitioned by hedges and trees, and exhibiting, at intervals, rough masses of ferruginous granite in close contiguity to deep dells and glens, interspersed with cornfields and pastures, (amber and emerald tints in conjunction,) through which were discernible winding paths, bright with gravel, leading in one direction to a Church tower, in another to a windmill in rapid motion,—on the skirts of evergreen plantations and numberless shrubberies and flower-gardens attached to at least sixty little villas, whose windows the July sunbeams lit up every now and then in

dazzling flashes, and whose inmates for the most part were natives of Great Britain and Ireland, who have long made these picturesque and fascinating homes their own; few, if any English, occupying houses in the streets of the town. As I have already declared of the first *coup d'œil*, this must ever be remembered as one of the most charming aspects in France; and, perhaps, our own good taste and larger outlays on garden cultivation than French tenants could well afford, have greatly contributed to map out the landscape in those specially attractive plots and features of beauty which seem to distinguish it among all other *entourages* in the Province. Not but that all the immediate neighbourhood of Dinan is abounding in attractiveness. A stroll around the ramparts, starting from the Hôtel de Bretagne, for instance, is one of the most delectable recreations enjoyable in this division of the county. The promenades on the elevated Mall here entered look down into a very wide fosse in which rise the town walls, thirty feet high, with their numerous round towers, (glorious specimens of mediæval masonry,) compared with which our 'Dane John' walls at Canterbury are but a tea-gardens' *enceinte*. These military ditches are filled with all that suggests peace and plenty. The gardens are teeming with every variety of vegetables; and the figs, plums, pears, apples, medlars, and mulberries comprise Pomona's own Cornucopia; though, before one has time to particularize perfec-

tions in growth, the eye is startled again and again by some magnificent round tower, machicolated in the most massive style of projection, and worthy to uprear their lofty grandeur in any part of Windsor Castle,—the most majestic palatial fortress in the world. This rural *enceinte* comprised in the middle ages a circumference of nearly two miles; and, as Rennes, Nantes, and Dinan constituted, at that period, the most important military fastnesses in the Province, we might look to find these stupendous memorials of strength which, from the fifteenth century, defied so many invaders and repelled so many rude assaults. Next to those of Carcasson in Languedoc, these tawny coloured granite towers are the most perfect in preservation that are now to be seen in France; though they are rivalled by those of St. Malo and Fougères, which must impress every one that beholds them, for the first time, with a deep sense of the extravagance which in barbarous times deemed no outlay too lavish, no sacrifice of human life too cruel, in maintenance of feudal or regal ascendancy. Men worked in stone, at that period, for three sous a day; and the archers that shot through the loop-holes and machicoulis of these towers, when built, received three-pence a day: less than our farm labourers' children nine years old, receive for scaring the rooks from the corn!

The town walls were originally entered by eight gates, four of which are still extant,—Portes de

Jerzuel, St. Malo, Brest, and St. Louis. The principal flanking towers remaining out of the original twenty-one are those at the gates of Brest, and St. Malo, the Coëtquen or Powder Magazine, St. Julien, and Lesquen or Lande-Vaucouleur; but the great feature in Dinan's military relics of olden and honourable times is the Castle with twin towers, one hundred and thirty-six feet high, detached from the town by a ravelin and two deep fosses, and now used as a prison. Considering its antiquity, of nearly four centuries, it is wonderfully preserved. The oldest part, at the basement, is as early in date as A.D. 1300. We come upon it at the end of the Mall above mentioned, and it is a crowning ornament named, but without warranty, after Anne of Brittany, as though that extraordinary princess had caused it to be built up on the old foundations that were laid in the reign of Philippe le Bel: whereas it was completed in the year of her birth, when the dukedom was held by Francis the Second of Brittany, A.D. 1488.

The fact is, Anne heard mass in it on her return from Folgoet in 1505, and with this circumstance alone is the picturesque castle associated; but, as I observed with regard to the name of Du Guesclin, that of Anne of Brittany is bandied about, without reference to chronology, in a place where the historians have described her as "Catholique par dessus tout; Bretonne de Coeur; Dinanaise par inclination; Française par pis aller." She was power-

ful from her youth upward, and, except with Charles VIII., seems to have carried everything with a high hand; but of her popularity in Brittany there is evidence even to this day.

28*th.*—Walked to La Garaye; losing my way twice, and going out of it a mile and a half at least; there being twenty turnings right and left, without any direction post, or a dwelling at which inquiry might be made; and many of the hedges, on either side of the road, being twenty feet high. This total absence of any friendly wooden index finger, even where two, three, or four ways meet, indicates the apathy (we will call it the idle and cold indifference) of the Breton with regard to works which we associate with what is expressly termed 'public spirit.' I have already adverted to the non-existence of even one or two auxiliary *letter boxes* in Dinan, where in ordinary towns of the same population there would be four: but, I should say it was a country in which bad arrangements and the absence of any at all, good, bad, or indifferent, must frequently be felt; and this is simply to affirm that its civilization is even now retarded; and its distinctiveness, on that ground, most unenviable.

The whole distance to La Garaye extends not to two miles and a quarter; and many, perhaps, may opine that the walk is not worth the time it occupies: the interest, however, attaching to this place, apart from any lying and contemptible legends, is somewhat romantic. It was the ancestral seat of a

rich and puissant cavalier, who died about a hundred and twelve years ago, leaving the property to dwindle and decay in the possession of a distant kinsman, who, within less than thirty years afterwards, ceased to reside on it, and suffered the mansion and premises, which were on a noble scale and very beautiful to look upon, to fall into ruin. The miscreants who, during the revolutionary Reign of Terror, overran the country, left little else than bare walls to tell of the whereabouts of the family that had once done honour to seigneurial ownership, and to indicate the luxury and splendour that characterized the Haute Noblesse in the day of their power. Such remnants as survive illustrate the best architecture of the æra of Francis I.; but it is a melancholy wreck to gaze upon; and the total clearance of everything from the spot, laying the ground open for the plough to pass over it, and for the grain crops to cover it, would be more to be desired than the spectacle now presented of fallen fortunes and extinct celebrity. Not that the names of Marot, Comte de la Garaye, and of his amiable wife, will perish like the crumbling mullions and tottering architraves, 'proud in their fall, triumphant in decay,' (for they compose beautifully in a sketch,) that still make a picture, and point a moral and adorn a tale. The greyish-white pilasters, cornices, and niches that soar high in the air when the noble avenue or chase of beeches has been slowly paced, and the ivy-covered walls begin to mark the locality

of the old palace, recall, on a miniature scale, some portions of Heidelberg: and surrounded by the magnificence which these relics bespeak, the ancestors of the Garayes held their state.

Count Claude Toussaint Marot de Garaye, Baron de Blaizon, Viconte de Chemillers, de Beaufort and de Taden, Grand Hospitalier of Notre Dame du Carmel and of St. Lazare of Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth—(what a mockery seems it of mortal man's pomps and vanities!)—was keeping open house and revelling in wealth and profusest extravagance, sometimes in Paris, oftener at home, whence the report of his sumptuous banquetings and lavish generosity extended to the remotest boundaries of Brittany, when the sudden loss of a favourite brother whose form appeared to him after death, and a dangerous fall from her horse which threatened the life of his countess (*née* Motte Picquot), struck him with consternation and grief, under the influence of which he resolved to quit La Garaye, and to travel with the Countess to Paris; but not to enter its palaces and the scenes of former dissipation. It was to study how he might henceforth live as the benefactor of the poor, the sick and needy, and devote his energies and fortune to nobler ends than the display of mere earthly pomp and affluence. Intent upon this object he addressed himself to the study of Medicine and Surgery; Madame, at the same time, entering heartily into the design, frequented the wards of the Hôtel Dieu Hospital, and went

through a long course of instruction for treatment of diseases of the eye, in which her progress was so rapid as to enable her, within the course of two years, to operate successfully in cases of cataract!

At the end of three years they returned to La Garaye, where the Count erected large buildings, like barracks, which were planned for all the purposes of a hospital; and the immediate resort of many of the ablest physicians and surgeons in the west of France to this institution, the usefulness and celebrity of which became widely known, induced some professors to make it a School of Anatomy and Physic; thirty pupils actually taking up residence in the new buildings, and attending clinical lectures, for which the opened wards, filled with sick patients, afforded every facility. On these premises I this day bent my regards. They are now converted into barns and granaries, and form part of the homestead of a farmer who cultivates the land attached to the site of the old mansion.

While the Garayes lived, the Countess used to wait, like a Sister of Charity, on the sick in the hospital, and, as might be supposed, was the object of veneration and homage among the diseased and destitute over an extensive area of country. Her husband, being then only forty years of age, was invited to present himself at the Court of Louis XV., who conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Lazarus, a donation of two thousand pounds sterling, and a grant of certain revenues from the

Postal Service of the Kingdom. Hereupon the Count, who appears to have been a man of enterprise and untiring energy in the sphere of usefulness, brought into cultivation a large tract of country surrounding La Garaye which had hitherto lain barren and unprofitable to any one; and hereby found permanent employment for a large body of peasantry on whom Poverty and Idleness had for many years inflicted their direst evils; in addition to which bounty he established in Dinan a hospital for Incurables, while Madame became the founder of a Religious House for the "Filles des Ecoles Chrétiennes." The former still exists; meeting the eye on the left side of the way as we leave the town through the Gate of Brest. The Countess's school was eventually merged in another of much the same description, which may now be recognised in the range of tuition presided over by the Sœurs de la Sagesse. Garaye became a deeply religious man, and edified by his worthy example the whole of the community surrounding his home. When, in 1747, Great Britain was at war with France, there were two thousand six hundred British prisoners in Dinan, among whom an infectious fever broke out which threatened the safety of the population. Garaye was unwearied in his efforts to dispel the malady, and succeeded. Hereupon he received the emphatic thanks of many distinguished English families in acknowledgment of a benevolence which characterised this most amiable couple to the end of

their lives, which they reached in July, 1755. Two plain monuments at Taden on the Rance (one of the villages passed in the course of the steamboat voyage from St. Malo to Dinan) record the death of Count and Countess Garaye, whose renunciation of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world for a course of Christian usefulness and benevolence, until their earthly existence closed, still sheds a halo on the site of their once blest and happy home, which renders a visit to it one of those exceptional excursions that more than repay curiosity: they impress the mind with reverence of self-sacrificing, patriotic generosity—and appeal to all the best feelings of the heart while inculcating that greatest of Christian graces,—a disinterested love of mankind carried out into action and habitual practice.

In the course of my pilgrimage to this memorable spot (La Garaye), I reached the homestead of a sixty acre farm; and deeming it a favourable opportunity of seeing how a tenant of that tract of land managed his business in Brittany, I sauntered into the untidy, unprepossessing forecourt, and soon fell in with the occupier. He was not the proprietor, nor a *metayer*, (one sharing half and half with the owner), but a tenant at will. The rent for which he was responsible indicated a poor condition of things; being but thirty-five pounds a year; or eleven shillings and eightpence per acre! The house presented one long frontage of about twenty-eight or thirty yards. In the first compartment, open to the air, were two

carts; in the second, eight cows; in the third lived the family; in the fourth, three horses,—very fine animals. The fifth compartment served as a granary: it was empty. The sixth was a rough lodge for lumber and litter of every kind. There was a cider-press in it of the most primitive description. The entire trunk of an elm was brought to bear upon the crushing portion of the machinery, and was elevated or depressed by a rope, and made to exert force by wedges and other such queer expedients most foreign to our practice in the West country. The man said he was very uneasy in mind about the cider supply. Apples had turned out badly, and the six hogsheads of last year's making would not carry him and the labourers through as many months: in the face of which he saw no chance of realizing more than three hogsheads in October. There was no manure heap, nor any tank for the run of it:—not a rick or stack, nor any hay. His hay was not yet in, though we were in the fourth week of July: and he had not hands enough to harvest the wheat crop, though consisting of six acres only. One-half of his holding was pasture, and he seemed to reckon with greater confidence on Cheeses than on any other produce—the eight cows evidently being his staple support. Now, calculating that each cow should yield, on the average, sufficient milk to make four hundredweight of cheese annually—(exclusively of what might be required for the calf)—and that the said cheese

would realize fourpence halfpenny per pound,—(a good price, too, for ordinary Breton cheese,) the Dairy would hardly secure to this tenant eighty pounds a year in respect of cheese.

In the apartment occupied by the family, six in number, were two holes a foot square, in the partitions, with little hinged doors,—one of which commanded a view of the cows; the other an equally extensive prospect of the horses! Altogether it was a New Zealand-like or Chinese station; a poverty-stricken home illustrating the folly and wretchedness of holding land without capital to employ labour, and in a condition of stint which implies living from hand to mouth; selling for *sous* and expending *sous* only! Such men take the farm for what is to be worked out of it, and hurry it year after year into barrenness; just as unprincipled individuals hire a house at an advanced rent in order to decamp with the furniture in the night. Not even the fattest land will bear unfair usage for any length of time. The arable and the pasture deteriorate simultaneously, and whether 'horn is up and corn down,' or roots are paying better than stalks, adversity falls upon the property, and landlord and tenant are merged in one common loss. This impoverishment and loss is common enough in peasant proprietorship; in fact, it has prevailed to such an extent, even on fine loam in districts of France, free from granite or other stone in the subsoil, that the starving peasantry (petty owners) have accepted employ-

ment under opulent gentry to cultivate, as day-labourers, large tracts,—the property, it may be, of three or four proprietors,—and carry out the most beneficial operations of good husbandry with all the latest improvements; so as to work out, with sure and certain profits, the great problem of obtaining the largest amount of produce at the smallest cost, and for the longest period. From all the reports that have yet been made from the most thriving agricultural provinces of France, it would appear that this co-operation of the peasant proprietor with the seigneur is working most happily; each forming a part of one great whole—bound together and identified in interest and in feeling; while the largely augmented returns and profits benefit alike the employers and employed.

This comprehends, of course, a very wide range of action. Before the effects of *Partage* began to tell extensively upon the magnificent domains of the wealthiest landowners, there were about four hundred proprietors in possession of territory amounting in the aggregate to three million five hundred thousand acres; large sections of which were densely covered with wood growth. Minor properties—estimated to comprise nearly thirty-three million acres,—in only few instances amounting to a freehold of six hundred acres — are possessed chiefly by the middle classes. Ten million acres are in the hands of the *Metayers*—(farmers sharing equally with their landlords in the profits of the land)—and five million are cultivated by peasant owners:

Statistics which show that the great mass of territory comprised in fifty-one millions of cultivated acres is not held by petty proprietors. I must observe, however, that considerable discrepancies appear in the computations of the acreage and ownerships in France. Lavergne and Du Châtel,—two very eminent authorities,—vary considerably. The very recent official report from our Embassy—resulting from official inquiries in which Mr. Sackville West appears to have exerted considerable energy and almost to have exhausted research, differs from M. Du Châtel's total, to the extent of nearly 80 million of acres. More minute investigation would probably discover the interblending of *Crown* lands (wood especially) with private property. Be this as it may, one of the best results of that reaction which ensued on the establishment of an apparently firm and settled government was a desire to acquire property on which political convulsions were least likely to exert a baneful influence; and the increase of demand for the products of Husbandry suggested the acquisition of land; to such an extent indeed, that the *penchant* for Real Estate is stronger in France than it is in England, and the mass of French population employed in agriculture is nine times greater than the numbers gaining a livelihood by Trade. Farms never stand vacant; and at the present time there are fifty thousand properties in France of upwards of five hundred acres each,—nearly one half of the cultivable area: and the *nou-*

veau riches, wealthy manufacturers, are as eager to purchase landed estate and assume a territorial position as the same class are in England; though the system of subdivision is still in full force, and has been only too appropriately termed 'Morcellement;' —some plots of this petty ownership not exceeding the fiftieth part of an acre; that is to say, ninety-seven square yards! On the next ensuing compulsory division between co-heirs in the succession, this patch may shrink into a still smaller one. The happiest *projèt de loi* that the Constitutional Government of the country could now pass would be an Act abrogating in full that ruinous and wicked decree of the Conventional Assembly of the Great Revolution, which enacted compulsory equal divisions of all property between a deceased proprietor's children. The law of Primogeniture should be restored and, withal, the power to entail; and within fifty years France might become a rich, a thriving, a contented, and, more than at any previous era of her history, a powerful and influential nation.

The Sixty Acre Farm of which I have here made mention, is just one of those infinitesimal portions of the cultivable surface of the country which after a few years fall into comparatively large domains by purchase, and then begin to thrive: and I saw a tract of grass land very near it that would have acquired great value by such annexation,—the cows and horses inclusive; but the *farmer* certainly was not an eligible party to take *in commendam*, for he

exhibited all the characteristics of a spiritless, slovenly, and unambitious idler, in whose hands the teeming plain of La Beauce itself, the very granary of France, would run to waste. I say not, upon observation, that the eye of the traveller in this province becomes familiar with misery, nor even with afflictive destitution; but the working and dependent classes,—in the purely agricultural or rural districts, especially, live in what we cannot but describe as Poverty:—in stint and pressing necessity akin to wretchedness;—the condition of a man not so much "contentus vivere parvo," as despairing of being enabled, by any effort or from any quarter, to enjoy more. Mons. Lavergne, upon whose dicta we may safely rely, made the remark, when I was in the West of France five years since, that the average consumption of agricultural produce per head in Paris was ten times greater than it is in these parts of Brittany; but herein he lost sight of the consideration that, in that magnificent and overflowing storehouse of comestibles, the choicest herbs and fruits of Creation are heaped in almost inexhaustible supply within every able-bodied labourer's reach; and increase of competency and comfort seems there to fall entirely to the lot of the *town* population; while our myriads of day-labourers in the densest districts of London, who pay for one room, (a mere cell,) thrice the amount of weekly rent that is paid by the peasant in *our* villages for the use of a whole cottage with a garden attached,

are in the exactly opposite condition, and find vegetables an expensive item of aliment.

The *interiors* of such few cottages as I had opportunity of approaching, fully realized the expectations raised by *outward* appearances. They had not any upper apartment. One residence room in front, and one much smaller behind, appeared to lodge all the inmates; the floor being of 'puddled' or compressed clay. The principal bedstead—the 'lit clos' or 'shut-up'—was somewhat like our 'press,' but higher; standing against the wall, between the one window and the fire-place; and alongside of it was one of those dark oak coffers so commonly depicted in scenes of domestic life by Flemish and Dutch painters. One of the recesses by the fire-place was fitted up with a crib; a similar provision for roost being set up in the back room. Where there are three or four very young children, they are mostly placed in cradles suspended from one of the cross-beams overhead. The French call them 'berceaunettes' (corrupted by our basket-makers into 'bassinets'): but in Brittany these hanging babe-baskets are termed 'bransels.' I have seen the counterpart of them slung under the huge cabriolets at Naples, containing a child and a kitten. There was no lath nor plaster ceiling, nor open timbering; but in lieu thereof a surface resembling what in Kent is called raddle work (for fences) laid across three or four slender cross-beams, and serving as a floor for stowing away sundries: among which

were visible three cheeses and a basket full of onions. The articles depending from this were illustrative of Robinson Crusoe's cave; for there appeared to be a hook or loop for everything and anything: a horse-collar, a pair of long leather gaiters, a hock of ham, a lanthorn, a bunch of candles, a dead rabbit, and half-a-dozen red herrings. The scent diffused by this *olla podrida* was like that of a ship's hold after a long voyage; and the atmosphere at night must be most unwholesome: an evil grievously aggravated by the heap of pigsty filth *outside*. The family sit on anything that may be sate upon: one or two chairs and two little forms only being visible. Indeed, in a space of fourteen feet by ten there could not be much room for a group of eight persons seated *à l'ordinaire*. The table, four feet square, of a very white wood,—(sycamore or pine)—resembled in its surface one of the tins used by pastrycooks for the baking of Queen cakes: it exhibited eight cavities which would each hold three quarters of a pint of liquid. This is the ingenious substitute for basins, mugs, or plates, into which the *mère de famille* pours at dinner time the hot *potage*. Hereupon, each individual takes an iron or wooden spoon from the rack suspended over the table, and speedily disposes of that cabbage soup which is the mainstay of the cottage meal in Brittany. The bread is baked in round peck loaves: not, as is usual in France, in lengths of four or six feet to be stowed away (like sticks or

umbrellas) in an upright box in a corner; and for these round loaves there is a wicker case hanging close to the spoon-rack, which probably secures the bread from the action of peat-smoke, from mice, &c. My sketch of these interiors is a reproduction of one of David Teniers' domestic scenes; and in its immunity from the numerous mingled odours that clung to the *locus in quo* thus illustrated, is far more genial to the gentle senses than the still life in which it originated.

TAKING the Rue St. Malo in my afternoon's stroll, I copied the following address from a printed placard attached to the shutters of a weaver's house in that very curious old street, in which the majority of the dwellings are but of one story; yet every house, as I have already remarked, looks like the stronghold of a sheriff's officer.

[*Translation.*]—"ELECTORS: The Ballot is about to make its voice heard. The time is at length arrived when every candidate should lay aside ambiguity, and unfurl in open day the banner under which he intends to march.

"Faithful adherence to the fundamental truths of Religion, and to the principles that preserve the well-being of the community. Resolute defence of the indefeasible rights of the Holy See. Fidelity to the oath taken to the Constitution and Empire, but without any relinquishment of my independence and convictions. The love of true Liberty, and a horror of discord and anarchy. Ardent devotion to the interests of the Country.

"Such are the principles inscribed on the flag of him who was your representative. A Breton at heart and by all the ties of kindred, I shall uplift on high, and with a strong hand, the sacred banner under which I call upon my friends to cast their votes into the Electoral Urn.

"JEROME PAUL DE CHAMPIGNY."

Mons. C. was eventually elected: but we may here remark the working of the system of Universal Suffrage in France. To all the peasant Electors thus appealed to, the Clergy had addressed such admonition as they could not lightly disregard. Here was a *bon catholique*, a man of the people but, above all, a champion of the Church. To vote for a candidate who would not thus give previous assurance of his being a stickler for Religion and the Holy Father at Rome might have been to imperil their salvation;—certainly that spiritual peace resulting from an *entente cordiale* with their confessors; and the Candidate for a seat in the Parliament knew well how to secure the Curé. The Curé, in his turn, had but to say to his flock 'Follow me to the ballot urn: All's right!' There is a little pendant to this incident which to advocates of the Ballot and secret voting ought to be very edifying. It arose out of an election which took place three months after I left France in the Summer. In one of the parishes of Haute Garonne, a hundred and forty-one electors had placed their voting tickets in the urn, when the Mayor, anxious for its safe cus-

tody, carried the ballot box (which is our name for the *Urne du Scrutin*) into his own bedroom for the night. When the one hundred and forty-one votes were scrutinized, a hundred and thirty-three were found for M. Campaigne, the Government candidate, and five only for the opposition candidate—(I think it was M. Remusat). Hereupon, forty-one electors went before a notary and deposed upon oath to their having voted for the latter! It would be difficult to imagine any fact more damaging to the Government or more condemnatory of the Ballot in cases of Parliamentary Elections;—and we cannot but feel astonished at the length of time for which the system of Imperial interference and dictation prevailed. These Mayors throughout the French territory, named at will by the Executive, have during the last nineteen years been the most devoted and unscrupulous agents of the Administration for Electoral purposes; and the only course through which Parliamentary Government, now so happily inaugurated, can ever be consolidated and become a reality, is that which would supersede the present Legislative Body (the product of Hôtel de Ville agencies) by one composed of freely elected representatives. The zeal of Prefects and Sub-Prefects and all such functionaries being sternly discountenanced, every elector would begin to breathe freely, and to vote according to his own notions of a fit or unfit *Député*;—and well would it be, if he were liberated from the Clerical suasion

just described ; for while the Crown bestows favours and large money grants on the Church,—a policy which has been shrewdly maintained for forty years —the Curé—a staunch Government man—will, like the Eastern shepherd, walk to the Ballot Urn with no small portion of his flock *behind* him—who, possibly, might be upholding the fittest, worthiest candidate,—but not *proprio motu ;*—which should be at once the principle and the just-pride of an elector.

THIS Rue St. Malo is one of the most singular in Dinan. I have already adverted to the dark, sombre blocks of worked granite, in which the doors and diminutive windows are framed :—ponderous Newgate-complexioned masonry, suggestive of a year's imprisonment and hard labour ; cells into which one would think no unconvicted son of earth would creep till night and bed-time, when such a roost would be as secure as a casemate in which weavers or warriors encaved might exclaim 'Our castle's strength would laugh a siege to scorn,'—and, indeed, I observed the natural preference of out-door life in a family of nine persons, including an infant in arms, composedly grouped in the black and fetid gutter, in front of one of these melancholy dens. Seven of them sate on the stones,—their skirts dabbling in the 'Cocytus errans' of the steep incline on which the street is built, while the wearers were knitting (women's universal occupation in Brittany) or mending stockings. A resident English

artist had set up his easel on the pavement at about thirty yards' distance, and I perceived he had already immortalized these squatters whose trail—judging by the general effluvium of the open drain—must have been as positive, even when the petticoats had dried, as a musk rat's.*

I secured a sketch of the Gate, higher up, where the inky fluid which was coursing down the declivity of this thickly peopled thoroughfare was less black and sickening.

I recognised in several of the picturesque alleys and 'slums' of Dinan a certain number of the scents characterizing the isle from which this very street I am now speaking of was named: and whoever wishes to be familiarly acquainted with the details of those narrow streets which, on account of their antique and quaint features, appear so enticing in prints, photographs, and pictures, must make up his mind to inhale many a pungent odour, and to slip and slide on a defunct kitten or two, and many other far more objectionable droppings than pea-pods or orange-peel. As they say at Rome, in similar localities:—

'Chi va piano, va sano.'

There was a street next to the Rue de la Chaux, near the Post Office, which, after stepping it, I ascertained to be exactly eight feet six inches wide. I cannot bequeath its name to posterity, because it bore none; and, indeed, very few streets in Dinan

* A cautious stepper lights upon no harm.

exhibit such particularization. In 1810 there was not a single thoroughfare that had its name *inscribed*. Each was known by a certain designation which had remained unaltered through many generations;—that venerable sage, 'the oldest inhabitant,' registering in his memory the title;—and this conventional recognition held good in all written documents. The houses were numbered only in 1807. In Norman Coutances, not till forty-four years after that date. Even Paris itself, in the day of Louis XV. (A.D. 1728) was nearly in the same condition of perplexity and inconvenience; and numbers were not assigned to its houses till forty years afterwards.

But of all the footways I ever descended or ascended among the habitations of Man, commend me to the Rue Jerzual, leading down to the bridge over the Rance. It is so steep in declivity that one can hardly maintain the perpendicular in gait, while going down to the river; and the pavement resembles half-quartern loaves petrified. It is altogether impracticable for carriages, but I was given to understand that some horses have, at times, been led through its whole length. This, it is said, was accomplished, as a feat, by the, at that time, eccentric and 'dare devil' Comte d'Artois,—afterwards the demure and devout Charles X.

It was a venturesome promenade, also, which three young ladies, my connexions, enjoyed, two years since, during their residence near St. Esprit, when they walked arm in arm (each a stay and

support to the other) from the beginning to the extremity of this street, on which occasion they were met by the Reverend the Incumbent of St. Sauveur Cathedral, who observed to one of the family that he had resided in Dinan during sixty years, and in all that period never met seventeen feet three inches of height distributed in a trio. His conceptions of the stature of our English maidens of gentle blood were exalted proportionately to the impression made on him by this spectacle. The oldest young lady stands five feet ten inches in height, and is at the present date regarded, at the Court of Naples, as one of the handsomest women in Calabria.

A beautiful pointed arch gate with round towers spans the central point of the street, the vista through which is charmingly picturesque. The origin of the name 'Jerzual' is utterly unknown; but all remains for the most part in the identical state it exhibited in the days of Mercœur, brother-in-law of Henry III. of France, in 1582; and we may conjecture what notions of social life must have been entertained by the Dinan gentry of that epoch while we look upon the frontages of dwellings constructed of wood and granite where unmistakeable features still remain to denote the high position of the original occupants. The projecting gables, 'hooded' roofs, and dormers, and storied floors that rose in air approaching, (as one room topped another) nearer and nearer to the houses opposite, till, at the garrets, two yards only of space was left

between them, have with few exceptions disappeared. They took themselves down! Interspersedly with these decorated and escutcheoned mansions stood the lowlier dwellings of tanners, and here and there an inn. The street terminates at the river's brink with a large Tannery; and many of the upper chambers (evidently uninhabited) of the houses, from one end to the other, are made the repositories of tan fuel, moulded, as in Normandy, into square tablets like quarto volumes. In the last century several of the sculptured blocks of granite were visible, both in the basement floor and in the first story, which displayed the adopted emblems or escutcheons of the master-tanners,—men of considerable fortune who employed many hands, and, among others, encouraged the stone-cutters, by setting their chisels to work on quaint and significant devices denoting the craft of Tanning. Among these was the sign of 'The Ermine,' (the crest of Anne of Brittany), and that of 'The flayed Cow;' the animal's horns being surmounted by the Latin words 'SIMILIA TUIS!' Another of these signs represented a pigeon;—and two houses, which had probably been inns, bore the name and counterfeit presentment of the 'Crowned Dauphin,' and of a Pilgrim to the Holy Land.

I noticed hundreds of fluted posts and transoms, and some excellent ornamental work, in granite. Twelve corbels, among many, would have been considered superior carving even in the choir of a

Cathedral. One of the principal timbered houses displayed three beautiful brackets supporting an enormous beam, which carried the uprights of the first floors; the said brackets very closely resembling the pendants prevailing in the architecture of the day of Francis the First; the beam being also fluted in quadruple mouldings. I should have entered this house to inspect two or three rooms and fire-places; but the stench at the threshold was so overpowering as to compel me to remain outside. Possibly the family had not yet taken to the flayers all the dead cats, dogs, rabbits, and squirrels collected for the week; for, these people will send almost anything that has fur on it to be tanned; and, judging by their squalor and enforced penury, one might well say they would skin a flint. The rent paid by the occupiers of this fragrant home was one pound four shillings a year. Could it but be cleansed and purified, and dropped (after the fashion of the House of our Lady of Loretto, which they showed me on the shores of the Adriatic some fifty years since) in the precincts of a Cathedral in our country, it would be cheaply hired at eighty pounds per annum. The greater part of the inhabitants of the Jerzual are employed in the Tannery Works on the Bridge-head; but I saw one Forge and three Bake-houses. They one and all wear wooden shoes; some with, some without, socks or stockings: and I met many men carrying on frames the skins of flayed animals, chiefly oxen and sheep;—but horse and dog leather

is occasionally sent out from the yard; as well as a continual odour of the tan-pits, far from disagreeable in this pernicious locality, where the chances of a sprained ancle and a gastric fever are pretty evenly balanced. It is a 'calcanda *semel* via' (I will not add 'lethi')—a causeway to be *once* threaded—if it were only for the mere philosophy of the venture, to learn upon what conditions of physical existence Humanity may live and be happy.

CHAPTER II.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

THE next walk I took was to the vast Lunatic Asylum on the eminence known as 'St. Esprit.' I had seen too much in relation to these melancholy retreats to feel any the least desire to make acquaintance with the 1400 inmates here cared for; but the newly completed Chapel is, beyond comparison, the most beautiful I have ever seen in Europe, and if there were absolutely nothing to be seen in or about Dinan, this glorious edifice alone ought to induce tourists to include that town in their route. The Gothic architecture is of the purest. The design of every part of the Interior is faultless; and I think I never saw glass so judiciously distributed in a sacred edifice, or more exquisitely coloured. The great Rosace, or wheel-window, in the west end, twenty-five feet in diameter, is composed of twenty-four glorious compartments, scintillant in every hue of beauty that the blending of tints could possibly produce; but one has no sooner turned away from gazing with rapturous admira-

tion on this fascinating feature than a blaze of splendour flashes from the two transepts. It was difficult to decide between their respective windows' excellences; the distribution of colours permeating the vast circle of the Rosace like those of the most brilliant and newly-made Persian carpets, in which emerald green, violet, ruby, gold, and azure blue vied with purple, crimson, and silver.

The glass in Reims Cathedral, once beheld, can never be forgotten; but it is equalled here; and he who has looked upon the illumination of this Chapel of Saint Jean de Dieu, cannot but be impressed through life with the recollections of its magnificence. It is altogether of yesterday; and some few touches are yet to be added towards making it what the Inspector of all the Charitable Institutions of France emphatically declared it to be—the finest of its kind in the whole Empire. The very escutcheons, heraldic blazonry recording the names of the numerous families in France, Italy, Spain, and Germany that have been benefactors in their day to the Society of St. Jean de Dieu (of which the San Giovanni di Dio at Rome is a representative), are exquisitely painted, and suggest the idea of a rich missal produced in glass. These magnificent productions are from the *atélier* of M. Denys, of Nantes. The first stone of the Asylum was laid on the 13th of September, 1836; but the chapel was not erected till thirty years afterwards, and did not

receive benediction from a priest before 1866, and the *Episcopal* consecration has not even yet taken place. With regard to the first beginnings of this now enormous institution, the circuit of whose walls and boundaries is measured by miles, the project seems to have been forced upon the Government about the year 1835, when representations were made by the authorities of Dinan showing the impracticability of permitting the lunatics of the district to remain any longer within the walls of the town. They had become so numerous (unhappily the case throughout France) as to render it necessary to lodge them in prisons and other places of detention where their physical and moral condition was most deplorable. The evil deprecated by the mayor and other magistrates of Dinan had been on the increase throughout the Department, and the only alternative appeared to lie in forming a sort of Central Depôt available for all the insane that could be brought together, and—where the symptoms of their malady would admit of such treatment—be taught to use agricultural implements (as at Hanwell and Earlswood, in our country), or make roads, plant trees, level hills, and do other such work as might be compatible with weak intellect in a strong body. This led to an extensive range of farm premises, around which more than 300 demented patients are trained to profitable labour—a resource to which the condition of many owes its most positive and permanent amelioration—it being the

opinion of all medical men that the occupations of husbandry exercise insensibly the happiest influence on the brain by dissipating those reveries and wretched musings on which a mind diseased, as if clinging to a rooted sorrow, is so prone to dwell. I learned that upwards of twenty of those poor creatures are assembled, on certain religious festivals, in the choir of the chapel, where they sing the appointed hymns at Vespers very affectingly. It must be a touching spectacle, indeed, exciting the most painful combination of feelings; but where medical treatment has brought the body into a sound condition of health, the happiest changes for the better have frequently been accomplished in favour of the mental faculties. I remember Delasiauve's sensible observations during the interviews held with him after a long visit to the Salpêtrière in Paris, on the paramount necessity of ascertaining how great an extent of mania arose from actual disease, and how much should be attributed to passions associated with, but not dependent upon, the morbid affection. This was also Esquirol's theory. Physical disorder must, more or less, have place in mental hallucination; and this was the conviction I found established both at the Salpêtrière and at the Bicêtre, where the affirmation was boldly made, that if the healthiest of the insane had been brought under treatment in the earliest stages of hallucination and mental derangement, they might in three-fourths of the cases have been thoroughly restored.

Dr. Willis, eighty years ago, made a still more encouraging (we may say startling) declaration, when, upon the occasion of his being examined before a Committee of Parliament, he stated that nine insane patients out of ten would regain their reasoning faculties, and re-enter social life with all confidence, if they were but placed under his care within three months after the date at which their relatives discovered them to be deranged. The Salpêtrière nurses and inspectors estimated this most happy result in the proportion of seven out of ten; but in both cases—Willis's and their own—the idiotic, fatuous, and epileptic were *excluded.* The individuals forming so large a component part of the Choir in the Chapel now under mention were those upon whom judicious medical and moral treatment had exercised positive influences which, rescuing them from the category of madmen, landed them upon that condition of social existence which, although "sicklyed o'er with a pale cast of thought," was perfectly compatible with all the enjoyments of right reason, and, above all other recreations, with music; especially of a sacred character. However prone to wander into reverie and despondency, these exceptional patients rally under the influence of grave and impressive music. At the first peal of the organ they evince an eagerness to take each his part in the anthem or canticle selected for rehearsal, which indicates a vivid sense of enjoyment; and in these moments they appear no longer

alienated. Now this is not a little remarkable. The pleasure derived from music of a high order of composition is mainly *intellectual;* and if we analyse our sensations of that pleasure, we shall find that they are partly the result of education in the science of Harmony,—partly the effect of certain associations suggested by the sounds that delight us. How infinite is the mercy which accords the lucid interval empowering these poor creatures to emerge from the gloom of brooding insanity! May we venture to entertain the belief that, in the mind thus awakened, each thrilling note of instrumental and vocal melody uplifting heavenward the language of devotion [for every hymn should be a *prayer sung*] revives and sweetens the blessed hope they may well cling to (!) of another and a better world?

As was related in a former publication, I found even the semi-idiots in the Parisian Asylum earnestly joining in part song and chorus; but in no case had the liveliest of the girls evinced the slightest capacity or taste for instruction in *instrumental* music; nor was there at the Bicêtre, among the adults, a solitary convalescent who (like the Vicar of Wakefield's melancholy acquaintance) could amuse himself a little upon even the French-horn! Considerably greater success has been accomplished at the Asylum of 'St. Esprit;' and this, I conceive, may be attributed to the very superior oversight and judgment exercised by the holy

brethren whose lives are consecrated to the work their hands find to do, and to the benevolent aim of ameliorating the intellectual and moral condition of the inmates. At the Bicêtre, which more nearly resembles a State Prison, the patients at large are under the charge of warders and common-place instructors, between whose abilities or discernment, however active, and the fostering care of the ecclesiastical fraternity of St. Jean de Dieu there can be no comparison. The last-named superintendents have organized a most effective system of out-door employment, in combination with many expedients of mental improvement, as well as of useful occupation, within. The gardeners and agricultural labourers seem to exult in their work. I never saw more admirably formed roadways or smoother walks. All the farming operations and all the treatment within doors, whether in respect of the sick and maniacal, or of that class who are capable of amusement from reading or any other quiet recreation, such as dominoes, chess, backgammon, and drawing (many of these patients being of good family),—are conducted by the brothers themselves throughout the premises; but their endeavours to create new impulses of a salutary nature among those who, though not lunatics, are too feeble in intellect to enter into society, or to earn a permanent subsistence, beyond the walls of the Asylum, have led them to employ competent teachers of Instrumental and Vocal Music, under whose painstaking assiduity

several of the younger men have attained to wonderful proficiency in playing on the organ, conjointly with the pianoforte; and these also aid in the Singing Classes: a resource from which the most moody and taciturn derive, as has just been related, positive delectation. It is charming to see Humanity thus actively engaged in soothing and smoothing what, at best, must be regarded as a deplorable lot. The regimen and discipline of the Establishments are coercive in every department; enforcing, as may be well conceived, more moral restraint than is used in Homes where bodily disorder alone is under treatment: but care and kindness are manifest in every department; and the voice of gladness, as I can testify, may be heard within and without; and, in more than one or two quarters, the ringing laugh of merriment. Within a very brief period,—less than fifty years since,—a Lunatic Asylum was "a lazar-house of woe."

The brothers of the Order of St. Jean de Dieu bear every appearance of strict recluses. They are habited in coarse black cloth apparel, investing them like robes: men of few words, and of few cares or responsibilities beyond those arising out of their adopted charge. I saw five or six on their knees praying in the transept of their chapel. Their devotion was unmistakably sincere, but it did not deter them from spitting freely on the pavement! The high altar, adorned with well-executed relievos and much gold, is of Caen stone; and on either side of

it is reared a very tall *Lanterne*, richly gilt, the exact counterpart of those lamp-bearing iron upright shafts, terminating at top in a curled or convoluted scroll, associated so shockingly with the memory of the Reign of Terror in 1792-4, when, in Paris and in the chief cities of France, these lamp-posts were used by the sanguinary miscreants that overran the capital and chief towns of the provinces, as gibbets, on which they strangled every victim of political hatred whom chance threw in their way along the public thoroughfares. As in the inner garden railing of the Louvre, already mentioned, I was astonished, and (considering the infamous and horrible notoriety of the cry "A la lanterne!" which meant "Hang him up!") I may say I was outraged, to see these dreadful remembrancers introduced so prominently and ostentatiously alongside of the Altar of God; the more so as they did not strictly accord in point of style with the mediæval architecture surrounding them. One would have supposed that a period of less than eighty years would not have rendered the French clergy oblivious of the murders daily—indeed hourly—perpetrated by means of these lamp-irons on hundreds of the priests seized at random in the streets of Paris, to be put to death simply because they were ministers of Christ. But the French memory dwells not on afflictive events as the mind of Germany and England does. The power of the nation to cast aside and consign to oblivion the most dreadful reverses and adversity is astonishing. It

is a physical impatience of annoying subjects—an intolerance of all that interferes with enjoyment, which, perhaps, is peculiar to the people. Buonaparte's reply to Col. d'Albignac, who three times successively had endeavoured to communicate to him heavy tidings after the battle of Wiazma and Ney's disasters, was characteristic enough: "Why will you persist in trying to disturb my tranquillity?"

I had quitted this altar and entered the antechapel, to take a second cursory view of the whole edifice previous to going over a portion of the grounds; and, wishing to glance once again at the chief adornments of the transepts, I went up to the *grille* (the iron railing or screen parting the antechapel from the body of the sacred edifice), and essayed to turn the handle of the gate lock, but it was closed. The sacristan, or verger, who was close to me, stepped up to the gate, and, taking out of his pocket a bunch of keys, opened it. I went forward, and remained looking around me in every direction for about ten minutes. On returning to the gate I found it closed and locked. Expecting to see the said functionary in some part of the interior, I went in search of him, but to no purpose. I entered the sacristie or vestry, but no one was there. After making another circuit, I returned to the vestry under an impression that there were two doors to it, one of which might open into the forecourts. It yielded to my touch, and I stepped out, but only to find myself in a very large cloister, as silent and

lonely as the chapel. Pacing three sides of it and seeing no one, and not being likely, as I thought, to find my way out of the premises through this enclosed section of the chapel buildings more effectually than when I was in the transept, I espied a doorway in the cloister, having a knocker to it. I made a noise which under other circumstances I should have been ashamed to have produced, but it was time I should obtain release ; for here was I in a court very like the exercise-yard in a prison, and no one seemed to be at hand. The first knock, however, failed to awaken any attention, and I gave a second 'rat-tat,' more forcible even than the first. In about a minute's time I heard footsteps inside, and a deep-toned voice exclaiming, "Qui est là ?" "Etranger," I replied. "Qui êtes-vous ? Que faites-vous ici ? Que voulez-vous ?" Three questions consecutively. I replied that I was no lunatic, but a foreign gentleman who wished to be let out. "Comment donc ! Laisser sortir ? Mais non." [What ? what's that you say ? Let you out ! Oh dear no !] "Ah ! bah ! Laissez donc !" I rejoined. [Anglicè, Come, come, no nonsense.] "Je suis homme sain de facultés ; Anglois—Je me suis égaré : je cherche quelque sortie." "Attendez"—[wait a moment]—and I heard my interlocutor hurrying away from behind the stout oak door, as if to fetch the key and return and open it. This he at once did, and asked, with astonishment in his gaze, how (like a fly in amber) I ever contrived to get into that cloister ; as the

French say, of 'cette galère.' My story was very briefly told, and his apology for keeping me outside cooling my heels in the dismal cloister was that he took for granted that there was some one knocking that ought to have been much farther off; in other words, he presumed it was a vagrant lunatic; but the most ludicrous part of the whole incident lay in this, that the verger, or sacristan, was one of the '*inoffensively insane*,' whom the authorities entrusted with the chapel door keys, and believed to be the steadiest of the *employés*. He had locked me in, with all a madman's cunning,—'for the fun of the thing,' and but for the vestry door having been accidentally left unlocked, though closed, I might have been incarcerated till eight o'clock next morning.

Bidding me follow him, the black-robed chamberlain, or whatever he might be in the Brotherhood, led me by a passage which I conceived to be a private way used exclusively by the authorities, into the forecourt in front of the chapel where I originally sought entry, and here we parted. I dare say the old *guichetier* was laughing to his heart's content somewhere in the vicinity, and giving himself no little credit for having made me a prisoner!

The grounds are laid out beautifully. They are by nature rocky and undulating, densely covered with trees, and abounding in slopes of vast breadth—granite covered with half-a-yard depth of soil—which here and there spread into wide terraces where the

greeny grass vies with emerald-tinted velvet, and the flowering shrubs and standard rose-trees bloom in most happily distributed varieties; and these lead into long alleys and devious paths, overarched with acacias and mountain-ashes and birch trees that extend to a length of three-quarters of a mile. I saw three or four lunatics basking in the glaring sunshine, and as many slowly pacing these umbrageous retreats; nearer to the entry lodges I saw two stretching their limbs on the green sward and gesticulating and shouting wildly. These are of the class whom it would be imprudent to entrust with a pickaxe, spade, or fork. The management, however, of the working gangs, who cultivate with such neatness and profit the farm lands, has proved very superior to all the systems attempted some twenty-five years since at the Bicêtre, where, after many patient trials, the experiment of training idiots to dig and delve and otherwise enter upon the operations of husbandry altogether failed. We have been tolerably successful at Earlswood and Hanwell and several other establishments of the kind in England; and I incline to attribute the inability of the Bicêtre patients to address their energies to agriculture, to the circumstance of so large a majority of their number having been born and bred in Paris and other large towns, where they know no more of arable and pasture than of Arabic and Parsee grammars.

In the village outside the gates (between which

and the mansion is a very long avenue, not very agreeable to traverse on foot in the temperature of 100°) is an old granite crucifix, thirty feet high, rising from the centre of what the natives call a 'Calvaire,' a group of many statues—apostles and saints—peculiar to Brittany, and sometimes very imposing, but not seldom bordering on the grotesque and ludicrous. It has been here during eight centuries, but is still in wonderful preservation. The cross is surmounted, not by a figure of Christ, but by one intended to personify Jehovah holding in his arms a cross. The antiquarians of Dinan—and I fell in with two—affirm the whole monument to be coeval with the date of the war waged between Robert of Normandy and Alain of Brittany. This venerable relic of antiquity and the chapel of the asylum render an afternoon walk to St. Esprit one of the most pleasant excursions out of Dinan.

30*th.*—THIS morning brought me a pressing invitation from one of the Magistrates of whom I have already made passing mention, to attend the Annual Meeting of three hundred School Children, described as the sons and daughters of the poorest classes in Dinan, who were to be assembled in the great hall of the Convent of those most excellent and amiable women known as Sisters of the Order of La Sagesse; to give recitations in presence of the Mayor and Corporation and all the Clergy, and of hundreds of their relatives and friends, and to receive prizes and other rewards of good conduct and painstaking

during the studies of the past year. These little indoor *fêtes* are among the most gratifying diversions in France. They are admirably managed; the 'get up' is marvellous; and the influence of the anniversary is very happy; for, independently of the spirit of emulation and a resolve to use the utmost diligence in study which such periodical appearances in public tend to awaken, a very positive good ensues from the kindly encouragement and manifest sympathy testified by the authorities and higher classes who attend on these occasions, and whose interest and good offices are enlisted on behalf of very many of the children of either sex, not only in *statu pupillari*, but when going out into life. The collective number of scholars comprehends several, but not many, living at a mile's distance from the town; so that we cannot speak of these schools as centres of instruction for the *rural* poor; they are rather for the training of the town boys and girls in those habits of discipline and that taste for useful and improving knowledge which is best calculated to make them sober and quiet citizens. In fact, the rising generation in the villages and hamlets are not so much the objects of solicitude in the mind of the State as the young lads of the *towns*, where political disorder is for the most part originated, and loose habits are most rapidly contracted. The children in the small villages are not numerous, and they live very much under the eye of the Curé: but, independently of this pastoral

oversight, the law of A.D. 1833 ordained that there should be a school in every one of the 37,187 parishes of France; and, where parents cannot afford to pay, the Government gives education gratuitously;—the commune or parish supplying the fund. This is imperative as regards boys; but, where the population amounts to seven hundred, the parish is bound to maintain a school for girls, over which a subsequent law, passed twenty years ago, appointed inspectors; whether the instruction were given by a religious association or by lay-teachers. Thus we may say that the enforced establishment of an Ecole Primaire, or village school, in every commune or parish in the country, brings the agricultural population within the scope of National Education;—(unfettered by complex and irritating restrictions, conscience clauses, and the consent of vestries, many members whereof might shudder at scholarship;)—and, go where we may, we find "the schoolmaster abroad,"—books in the cottages, and children able to read them, with a belief in their minds, which no one would discourage, that their proficiency in learning must, sooner or later, advance them, as indeed it does, in the social scale; realizing, so far, the adage that Knowledge is Power. In some districts the ambition of the rural scholars is most generously encouraged by their being invited to come up in waggons from comparatively distant villages, and swell the numbers of candidates for laurel crowns and other guerdons of merit at the

breaking-up of the town schools in August: but this occurs not if there be an inhabited *château*, the lord and lady of which are considerate enough to institute a little festival at that period for their own village, and for those immediately around it. Education, happily for the country, is never lost sight of in France; and one of the chief causes of its wide spreading extent lies in the ambition of the children themselves, who, in this respect, revere most certainly, the laudable maxim of old Hippolochus—

Αἰεν ἀριστεύειν, καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.*

a feeling to which the mass of *our* National School children are utterly strange; and which their parents are slow of heart to cherish. My experience through half a century has induced me to believe that in all the rural districts, the earning of three or four shillings a week in weeding and hog-keeping or bird-scaring, will always supersede the claim of the Nation to have boy and girl alike in every cottage fairly and effectually educated. Both are bread-winners *in præsenti*—and this will only too powerfully prevail over the theory that Learning will prove a mighty advantage *in futuro*.

I ought to preface my reports of this school gathering in the Convent of the Order of La Sagesse by briefly apprizing the reader that in 1753, three years previous to the death of the Count and

* Ever to aim at superior excellence and to reach an eminence above others.—*Homer's Iliad*.

Countess de la Garaye already mentioned, these worthy Bretons made large donations to the Establishments in Dinan founded by M. Bastie, Bishop of St. Malo, for the maintenance of three Sisters of the order of La Sagesse, who were to be almoners of charity to the sick and the prisoners. The Count gave to this little Sisterhood sixteen hundred pounds (equivalent to nearly five thousand at the present time), and enabled them to increase their number so as to open a school for the education of girls.

Within the last half-century this Religious House has risen to great and well-merited prosperity, and maintains entirely and educates forty orphan girls; besides visiting the sick and needy in every part of Dinan, and giving constant attention to the 'Asile des Pauvres,'—another institution for poor children associated with their sphere of active usefulness.

The general muster took place in the Hall of the Convent towards one o'clock. At the farthest end of it were some twenty-four benches fixed on framework, the first of which was at a height of about eighteen inches from the floor: the highest, within two feet of the ceiling, the ascent being diagonal, as in lecture rooms. The great body of the hall was covered with benches capable of accommodating eight hundred persons; and in front of these was a thin barrier, beyond which were about thirty chairs for the clergy and gentry, fronted by a low dais or platform, and supplied with eight or ten arm-chairs, the two central being reserved for the incumbents

of the Cathedral and of the Church of St. Malo;—to the right of whom was seated the Mayor; to the left, the Author of these volumes; right and left again sate members of the Corporation, and behind them some of the curates attached to the two principal churches.

Midway between the front arm-chairs and the wall opposite was a square platform, four yards in length, three in breadth, about five feet above the floor, with a short stair of six steps leading up to it. A moderately-sized table was placed at about two yards' distance from it. A space of about four yards by three was reserved for the boys and girls who were to go through a set performance; and the remainder of the school were stowed away on a slant corresponding with the one first mentioned. The latter was filled exclusively by young children between the age of two years and a half and five years. I was introduced first to the Mayor, a most amiable and excellent man, Mons. Flault; then to M. Brageul, Incumbent of St. Sauveur Cathedral Church, seventy-four years of age and suffering from Gout—(*Pauvre homme!* He told me he never took Colchicum!); and then to Mons. Chenu, the Incumbent of St. Malo Church, and, after these, to some three or four others of the Clergy. The Churches of the town had been stripped of all their chairs, and there must have been nearly a thousand brought into the premises. The children were all very neatly, some very tastefully dressed; and florid

health was apparent in every countenance. The silence and orderly demeanour of the four hundred was very remarkable, and indicated that sense of discipline which is most happy in its influence. Two of the Sisters, in their characteristic light grey woollen costume, standing in front of the youngest of the little ones, regulated the whole body with a slight wave of the hands, and spoke not. Immediately in front of the Rev. M. Chenu was a table covered with books, many of which were very tastefully bound. Near to this was a large basket filled with wreaths or coronets made of laurel leaves sewn to paper; in commendam with which was a bushel of cakes! When all the preparations were complete, two girls, aged seven and six years respectively, and very prettily dressed,—(the daughters of workmen,) ascended by the short steps and took their places on the carpeted platform; each with some worsted and knitting needles in her hand:—[I suppose they would hardly have been recognized as Bretonnes *without* knitting needles!] one of the two working very sedulously; the other very lazily, and ceasing every now and then to use the needles at all. A dialogue commenced, the purport of which was 'Le bien de Travail.' The elder harangued the younger in set phrase and seriousness, enlarging on the solid satisfaction derivable from punctual and painstaking industry—of whatever kind—as beguiling *ennui*, averting idleness, quelling discontent; and much more to the same purpose, but without

making any impression on the junior, who soon threw down her worsted and needles, and left the work lying on the carpet. This made the elder one more and more hortatory and sage in her denunciations of indolence and discontentment, and hereupon she was reinforced by two others who came up and threw themselves into the subject,—both concurring with the moralizer, and then [so truly French!] introducing a little vaudeville kind of duett. When this ended, two boys, aged seven and five, stepped up;—the senior at once proclaiming his conviction that the world was full of evils, but none greater than those arising from lazy habits and ill-temper. This boy displayed a comic humour which was very diverting. I never saw such precocious talent displayed in what might be termed dramatic action. His memory failed him not for a moment, and he ran through all the categories of labour in the Camp, the Farm, the Ship, the City;—the occupations of the Learned, and the glory of a life spent in usefulness to mankind: and he introduced a song, in point; at the close of which three others jumped up; each in turn advocating a life of *leisure, ease,* and *jollity,*—which created a general laugh; whereat the eldest girl exhibited great indignation. Her by-play, indeed, was excellent—and we were doubting what turn the subject would take when two girls, each seven years old, came up to the rescue, to refute all that these gay licentious idlers had adduced in favour of folly, sloth, and wide indulgence;

—so that there stood, at last, eleven of these young performers, on the platform; each of whom during the twenty minutes' duration of the *petite scène* had proved so perfect in his or her part as not to require a word or a glance from the Sister who, flushed with the excitement of the occasion, stood ready to prompt. In fact they all comported themselves with a self-possession and ease which 'professionals' might have envied. It was astonishing to see such very young children acquit themselves with this exemption from stage fright and the ordinary shortcomings of even their seniors of several years' advance in age. Their gestures and attitudes and 'asides' and little nods and winks appeared to be spontaneous;—the inspiration of the moment; and, unless it be that little ones of this stamp are taken by their parents, now and then, to the Theatres, (which is not very likely), it were difficult to account for their seemingly perfect acquaintance with 'the business of the scene.'

I cannot say I understood every word of the dialogue. The Breton dialect was very *prononcé*; and long residence in the province would alone familiarize a stranger with *patois* from the lips of little speakers, whose accents are necessarily more or less indistinct according to the assumed pitch or natural tone of voice. In fact, I found several of my neighbours (natives), occasionally puzzled when the speaker's utterance was rapid or a little confused. The moral was well enforced; and several gracious

compliments were introduced, which the Mayor and the company around him duly applauded. When this performance ended, the biggest boy of the *corps dramatique*, about eight years of age,—who was 'Dux' of the School, delivered a little oration in capital style; sometimes addressing, *par parenthèse*, the families—parents and other relatives and friends of the children—forming a dense audience in the main portion of the hall, and then turning round and saying something smart to us who sate at his left. I was glad to learn that the Corporation intended to send this little fellow to a College where the more advanced and intelligent boys of this class are taken in hand and frequently transferred to a Lycée,* and so qualified to push their fortunes by intellectual proficiency. 'The Captain' wore a crimson and gold tissued scarf, and seemed to be a favourite among his fellows. The girls acquitted themselves very well; but there is a 'sing song' and nasal twang in all French children's enunciation which grates on the ear, and is not got rid of till after sixteen years of age.

The little 'dots' of all, varying between two and four years, were now put through their motions, Infant School fashion; some of them toppling right over,—

* France is largely benefited by her 'Lycées.' There are at the present time seventy-five, comprehending thirty thousand pupils. Clever and sharp-witted boys are never suffered, as so many of our lads are, to drop out and be extinguished. The State secures them betimes, and they always live to requite such early fostering care and true benevolence.

now backwards, now forwards,—and one of them was removed in an irrepressible crying fit; but nothing could be more ludicrous than their movements at given signals. They reminded me of the toys weighted with lead which, do what we will, whether knocking them right or left, persist in coming up with the head in air. Alongside of the vast basket containing the laurel crowns I espied another of equal dimensions, filled with toys for the 'small fry!' However, at half-past one o'clock, their seniors were called up, from a list, one by one, to receive prize-books and laurel wreaths; the Mayor, the Clergy, and Magistrates addressing a few words of approval and encouragement to each,—then kissing them on the forehead and placing the books in their hands. The wreath was placed on the brows, immediately previous to the impress on the forehead. When some seven or eight had passed by, the Mayor very politely requested me to bestow some of the rewards; placing the laurel chaplet on the head of the recipient of the prize, and adding the kiss of encouragement and good will. It would be remembered all their lifetime. As a matter of course I complied, and, having received a laurel wreath from one of the Sisters, I placed it on the head of a little girl of six years, saying at the same time, "Ma chère enfant, vous vous êtes très bien acquitte dans vos études: recevez cette récompense publique de vôtre bonne conduite: poursuivez toujours cette digne course, et le bon Dieu vous bénisse!"

I crowned some four or five in this manner, varying the address; and shall probably live some decades of years in their young remembrance. I saw one Englishwoman among the general audience; but we do not appear in these scenes, generally, abroad. They seem not to interest the general traveller. Possibly, this absence of sympathy or concern may account for our countrymen and women creating so little interest in the foreign mind. We are shy, and the natives call us 'fiers:' we are inactive, and they call us 'froids:' indifferent, and are classed as 'bêtes!'* When all this is laid aside, and we throw ourselves into their circle and ways and usages, the popularity we gain is very remarkable: no nation enjoys greater.

When this ceremony had terminated, the forty orphan girls specially educated and cared for by the Sisters were admitted into the front, not to receive any prizes, but, as it were, to be seen on this festive occasion by the Mayor and Clergy, to some of whom several seemed to be well known. They were of interesting features and deportment, and wore a costume in every particular resembling that of our Foundlings, with this difference, that their frocks were not brown, but blue. There were, also, some very well conducted children of a somewhat higher class than these, called 'Paying Pupils,' daughters of *Metayers* (tenant-farmers, sharing profits with

* Senseless, stupid.

the owners of the land) and Tradesmen,—who were also receiving their education at the hands of the Sisters; and appeared among the multitude of young folk. When the Mayor and Clergy rose to go away, two of the Sisters went up to the basket-full of toys and cakes, and distributed the contents among the very youngest children; and where all had been Silence and Decorum there arose a *Charivari* and commotion which served most expressively to show how great must have been the ascendancy of firm control which had secured such quiet sitting all through the hour preceding. While my acquaintances among the French were regaling on cider, lemonade, syrups, &c., in one of the parlours of the Convent, I rambled through the garden, the cultivation of which rivalled the excellence of that at our Kew;—the Pear-tree growth, especially, being most admirably cared for; and the vegetables exhibiting not only abundance, but judicious arrangement, and every proof of careful labour. By a quarter past two o'clock all had terminated, and the prize winners and givers were dispersed in all directions; but these are spectacles ever worthy of attention, and in my opinion France never appears to greater advantage than when these manifestations are made of that illustrious Country's solicitude on behalf of myriads of poor children whose grandsires were left to live and die in ignorance, or pick up knowledge—good, bad, or indifferent—as they might. Our foreign neighbours have been

leading the way; let us hope *we* may do as well.

I am not, however, of the number of those who encourage the migration of our village lads (when they have received a tolerably fair education)—to the metropolis; a practice which is become so general in France as to create no small alarm in the mind of the Government. In the town-population of that country, there is, for the most part, a hostile feeling towards the Imperial *régime*; in the villages quite the reverse prevails: but, directly the Ecole Primaire has done its work effectually among the rustics,—opening their intellect, stimulating their energies, and leading them to the conviction that knowledge may—nay, will—prove to them to be Power, than they hurry to the Capital, where the ruling authorities *had rather be without them!* No such political considerations affect our 'bucolic mind:' but in London the supply exceeds the demand for labour; and of all the happy homes of England none can surpass, in my opinion, a large village generally civilized by education of a superior kind that has been cared for by the resident friends of that careful training. Where the minds of the tenantry have been duly impressed with the desirableness of giving to every boy and girl in the parish that amount of instruction which shall lift them out of brutish ignorance, and cause them to feel that they have been kindly taken by the hand with a view to their being improved in every conceivable

particular, and enriched with advantages of which they have heard, but never expected to attain to —the business of the Farms is all the better conducted, in proportion as Civilization rises above Barbarism, and respectful demeanour puts to shame Savagery: and it would be hard, indeed, on such among us as have a stake in the land of our country, if our purely agricultural parishes were not to derive that benefit from education of the youth in such localities which faithful and judicious instruction is justly believed to impart. National Education ought not to dislocate Society, but humanize and elevate it; and where a village contains a thoroughly good school, the parents are never slow to discover and appreciate it; and the Farmers, with rare exceptions, look to it for respectable and intelligent young hands. This conduces to general contentment, and the more widely this principle is carried out in our provinces, the greater will become our securities for general happiness.

There is no arrogant assumption in the title of 'Les Sœurs de la Sagesse,'—as some may suppose,—under an impression that these exemplary women lay claim to more prudence and steadiness than their neighbours. It is a purely religious denomination, and religiously honoured. The 'Wisdom' to which this convent is consecrated is that which the Apostle James has described as 'from above;'—pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full

of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. Unlike the Nunneries, whose inmates are cloistered and hold no intercourse with the outer world, the sphere of its utility enlarges itself annually, and the people look up to it with reverence and speak of its influences with gratitude. Some of the Sisters were daughters of parents tracing long descent among the old families of Brittany; and among the cowled females that may be descried in the darkness and chill of winter evenings wending their way to 'La Sagesse' with lanthorn and basket from the bedside of Fever or Death, would be found ladies by birth, as they are nurses and teachers by vow and profession. Within the lofty walls of their habitation are all the means and appliances of an Infirmary, and the class-rooms of a very efficient School;—to both of which the mature in years and the novice of five-and-twenty devote in turn their zeal; and the inhabitants of Dinan still speak with passionate admiration of the young ministrants who went forth from this holy house to tend the sick and dying in the epidemic of the year 1831, which destroyed the twentieth part of the population.

I have seldom bent my regards on these dreary piles in a foreign town, especially in the stilly night, when the din of crowded thoroughfares was hushed and candles burnt to bedward, without calling up reflections on the many young and once light-hearted ones who sought within such privileged

retreats a long dead calm of fixed repose, and died to low-thoughted care and only top tender weaknesses. The Roman maiden's simple and touching epitaph here makes all its expressiveness felt—'Julia implorat pacem;' and whoever has shared the confidence of a recluse, and learned the inner life of a 'Maison Religieuse,' knows well its near resemblance to a tomb. For ever laid to rest in that home of tranquil and unobtrusive piety, whose chief work is to be engaged in going about doing good,—where worldly aims and earthly objects affect no more the peace and quiet of the soul, and Nature's strongest passions, calmed down by constant commune with Heaven, cease to perturb and pierce the heart,—how many warm affections have here surrendered all—all that endeared existence and made hope blissful and life's future precious!—Yet they will one and all assure us that they are not self-sacrificed; they only made an exchange,—a timely exchange! It is hard to conceive that in every instance it has been so voluntary as they believe it: yet we wrong those gentle spirits in attaching to them the stigma of cold-blooded insensibility to the amenities of human nature, its loving impulses, and its tearful woes. They are strangers to that selfish love of indolent ease which slinks from duty and lurks in unprofitable retirement. They are at once the most sympathetic and the most industrious among women: the most tender-hearted and energetic of their sex; and

the multiform labour of their active and beneficial life is the never-failing source from which the sick and needy derive their most frequent alleviations, and the miserable runagate children of the poor their rescue from all the evils of unaided ignorance.

THERE are many vestiges still extant of ancient hostelries and Religious Houses, besides the mansions of *Noblesse*, which in by-gone times attached to Dinan a rank and importance to which it cannot now prefer a claim. The street known as La vieille Poissonnerie, for instance, where, until very recently, were to be seen two or three houses upwards of five hundred years old, still exhibits in two arches, the remains of the old 'Hospice des Trinitaires,' where pilgrims used to obtain a supper and a night's lodging: somewhat on the principle of our Watts's Charity at Rochester, where the same bounty was granted, at a remote period, to all wayfaring men in need, "except rogues and proctors." Up to the year 1850 there was a porch projecting over the pavement in front of the site where so much of the wall as is still visible exhibits a thickness of four feet. I also saw the town mansion of the Garaye family, (close to the Seminaire,) long since appropriated as a First-class Ladies' School, which has generally numbered among its pupils several English ladies of good family.

The scattered relics, however, of antiquity in Dinan fade into insignificance when the stranger arriving from St. Malo has gazed for the first time

on that one simple and majestic whole, its modern Viaduct. The wise counsels which suggested the erection of so grand and useful a causeway to bridge the valley of the Rance, at the extremity of which the town is situate,—and the genius and skill which carried the happy conception into execution,—merit equal honour. It is a work, in fact, in all respects as useful to Dinan as that gigantic masterpiece of engineering which has just spanned the Holborn Valley in our own capital, and blended East and West London in beautiful and most beneficial union. It has been completed seventeen years, having been begun in A.D. 1846 and opened in 1852. It measures 1152 feet in length, 20 in breadth, and 120 in height. It comprises ten arches, each sixty-four feet wide,—and when beheld, on a sudden, from the deck of the steam-boat arriving from St. Malo, its towering height—the dimension of all other most impressive on the human mind and imagination—fixes the eye and fancy on the mighty monument. The construction was superintended throughout by M. Fessard, acting engineer for the Arrondissement of Dinan, on the plans of M. Mequin, Engineer-in-Chief. The people beheld with mingled astonishment and delight the laying of its foundations. Their gratitude was boundless when, ten years previously, M. Challey, the illustrious framer of the Friburg suspension-bridge, was retained by the Government Commissioners for Highways and Bridges to take the levels of the

Bourg de Lanvallay and of the cliff facing it on the opposite side of the river, with a view to the construction of a suspension-bridge similar to the Swiss masterpiece of ingenuity and science. Nothing further, however, was done in the matter, and the project, instead of a bridge, remained *in suspense* for nearly seven years, when, in 1843, the Député for the Arrondissement, M. Yves Dutertre, conceived the bolder project of constructing the present bridge in solid masonry. In the same year, the Duc de Nemours, whose father was then upon the throne, went through Dinan and received a complimentary address from the Mayor, in which that functionary requested the Prince, in the name of the inhabitants, that he would permit the intended causeway to be named after him—'Le Pont Nemours.'

Three years elapsed before the first stone was laid; and two years afterwards, Louis Philippe abdicated his sovereignty; an event which led to the relinquishment of the design of giving to the Viaduct the name of his son. The *opus operatum*, however, was hailed as the greatest benefit ever conferred on the town; and the £48,000 sterling which it cost cannot but be considered a low figure, hardly commensurate with the perpetual benefit derived, day and night, from a thoroughfare, the need of which had been felt for upwards of eight hundred years, and the possibility of whose existence had seemed chimerical even to the many enterprising men of the nineteenth century.

TWO HOURS IN THE MUSEUM. This is under the same roof with the Public Library, and is a thriving institution of recent date, having been established about the year 1843. The primary object contemplated at that period was the formation of a repository of so many archæological curiosities as might be brought together from Dinan itself and the arrondissement thereof, with the annexation of the Library as a storehouse for all documents that might throw light on the subjects of History and Science relating to the town and neighbourhood.

In these respects it appears to be practically useful, and likely to fulfil all the expectations of its founders. I saw above a hundred of the common people earnestly examining the various objects of interest, exceeding seven thousand in number,—illustrating the productiveness of the Earth and Ocean, and the various categories of Natural History. There are some Celtic, Gaulic, and Roman antiquities also, and coins, medals, inscriptions, &c., open to the free inspection of the highly educated class; but the relics which mainly engrossed my attention consisted of nine monumental effigies ranged in two rows through the entire length of the principal basement floor, some of which were brought hither from the Chapel of the Beaumanoirs and the Priory Church of Lehon, some from the Abbey of the Dominicans in Dinan; and the remainder from the Church of Tregon, and the Abbeys of St. Aubin and of Beaulieu. Six came from Lehon; the most remarkable

of which is the full-length statue of the Chevalier Jehan de Beaumanoir, who lived in his hill castle in the fourteenth century. The effigy represents the deceased lord in a full coat of mail, but *without a helmet.* He is bare-headed; and the Curator of the Museum explained that Jehan de B. was assassinated in the year 1384 by two petty land-owners, Roland Moyson and Geoffery Robin, who, owing him a malicious grudge, arising out of a dispute on certain purchases of land, hewed him to the earth and killed him. It was the custom of the Church and the ecclesiastical architects and the sculptors employed by them thus to particularize individuals (armed knights or other men of title) who had fallen victims to *treason.* Close to this monument is the effigy of a Lady of the Castle of Lehon, which, at first sight, I mistook for the representation of a young chevalier of the same family; but upon very close inspection of the features, of the flowing hair, and very small and delicate hands, and slender waist, it became evident that this was some brave and lion-hearted lady with all Jeanne d'Arc's passion for suits of armour and the business of war, who had in the fourteenth century stood up mailed within the massive stronghold of Lehon, defying Charles V. and all his chivalry.

Some have held the opinion that this is none other than that excellent and courageous dame, the Lady Tiphaine, wife of Jean de Beaumanoir. Not a vestige of inscription survives to authenticate the

conjecture. The only circumstance favourable to it is that of the effigy having been brought from the Chapel of the Beaumanoirs.

Odorici, the great Conservator, (almost the originator) of this extraordinary collection of sepulchral monuments, has been much blamed for having brought these two statues from Lehon: but so was Lord Elgin when he rescued the Marbles of Ancient Greece, including the pedimental groups of the Parthenon, from the Turks who by this time would have got rid of all such unprized treasure to the best customer; and so, also, was Lenoir, Lieut.-General de la Police de Paris, before him, who, when the miscreant iconoclasts of 1793 were destroying every sculptured form that represented moral worth, or princely rank and dignity, courageously sought out those beautiful works of high art and taste, and formed that series of 'Monuments François,' which, till they could be recognised, reclaimed, and eventually conveyed to their original sites, formed one of the most interesting and impressive exhibitions in all France. I remember having seen the collection in its entirety at the Convent of the Petits Augustins in Paris, fifty-four years since—and subsequently recognised many at St. Denys; that of Dagobert and of Diana of Poitiers among the number. Indeed the number of monuments replaced in that ancient Abbey Church amounted to a hundred and sixty-seven. Odorici does not acknowledge the said effigy to be that of the Lady Tiphaine.

There are glazed cases exhibiting, in good preservation, coins of various periods of the Roman empire, including those of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Commodus, Trajan, Caracalla, &c. These, however, are but an infinitesimal portion of the treasures of the Museum which vies with the best in France, not only as regards the multiplication of objects amassed, but the admirable classification which has rendered them auxiliary to the most painstaking exegesis of natural products, and of all that follows under the denomination of scientific knowledge.

With the recollection of Jean de Beaumanoir and of the steel accoutred Châtelaine, fresh in memory, I strolled down into the little village of LEHON, their ancestral home and fortress-palace. The last hundred yards of this walk lie through a depth of granite rock, [deep red and bronze in colour—being abundantly charged with iron-stone,] which in some parts is so narrow as just to permit a full grown man (though hardly a very fat woman!) to pass; and here the descent is very steep;—but there are well wrought granite steps which most carefully secure one's footing till the level ground is reached of one of the prettiest of Breton hamlets. Antiquity is stamped on its features, always excepting an abominable new red tiled roof (the maker and owner of which ought to be set up in business at Cayenne): —and, in fact, there was a Priory here as early as A.D. 850, when one Nominoe was a king in Brittany,

and had become possessed of the bones and other relics of St. Magloire, which had been sent over from Jersey. The principal point of attraction, however, is the stupendous mound, a natural formation, cone shaped, a hundred and twenty feet high, on the summit of which stand the remains of the Castle of the Beaumanoirs. I counted five round towers, or, rather, the remains of them, flanking the walls of ten feet thickness, granite built,—all access to which must have been limited to one point only,—for it is difficult to maintain a footing in endeavouring to scale the eminence on any other side. This mound is planted with young trees, but its *entourage* is overgrown with timber of considerable age, skirting the road.

In the middle ages this must have been a 'fence impregnable.' Our Henry the Second, however, laid siege to it in 1168, at the period of his military progresses and raids in the French provinces, when the Beaumanoirs, it may be supposed, were relying on their signorial supremacy in these parts to hold their own against the most puissant. The monarch took the place by assault; but there is every probability of his success having been less attributable to cold steel or iron than to 'more attractive metal.' The scenery around is charming. Granite rocks, emerald green grass, and all that is needed to constitute a sweet cabinet picture in the style of Both, Berghem, and Wynants, meet and delight the eye in all directions. An old walnut-tree, a green surfaced

pond, and crumbling moss-grown loam, and fallen boulders doing the utmost to suggest salient touches of chrome, and every scintillating tint of bright colour which sunshine brings into prominence. What happiness to be enabled to sit and paint here week after week! yet the travelling artist seems to have remained in ignorance of the locality, or had wider ranges of Landscape and Picturesque in view; for not a sketch or print is to be found in all the portfolios of "France Illustrated" to serve as a *souvenir* of this and some hundred other living vignettes of beauty. Of all the provinces, Brittany stands most in need of Bartlett or his equal, to furnish the world with a galaxy of such gems of Nature.

I shall not add any description of the well-known ruins of the Abbey and the Beaumanoir Chapel. Like our Tintern and Netley they will always be remembered with advantageous mention, by those who have roamed among the fallen capitals and pendants, the ivy and the fern which here form such apt illustrations of the pleasures of Melancholy. Not that these vestiges of the past on the banks of the Rance must be compared with the Monmouth or Hampshire relics; but, after musing within the castle-yard (now, by-the-bye, planted with potatoes and beans!) where the *suzerain* Beaumanoir, arming his vassals, and laying up stores, surveyed the now forlorn ruins, and vaunted in their rock-like solidity, the strength, pride,

and defence of his fortress home, which he was preparing to hold against the most powerful of the land, it is with no light interest that we enter the sombre temple where in life he worshipped and in death he lay so long entombed, and where, in her narrow niche, the recumbent effigy of his high-born lady wife still rests undisturbed—and here behold the issue and the end of all their greatness. The stronghold of the sovereign earthly lord of Lehon and the House of God have alike crumbled into decay; their very desolation and silence and gloom now constituting their only claim to passing notice; and all memorial of their once brilliant existence fading daily away. The very weeds and wild tree growth inter-tangled with mullion and arch appear to be hastening the progress of destruction, and an enormous elder, upwards of forty feet high, has interlaced its wide-spreading boughs in the tracery of the west window, so as to loosen many a stone graven with lines of beauty.

No one should visit Dinan in Summer, and omit walking down into Lehon. It will be found a tranquil enjoyment;—and though an artist contemplating its surroundings would fain witness the immediate extinction of that garish red tiled roof, which some wretched man, already denounced, viciously ignorant of the unities or fitness of things, has only very recently erected in a spot where all should have been preserved quiet and in keeping, there will still be found enough of subject-matter for

the employment of a faithful pencil, if not for the pen of a ready writer, through many an enviable day: the eye of the body, and the mind's eye alike rejoicing in the noon or eventide contemplation.

Aug. 1*st.* In honour of the Race week, there was a splendid illumination this evening, produced by ten thousand coloured lamps festooned between the trees that form the Allées Vertes, on the Place Du Guesclin; the effect of which was singularly beautiful. As yet there is no gas in Dinan, but it was to be introduced in October. There must have been seven or eight thousand persons promenading around the Vauxhall-like enclosure, in the centre of which was a band of musicians playing Operatic and other pieces till near midnight: and with this *finale* my sojourn in Dinan and the lively sense of all its *agrémens* and discomforts came to an end.

Aug. 2*nd.* It was a crazy, ill-conditioned vehicle, —the only one available—on to which I climbed this morning in commencing a journey which was to end at GUINGAMP, the old Capital of the Duchy of Penthièvre. The corner seat of a *banquette* constructed for *three* passengers, is, as already observed, the place to be preferred, let the face of the country to be traversed be what it may: but when the *conducteur* takes upon himself to thrust two 'extras' into the leather-hooded hollow, and make it cover up *five*, the sooner we part company the better.

These fellows enjoy for the most part a good repute abroad, but their effrontery is often commensurate with their vaunted civility, and they will not brook interference or complaint; and the cool *insouciance* with which they overload and cram their carriages would not be tolerated in this country. Beyond a doubt, the fares paid by these intrusive passengers are in every instance pocketed by the very obliging overseer of the journey, and no one cares to represent the fraud on the proprietors when the vehicle reaches its destination. I am not of the number who think the French travelling is well managed. We understand the whole system infinitely better than our neighbours; and with the exception of the *méchanique* skid for the wheel, have learned from them, in this matter, absolutely nothing. Fourteen miles lay between us and CAULNE where the railway would re-appear, and the three horses harnessed abreast when we started did their work well up to the *relai* half-way. It was the first time I had ever seen horses' heads kept apart by little cross-bars. Two wooden bars, two feet two inches in length, were hooked on to the snaffles, which regulated the distance between head and head. This was probably to meet a special case, as though the trio appointed for this first stage were prone, like talkative school-boys, to lay their heads together much too often and make the pole swerve now and then dangerously. The sides of the road exhibited nothing very remarkable. Scotch firs

abounded, right and left, and we drove occasionally alongside of some large granite quarries. The land was evidently *en partage*, and the cultivators of the numberless roods had adopted a singular sort of substitute for hedges to part plot from plot, in having thrown up heaps resembling military embankments or earthworks, composed of cubic lumps of the surface soil,—and built up like so many bricks to the height of four feet,—which was also the width of these mounds at their base, the top being a foot wide: a waste of loam which is always to be condemned. Where, in the neighbourhood of Ascot, Bagshot, and Sunningdale,—the soil of which district is peculiar,—we see the very same embankments, the land is not arable, but mere heath, and no deterioration is occasioned. For some miles' distance these earthworks, when skirting the road, were planted, as in New Zealand—Auckland especially—with gorse or furze, the prevailing natural growth of this part of France, and known as 'Ajonc' and 'Genet Epineux;' as also with fern (*fougére*) equally common. The appearance of this live hedge in the Spring, when the gorse exhibits its bright yellow flower, must be exceedingly gay and lively. The French country folk call it the *couronne d'or*. I soon saw a specimen of the long flapping black hat peculiar to the male Breton peasant—an article composite between the beaver head-covering of a coal-heaver and that of an English Bishop. The counterpart of it, however,

had fallen under my notice twenty years previously in the farm lands around Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Such of my readers as may remember Don Basilio in the "Barbiére di Siviglia," will at once understand how this race of French agricultural labourers screen their foreheads and the nape of the neck from the sun.

Each hat is furnished with a black band, the blue or white metal buckle of which is as large as that worn by our women in their waists; and the appearance of a dozen of these headpieces in a group when the wearers are thrashing out corn on the field is a *chose à faire rire.*

We were now approaching Caulne. Within a mile of the first house we drew up at a small yard at the back of a cottage to which was attached a tiny barn and some pig-styes. Here was a group of seven persons, the old pater-familias (with the hat) and his equally ancient wife (a 'bonne femme de Normandie'), two daughters, two sons, and a helping hand, drawn up in a circle round a sheep which they were intent upon securing (and *harnessing,* I may say), that it might be led forthwith to the Monday market. While we were halting for the repair of the traces of our harness, I witnessed the struggle for mastery, and expected that, before we should start again, the flower of the flock would be fairly captured and fitted out for his sulky walk to the pens of the adjoining village. But no; the animal showed capacity for fight worthy of the

Derby Ram. He butted at the old man, whom he nearly overturned; then backed on one of the maidens, who went down like a nine-pin: the son's grasp at his tail was not more successful than that of many another enemy harassing in the rear has proved in regular warfare; for, whirling round, with a jump in air, the persecuted creature plumped down upon the old woman again, thrusting his head into her lap, out of which the half-dozen adversaries (reinforced by a dog) that now clung to the fleece, with savage determination to go in and win, most resolutely plucked it, and the cord was already noosed ready to slip on to one of the captured hinder legs, when Baa-bah, jumping upright out of their grasp, bounded into the barn, and, in all probability, made with all speed for the meadow!

Taking the railway again at Caulne, I joined a party of Carmelite monks proceeding in one of the first-class carriages from Rennes to the coast. Robed in the complete costume of their order (dark brown superfine cloth) they personified, with an exactitude which would have startled my grand-children, the four wooden figures so familiarly known to every boy who has a 'Noah's Ark,' as Japhet, Shem, and Ham, and their patriarch sire; though I ought to except their vast white hats of the dimensions of the largest sized dinner tray. Some of the white pith hunting hats of India resemble them closely. Four of the group were hearty, happy looking men

of God, and might have been supposed to be good judges of a saddle or sirloin; but they assured me that they never, except when in the Infirmary, where their physician would prescribe it, or under the sense of any excessive fatigue, touched flesh. The fifth, a young man of twenty-five years of age, had come from Bagnères de Bigorre in the district of the Pyrenees, and was on his way to Château d'Audierne, an elevated spot some three hundred feet above the level of the sea, for recovery of his health. They all were furnished with a large cream-coloured scapulary cape, which, when fastened about their shoulders, combined with the hat above-mentioned, to render their presence, anywhere, very conspicuous. I had fallen in with brethren of this order in Rome fifty years previously, but had never until now enjoyed opportunity of conversation with any. They derived their name originally from Mount Carmel, and used to attribute their existence as a brotherhood to the prophet Elijah; associating with it all the prophets and holy personages mentioned in the Scriptures from Elijah to CHRIST; including, moreover, the Pythagoreans and the ancient Druids. We did not hold discourse upon the Samian philosopher's prescribed rules, which, by-the-bye, interdicted the eating of beans; (and the Carmelites, I found, cultivate *haricots verts*;) nor act up to his injunctions on long periods of silence; for my companions were amusingly loquacious, and though we were entering a country abounding in

dolmens and cromlechs, they perceived I showed no favour to the memory of the Druids, who, if they had more knowledge than their countrymen and contemporaries, had not so much virtue as to resist the temptation of imposing on their ignorance to their own advantage. Our conversation turned chiefly, as I intended it should, on their actual *status*, after the many vicissitudes, re-integrations and relaxations that had made it more tolerable when the fraternity came into Europe. It was a strange eventful history, one chapter of which might have been written at Aylesford in Kent, where, A.D. 1245, a general chapter was held: but this morning, this day, indeed, must have made them bless in their hearts the memory of Pope Innocent IV., who so far mitigated the Pythagorean veto as to the use of animal food, as to permit them *to eat boiled flesh while on a journey!* so that the longer the distance, the more of bouilli; an arrangement which they would find excellent in its operation on their arrival at Brest; and many of them, no doubt, must ardently desire to be placed on the footing of "Travelling Fellows," to visit remote stations and run across country, to see 'how their brethren fare, and take their pledge.' The branch to which my companions were attached was that designated as the bare-footed Carmelites — [they wore sandals without stockings or socks]—a brotherhood founded by St. Theresa of Castile, in 1540. Before the Revolution their Order was almost the pre-eminent

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among Friars; but we rarely meet them on travel now, and their appearance in towns, except in Italy and Spain, is rare. These men conversed in all the spirit of communicativeness and sociability; but, as might be expected, they evinced that general unacquaintance with the state of things and with the prospects and interests of mankind which results from their being interdicted from personal intercourse with the world, and did not seem even to have read their fellow creatures' nature through the spectacles of books. I was, nevertheless, sorry to part from them when they halted at Lamballe; for they had taken in good part all I had mooted on the subject of fasting, silence, celibacy and Platonism, moping seclusion, and unpractical Christianity; and expressed a general wish, which I felt was sincere, to meet me again. The four alighted; but the poor invalid remained. Observing the fearful emaciation of his frame and marble-like complexion, I asked him whether he had been sickly from his infancy. He said he had always been a remarkably healthy child, and at the age of twenty-one was as vigorous a subject as any in his family. It was the austerity of the discipline, through which he had initiated himself as a deacon, that had brought him down to a state of debility which at length demanded change of air, and scene, and diet: all which he hoped to enjoy in the retreat to which he was proceeding. He had yet a long course of study to go through, three years of which were to

be devoted to Philosophy, Dogmatic Theology—[what of the doctrine of 'Infallibility'?]—and Moral Theology. He contemplated reading all 'the Fathers,' and the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas; referring, I presumed, to the 'Summa Theologiæ,' which bears a higher reputation in the Romish Church than any other work of the taciturn 'angelic Doctor' of Rocca Sicca, the similarity of whose style of composition to that of St. Augustine was so striking as to originate the saying in Italy that the soul of the one had passed into the body of the other. He smiled languidly when I rallied him on the leisure he must have contemplated in his breezy retreat when forming the purpose of including St. Thomas's Theological Essays in his reading! [seventeen volumes, folio.] No, he had never aspired to such study as *that;* but, as if to gratify me, he added that he was already making some progress in the *English* language. In reply to my queries whether he was firmly convinced that the life he had entered upon was congenial to his temperament, and consistent with all he had learned to like in early youth—[I was thinking of my young Douai Benedictine]—he answered in language so emphatic that I carefully wrote it down a minute or two after we bade each other 'adieu,' as follows:

'Cher Monsieur, it is my firm and fixed belief that a seeking after Christ and all holiness may be felt by a child of seven years. I cannot remember

the time * when my thoughts were not directed towards the things of God, and aiming at a state of existence which would lift me up and, so to speak, secure and separate me from ordinary pursuits and diversions. The subjugation of every impulse and appetite;—the keeping under of this body and bringing it into that subjection of which St. Paul speaks so emphatically, has been to me an ordeal of sharp suffering—much more severe than I had anticipated,—but, believe me, the external mortification has been powerfully endured. This was through specially imparted grace; and the obedience I once observed as an obligation laid upon me by vows, I have for some time, I may even say some years, felt to be proceeding from a sense of purest delight at carrying out all that is worthy and religious and supremely good, in a world which abounds with infidelity and corruption and wickedness. I have no distrust; I have no fear:—for I am not leaning on my own strength or resolution, but on one who knoweth them that are His.'

Poor fellow! I thought he stood not in need of St. Thomas Aquinas, nor of any of the patristic theology. The root of the matter was in him; and, as he glided along the platform, he suggested to me the image of the 'Anatomie Vivante,' Claude Seurat, the Frenchman, whom I saw, many years ago, when

* His father died when he was five years old.

his body was so attenuated that, when the room where he stood was darkened, the light of a candle behind him was plainly discernible below his breast bone. When his powers of digestion were restored, he became actually stout and fat.

This excellent young man, the Carmelite, had, like many another novice, overstepped the bounds of natural and wisely-ordered discretion. The long-protracted night-vigil, the austere and withering fast, and a protracted alienation from domestic comforts and social intercourse had done their work in him; and in one dark engrossing thought he had lost sight of the simple truth that he was born free to *use* the world: that his duty and his happiness would in all consistency lie in his not *abusing* it; and when he should have surmounted every impediment to life in the Spirit, and proved more than conqueror where his fellow-men would be found false, frail, and godless, what must his ascetic habit of life compel him to do but hide all his graces in a napkin,—linger and loiter in a cloister, and fight ignobly *from behind* the walls, while good soldiers of Christ were winning the battle *without*. So that, in fact, the worthiest are often found among the most busy; and the noblest among the most sorely-exposed and tempted among men.

This argument I invariably found the Recluses parrying with the maxim that where a man feels convinced that he is powerless to contend with the world and the flesh, while encompassed, lured, and led away,

he does only the right thing in withdrawing from the scene of danger altogether:—the false and vicious reasoning of unsound and imperfect Faith,—of which we are to "fight the good fight"—not flee and hide, in dread of danger or wounds, slinking from that endurance to the end which may involve even death,—but withal a crown of life.

CHAPTER III.

TO GUINGAMP.

THERE were many fine living pictures between Château l'Audierne and Guingamp. The country in that region is spoken of as 'un pays bien boisé;' and forests accordingly appear in all directions, till the road approaches the Vale of the Trieux. One of the greatest charms of the landscapes in this part of France lies, in my opinion, in the frequency of undulation of surface and the telling foregrounds created by the ferruginous granite rocks. Flat country, where it extends to great length, never can exhibit attractive scenery; for images of beauty composed of peculiar and pleasing features, require, if I may so explain myself, *framing;* and even the plains of Lombardy, albeit termed 'the Garden of Italy,' become actually tiresome in their monotonous fertility and boundless cultivation. Now, in Normandy and Brittany the eye may often enjoy (every five or six minutes, I may say) a distinct scene; a combination of land, wood, water, church tower and spire, mill-wheel or grey ruin, contained within a gap of only fifty yards, through which gazing, as through a stereoscope, the traveller beholds momently

a prospect which prompts an exclamation of delight, such as I felt this day in the Val de Plouagat. Away rushes the train; within less than a minute another such picture becomes visible, comprising a peep of the sea (an invariably pleasing picture), and the only alloy is that one cannot behold right and left in time enough to comprise and mark all that is beautiful and delightsome. This must be said of the olden days of Chaises de Poste and Cabriolets de Voyage, that, seated in these vehicles, we looked right ahead and saw all; but then, again, we were for the most part on far too low a level to see the tenth part of what is now presented to the eye of the traveller elevated often at a height of three or four hundred feet above the fields below.

We must, perforce, take glances with what alacrity and speed we can—'eyes right, eyes left, attention!' —though our recollection of the Eden-like country traversed be marred by our necessarily hurried and imperfect gazing.

At length I found myself alighting at the deadly-lively 'Hôtel de France' in GUINGAMP, six hundred miles distant from sunny Pall Mall, and quite as far from cheerfulness; the house of entertainment ('*good*' says the 'Manuel du Voyageur') forming a component feature of the generally prevailing melancholy, and resembling a large public-house, accessible through the stable-yard and its dark, coffee-coloured puddles,—dull, dingy, and disheartening. It requires very sound and vigorous health

(which, fortunately, I brought with me), an easily compliant humour, and moral courage to take all this in an off-hand sprightly way, after a long day's journey; a 'corpus sanum,' moreover, and one specially so in the *spinal* process, duly to appreciate the *chairs* I found here in the dining-room, the backs of which were exactly eleven inches high, so as to catch the sitter just below the small of his back, and warn him that if he did not remain bolt upright he might probably be floored, face uppermost. A man much given to ecstatic laughter and to throwing himself back in such spasmodic merriment would be in this plight very speedily, however strange jollity is, in general, to supineness! I feel persuaded, however, that the good people of the house would tell us they have never known such a 'floorer' occur; for here, in Guingamp, it must be next to impossible to fall in with an individual laughing heartily; so heavily must lie the dulness of the place on every one not actually fatuous and insensible to depressing influences. At six o'clock P.M. I found a pale and woe-begone landlady—the victim, no doubt, of the "tristesse générale"—almost despairing of being able to furnish me with a dinner; a deplorable contrast with the purveyor of creature comforts described by that admirable *raconteur*, Mr. Jephson, at the date A.D. 1859; the result of which misgivings was a gory bit of filet of beef, as tough as hippopotamus, and a lukewarm omelette, that last refuge of the destitute when the larder is empty: and there

the repast ended. 'Le diner, est il complet?' asked I. "Oui-dam," was the waiting-maid's reply. (It was the first time of my hearing the affirmative in Breton dialect.) The fare was wretched. All was being carried on from hand to mouth, and the truth became manifest that though GUINGAMP should be visited, the inspection should be managed between ten o'clock in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, and dinner and bed be secured farther ahead. This was the deliberate conviction forced upon me at the shrine of 'Our Lady of timely help,' which the sober folk of the town venerate as dearly as the Turks and Arabs regard Mecca. I needed *bon secours* too decidedly not to feel the reasonableness of the poor townspeople looking for it every day; for, if my hostess was to be regarded as a sample of their population in general, it is plain they little know how to help themselves.

It would have been better 'generalship' to have looked out for quarters at the White Cross in BRIEUC; not that there would have been any interesting matter to beguile a sojourn there for an hour; whereas in Guingamp a halt of three or four hours is warranted by all that falls beneath a tourist's notice in the place. It is a very ancient town, dating from the eleventh century, and shared the common fate of other homes of Frenchmen that through 400 years had to bear up against the devastating and barbarising influences of those petty wars in which the Dukes of Brittany, our Plantagenet princes, and the

French monarchs, contended for mastery in their native land's fairest province. The records of those conflicts are written in blood; and all the history of France is little else than an illustration of the worst human passions without one redeeming period till, in 1598, the government of Brittany at large fell to Cæsar de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, illegitimate son of Henry IV. The Duchy of Penthièvre, of which GUINGAMP was the capital, was, at the close of the last century, vested in a branch of the Orleans family; and, on the recent occasion of the interment of the Duchesse d'Aumale at Weybridge [December 10th, 1869] the Duc de Penthièvre was in the *cortége.*

There must have been families of high position resident in Guingamp in the fifteenth century, when Anne of Brittany defended the town against the forces of England, Ireland, Germany, and Flanders. Houses are still standing on the Grande Place that date from that period: their corbels, brackets, fluted beams, and carved mullions indicating the dwellings of citizens who must have enjoyed pre-eminence whether in the times of peace or of war. Many of these exhibit the projecting stories and overhanging eaves and pinnacled dormers which characterise the most ancient streets in the towns of the province. One or two still preserve what is called in roofing the hooded pent; a capital feature in a sketch, and not unfrequently to be met with in Anjou and Poitou and some parts of La Vendée. The granite-

built doors and archways also abound; and almost every other street has its 'Demetrius' or handicraftsman to furnish offerings and little shrines, images, and emblems for that great goddess of the Guingampians' idolatry, 'Notre Dame de Bon Secours.' From window to window may be traced angels, cherubim, crucifixes, small and great 'Maries,' and whatever else in wax, ivory, wood, or stone could be set up to advantage around the statue of Our Lady of Halgoet in the little chapel appended to the Church of Notre Dame which is open to the street. This is a much frequented nook overlooking the pavement, and, in its way, rather attractive. Here are fourteen little arches, on either side, surmounted by niches of uniform design, twelve feet in height, in each of which is a very well executed statue (painted), six feet six inches in height, of an apostle. These effigies are most probably carved in oak. The ceiling or roof is groined, and exhibits an azure-blue ground powdered with gilt stars. The walls are covered below the statues with little marble tablets, and framed and glazed pictures of the most trashy description. I copied some of the inscriptions graven on these tablets :—

'Reconnoissance à Marie'! On remercie N. D. de Bon Secours pour une conversion, Juillet 1867.'

'Le 8 Dec. 1865: C. L. M. C. F. V. C.: à Notre D. de B. S.'

'O Marie! vous m'avez encore exaucée: 29 Mai 1860.'

'Hommage à N. D. de B. S. pour une faveur obtenue, Sep. 1858.'

There was a very small oil painting (a miserable

performance), representing a large pond and a child struggling within three yards of its brink, as if on the point of being drowned. A group of people were looking on very calmly, as if witnessing the feat of some bold swimmer. The Virgin Mary was seen descending from a cloud and pointing to the actual state of things. Now this was to convey to the mind of the faithful an impression that the Madonna rescued the girl. In my heretical view of the occurrence it seemed much more to the point that the 'dea ex machinâ' (as Horace terms it) was upbraiding the lubberly cowardice which deterred any one of the seven or eight men, beholding the child's predicament of peril, from wading into the water to drag her to the brink!

This little Chapel is *insured* in the local Fire Insurance Office. It would be curious to know the basis on which such a policy was effected.

The Church presents in its interior a fusion, or rather confusion, of several orders of architecture. The clerestory in the south-western extremity of the nave is more remarkable for its *bizarre* and grotesque features than for beauty of design or execution. It exhibits a triple range of dwarf pillars, thirteen of which (the uppermost) might more properly be called balusters; and twenty-one surmounting twenty-one under these (fluted) are in Romanesque style, hardly four feet six inches in height.

There are double aisles, and, beyond the transepts,

the two main piers of the Choir are met at their capitals by flying buttresses; a most extraordinary caprice in the design of the architect of the fifteenth century. Again, out of the piers that stand at the point of separation of the nave from the choir project two heads: one displays its ugly mouth horribly enlarged by the introduction of the forefinger of either hand of the man to whose body the head is presumed to belong,—but the head only is here. From the other head depends a very long beard which is being compressed by two hands; as may be seen in real life among ourselves, where men, in other points sensible and right-minded enough, have adopted the primitive Nazaritish growth of hair on and below the chin, and stroke it periodically to preserve it *in situ*, or compress it when there is hazard (as in our climate is not unfrequent) of the wind blowing it over their faces.

The change produced by this very widely-prevailing usage of long beards in the national features is very remarkable. Some fine features are marvellously improved; some less favoured sons of earth are infinitely indebted to their abundant hair for the concealment of ugly mouths; and many who, when shaven, exhibited a sweet expression, have rendered their aspect *farouche* by disuse of a razor. An excessive length of beard appears, in some cases, to be decidedly favourable to the generation of ideas. When a dull, ungifted man with this hirsute appendage has nothing to say [no unfrequent case!] we

may note that, like the Guingamp corbel here described, he will begin to manipulate with one or both hands all the hair that depends between his lower jaw and the waistband of his trousers; and then he enunciates.

This, however, *par parenthèse.* Claudio, in the Comedy,* tells us that such chin-crop and cheek-ornament went to stuff tennis balls; and, some fine day, we may expect a general hair harvest, near or remote in date, accordingly as the humour of Fashion may determine, when our males will make a general surrender of the plant; as maidens in the Fairs of Germany and moribund lepers in the hospitals dispose of their scalp growth for the making of chignons.

It would only weary my reader were I to enter into details, which, however interesting to con in a note-book, after an interval of months or years, impart no relish to the printed volume. Descriptions, for instance, of public buildings, civil or ecclesiastical, become tiresome in the extreme where the measuring-rod alone seems to be the medium of information; and I well remember how, in Switzerland, we shunned discussion on the relative heights of mountains. Upon these grounds, I shall dismiss further mention of the Church, the only remaining one in Guingamp that has survived the ravages of the Revolution, though its existence is traced in the

* Shaks. "Much Ado . . .

twelfth century, and its history includes the annals of every family and race in the land: but there is a memorandum in my pencillings by the way which also deters me—'The modern restorers and beautifiers have spoiled the old temple with their fripperies:' and *that* induces me to believe that enough has been reported of it to satisfy general readers. Let me, however, make exceptional and honourable mention of one of the loveliest statues of its kind that ever adorned the dwelling of Man, or the holy House of God. I refer to the painted effigy of Saint Frances of Amboise, which has not long since been set up in the centre of this church, on the north side of the arch where the nave approaches the choir. It is of life-size, and the exquisite natural beauty of the features is fully equalled by the artistic skill which has here produced their counterfeit presentment. Similar statues (all made in Paris) may be seen in the Repository for Church adornment in Holles Street, Cavendish Square. The history of Françoise d'Amboise is briefly told, and may appropriately find a place in my narrative. It stands alone in interest. She was the noble daughter of John V. of Brittany; having been brought up from the age of four years, as an orphan, by Jeanne of France, wife of John of Penthièvre. This was in the year 1428. Her beauty, at the age of fifteen, was so dazzling as to have won for her the distinctive appellation of 'Françoise l'Angélique;' and her disposition was in all respects akin to her personal

attractions. In the year 1439 she became the wife of Peter, the Duke's second son, who hereupon assumed the title of Count of Guingamp, and the happiness of their earliest years of wedlock was the theme of all the poetry and romance of Brittany. However, before she attained her twenty-third year, her husband, under the deadly influence of groundless jealousy, conceived a hatred so intense as nearly deprived him of reason, and, on one occasion, rushing into her chamber, he tore her raiment from her body, and with twigs of osiers scourged her till she fell prostrate at his feet, and was carried to her bed in a condition which, as fever supervened, appeared likely to terminate in death. They had been married about eight years. The event having been soon noised abroad, all the barons and seigneurs of the province confronted Peter with upbraidings and reproaches which drove him into temporary phrenzy. At length, as the maniacal symptoms began to disappear, he regained the reasoning faculties of which, when maddened by furious suspicions (the result of slander), he had been deprived, and awoke to a full sense of his wickedness and most unnatural cruelty, —and, weighed down by remorse, besought his suffering wife's forgiveness in all the agony of shame and inconsolable grief. His sorrow wrought her rapid recovery, and they became, as of old, the happiest of their race. Under the chastening influences of past affliction, their life was for three consecutive years devoted to the strictest obser-

vances of the Catholic Church; and all that Christian love and charity, boundless benevolence, and sympathy with need, sickness and sufferings, could exercise for the good of their dependants and neighbours, became their daily thought; and when in the year 1450 the ducal coronet of Brittany became the inheritance of Peter, the general acclaim of the nation hailed with joy their accession to power. At the demise of her husband, Françoise withdrew to a convent; but the people of Guingamp held in perpetual veneration the old Château from whose gates had flowed bounties that blessed the lowliest, and hospitality which had blended in one all hearts with their own; and their descendants, in after ages, loved and cherished the very ruins;—for those walls were held to be consecrated primarily by the sorrows and patient suffering of the wife, and for ever afterwards by the prayers and hallowed presence of the saint.

Among the most honoured favourites of the Court of John V. and Jeanne his wife was a holy man bearing the name of St. Vincent Ferrier. He was a Spaniard by birth, and, finding welcome at the Ducal home, became the spiritual adviser and guide of Jeanne and all her domestic circle. After having zealously indoctrinated the diocese of Vannes with the whole counsel (as he believed) of God, he died there in 1419—leaving all Brittany indebted to his labours as a preacher of the Gospel throughout the province. The house is still shown, in the Rue des

Orfèvres, where he dwelt. His remains were interred in the Cathedral, and the Duchess Jeanne, having laid out the body with her own hands, as a tribute of pious memory, desired, at her decease, that she might be laid at his feet. It is remarkable enough to behold renewed homage, in the day that now is, to this illustrious confessor of the olden time. Immediately opposite to the beautiful statue of Françoise d'Amboise stands one, of equal merit, representing St. Vincent de Ferrier. In the regard of those who have learned Françoise's history these works of art, so infinitely superior to all that for the most part are to be seen in even the most richly adorned churches, are not a little interesting. They were wrought at considerable cost (a thousand francs each) in Paris,* and were presented to the sacred edifice by the Marchioness of Kervoie, whose spacious mansion forms a conspicuous feature in the immediate environs of Guingamp. They recall a strange, eventful history; and I suppose that in all France there is not so sweet a countenance, the work of plastic art, as this of the Duchess Lady of Guingamp.

The view from the church tower quite repays the fatigue of encountering hundreds of steps and a defiling quantity of dust and dirt. At one glance we comprehend the position of the town and all its ornamental, not to say beautiful, appendages; for

* Probably at Robert's, No. 38, Rue Bonaparte.

although Dulness has here made a permanent home, and the silence is often so profound that even at this central point one may almost hear the fall of a leaf or of a glove in the street, there is a circular picture surrounding this airy platform, the details of which it is delightful to inspect in turn, as specimens of the peculiar character of Breton landscape. The very considerable elevation on which Guingamp stands uplifts the Church tower to an altitude especially favourable for such a *vue de ballon*, as the French term it. All the arable and pasture land is spread out for many miles interspersedly among ancient woods and recent plantations; villas, gardens, water-mills, grey towers, châteaux, and cottages dotting the scene; and silvery lines of water, tributaries to that charming river the Trieux, shining in the evening sun's rays wherever an opening in the thickets or high hedges permits their winding courses to appear and mingle flood and field. The pinnacled tourelles of the old country mansions were visible in many communes, without the aid of a telescope; and 'the white walled distant towns' of Châtelaudren, St. Gilles, Plouaret, Pedernec, and some six or seven others, sparkled in the distance;—homes that still displayed the escutcheon of Penthièvre, and where 'Duke Jean' was a name more familiar to the 'ancients' that yet peopled those decaying tenements than that of Louis. Nearer at hand, the ruins of the Abbey of Sainte Croix and the graceful steeple of Notre

Dame de Grace, the Château of Kermat, and the grey tower of Ploumagoire, presented their distinguishing features. The heights overlooking the Bay of Brisac precluded a view of the sea, which was all that was wanting to make this charming panorama perfect. The river flows below, as a natural moat, intervening in olden times between the open country and the precipitous rock, which is itself a bulwark, though faced with parapet and rampart, where fruit trees and tamarisks have supplanted sentinels and warders, in most picturesque luxuriance. As we passed the bell-loft my guide pointed out to me a small one which, he said, still tolled the curfew every evening at five minutes before ten o'clock: a custom that had never been intermitted since the day of William of Normandy. It rung out night's yawning peal as I was turning in some three hours afterwards; and nothing could be more in keeping with the mediæval memories of the place.

I may take occasion to observe that I did not in all the range of prospect from the tower discern any vineyards: yet the town is said to have derived its peculiar name from the two words GWIN (ancient Breton for 'Wine') and CAMP:—'The Field of Wine.' But the disappearance of Vine-growth may be noted in many localities, formerly abundant therein. The isle of Ely, now celebrated for its giant asparagus, used to contribute, in the middle-ages, two butts of wine, annually, to the Bishop.

The prebendal houses in Rochester stand upon soil once fruitful in grape growth, and still bear the designation of 'the Vineries.' The Guingampians with their fair river and their 'Pompe' (as it is rather irreverently called,) rejoice more in water than in the Bacchic fluid. They hold in high estimation a large fantastic fountain at the top of the Market-place, forming a capital foreground object in the sketch which comprehends the portion of the narrow street terminating the Grande Place, and withal the tower and spire of the Church. It was designed and executed partly in lead, partly in granite and iron, in the middle of the eighteenth century, by Corlay, a Breton carpenter, a native of Châtelaudren, seven miles distant (the village which was overwhelmed in August, 1773, by the bursting of the barriers that confined the lake-like pond immediately contiguous; as befell Martigny, in 1818).

The principal crater, or basin, is about ten feet in diameter, wrought and built-up in granite and surmounted by a cast-iron rail. Above this are two smaller: the first of which is supported by four sea-horses, winged like griffins, tailed like dolphins. When the water descends from above them in copious aspersions they strongly resemble *swans*; the formation of their wings making them appear very equivocally equine. From their mouths, however, issue the principal jets. The basin above them is enriched throughout its margin with the heads of

cherubim and dolphins alternately, and is sustained by four Sirens who, by compression of their hands, seem to cause streams of water to start from their breasts. Above these, on a narrow pedestal, surmounted by a crescent, stands a statue of the Virgin Mary, who, with arms uplifted, appears to be about to ascend into air. A sort of *auréole*, or coronet of glory, on her brows, exhibits twenty metal rays, from each of which water is projected upward, and then falls into the main basin. It is a bizarre composition, but not without effectiveness, and though there were not as yet any Revolutionary despoilers abroad in the land when Corlay was completing his design, which some of the archæologists of the neighbourhood affirm was but a reproduction of what had stood here in the year 1588, (and I think it extremely probable) on the site of a simple 'pompe' erected by Duke Peter, in 1450, the mélange of holy and profane, as symbolised in sirens and seraphim, is said to have protected the monument from injury at the hands of the rabble in 1792, when the townspeople made them believe that the figure at the summit was the Goddess of Reason gazing into light and showering blessings on Man! And it was felt that if Corlay had set up statuettes of angels and prophets, instead of griffins and sirens, the whole of the leaden castings would have been taken down and melted into bullets for the troops of the Convention quartered in the neighbourhood, or for the guns and pistols of the

mob, the scum and offal of Brittany, at that time marauding through all the towns of the provinces.

I inquired at the Post Office whether any of my countrymen had taken up settled residence in this old town. The civil functionary replied that there was an Englishman, carrying on business as a tanner, who had for many years been domiciled among them, and was accounted a prosperous man: 'a Mister Vrerg.' I said he must be a Dane or Swede: no Englishman ever bore such a name. He assured me, however, that he had always called him by that name, and had never been told to do otherwise. Hereupon it occurred to me to ask how the name was written; for, doubtless, he must be frequently receiving letters. 'Ah! pour cela,—je ne sais jamais prononcer *toutes* les lettres de ce nom là: le voilà,'—and he handed me a written address to 'Mr. Wright!' It reminded me of Buonaparte's avowed inability to utter a syllable of the Russian admiral's name, which was as annoying to his ears as to his tongue. When Tchitchagoff was to be spoken of, he invariably said, "cet amiral là!" Apropos of names, however, few perhaps of my fair countrywomen are aware that our "Gingham," so commonly worked up in umbrellas, and even at the present in crinolines and striped gown-pieces, derived its name from this town. In the year 1730 a body of English workpeople arrived in the place with the design of effecting some material improvement of the old coarse stuff known in Brittany as

the "Berlingen," which had up to that period been almost exclusively manufactured in Guingamp, where the works had been established, with great profit to the owners of factories, for upwards of a century. There is a town in Norfolk which has in like manner given its name to spun wool,—WORSTED,—where that manufacture originated. The demand for Gingham has become less and less since Alpaca obtained to so great perfection, and supplanted the cotton fabric; and Alpaca, in turn, has suffered depreciation under the influence of that popularity which has deservedly been achieved by the latest improvement in cotton velvet.

After another general survey of the principal streets, the most striking feature in which is a projecting angle of one of the nobles' houses of the sixteenth century, exhibiting a highly picturesque tourelle halfway up from the pavement, and several other characteristics of the architecture of the reign of Francis the First, I took leave of this old feudal stronghold, in whose annals the names of John and Constance, Charles de Blois, Geoffrey Plantagenet, Guy de Bretagne, Anne de Bretagne, Jean de Montfort, and Edward III. resound like so many war trumpets. As is declared by Ossian of 'the souls of the heroes,' their deeds were great in war,—in the numberless internecine contests, rather,—that denied rest to the land, and mulcted the people with impoverishment; but the homes of the princes and nobles, and the places made famous by their pacts

and conventions, their battles and their triumphs, their camps and castles, know them no more. Where once stood the palaces we now find barracks: their gardens, once radiant in the hues and redolent with the fragrance of flowers, trained, trellised with all the cunning of mediæval horticulture, are become tan-yards; their hunting grounds have been levelled by the Rail; and the antiquarians and archæologists, handling sometimes a medal and sometimes a seal and a decaying vellum archive, alone are living to remind us, among museums and muniments, that such men were.

The Railway journey from Guingamp to Plouaret is comprised in one hour. The frequent recurrence of granite rocks on this line, that are but two feet distant from the panel of the carriage, reminded me of travelling in Derbyshire, especially in the neighbourhood of Bakewell. The abundant woodgrowth, also, of this part of France, constitutes a main feature; yet the intermingled tracts of arable and pasture land, seen so frequently in that most charming of all landscape,—a succession of deep embosoming valleys,—renders the face of the country in Brittany infinitely more rich and beautiful than that of Normandy. Nothing in the latter province approaches the attractiveness of the valley of the Liguer. Near Belleisle the varied produce covers the earth like the most gorgeous of elaborately patterned carpets; and to gaze upon the undulating millions of acres thus adorned and glorified by cultivation is

one continuous enjoyment. The granite lies very near to the surface of the soil. A farmer requiring a new barn sends a dozen hands to the spot where he wishes it should be situate, and all that remains to be done is simply to raise the material, which rings under the second stroke of the spade or pick-axe. This is light labour; but the needs of a peasant family must be pressing indeed which constrains a girl of fifteen to break stones upon the high road, which I witnessed (while riding in a two-horse carriage after we left Plouaret) in the village of Ploubezée. It was here, also, that I saw, at the corner of a high hedge where two roads met, a very large stone altar, on which stood five stone crosses. They commemorate a victory gained over some English soldiers in the fourteenth century; stragglers, probably, from Edward the Third's army marauding at that period in these provinces, the sort of fellows who, in Pistol's words, would steal a pix or plunder the high altar. Shortly afterwards I noticed one of those numerous groups in stone (granite) of the Maries and St. John and other devout worshippers, life size, gathered at the foot of a very high granite crucifix, in a churchyard immediately bordering on the public road. From this, however, our attention was soon diverted to gaze on scenery of amphitheatral expanse, which prompted me to exclaim, "La Bretagne, assurément, est la plus belle province de toute la France!" "Mais, non," rejoined my fellow traveller, a Frenchman;—"La

Touraine, la Touraine, sans contredit : là se trouvent les vignes." Now, in my opinion, the vineyards are the tamest objects in all the paysages de l'Empire. Even in Italy, and on the Rhine, where the grape achieves its most glorious triumphs, the picture is monotonous and wholly destitute of bold and salient features. Our hop-gardens are more characteristic; and even they, on wide extending breadths, tire the eye with their uniformity. But the French at large, as a nation, are sadly deficient in *taste for the country*, as we say. They are, of all the people I ever met with in extensive travel, the slowest to appreciate the beauties of nature : charming scenery, *per se*, rivets not their gaze nor admiration; it seems neither to move the heart nor inspire the mind; and their enthusiastic partiality to vineyards arises mainly from the associations arising out of Bon Vin, or, may be, the picturesque groups presented in the vintage.

Down, downwards by a rapid descent, skirted by the most beautiful woodgrowth, into Lannion, which (independently of the excursion to Tonquedec, the magnet of attraction to this old town, whose origin is as remote as A.D. 1178), well requites a day's visit. I would have added, "and a night's stay," but for the principal inn being exactly opposite to a blacksmith's premises and the forge of a farrier well to do in business; as eight horses in line waiting to be shod would indicate. The work of the anvil, commencing in summer at half-past four in the morn-

ing, must invariably prevent any occupier of a front bedroom, not under the influence of poppy or mandragora, or some other drowsy syrups of the East, from sleeping one wink (still less 'forty') after that hour.

LANNION is a curious old place. Even yet there are vestiges of extremely ancient houses, some of which have probably stood upwards of five hundred years; being kept upright and protected from falling by their compact juxtaposition; just as, in 'Pickwick's Memoirs,' we hear of cabhorses maintaining their standing through the sole support of the shafts. The town was a lordship appended to the noble House of Penthièvre till, towards the close of the twelfth century, it was merged in the Dukedom of Brittany, and, about a hundred years subsequently to that period, was known as a Breton port; the river Guier falling into the sea at this point of the coast, and vessels coming up from its mouth, at high tide, so as to unlade on the quays alongside of the storehouses that even then stood there and were often filled with merchandize. The modern, and by far the most agreeable and healthy, portion of the town is situate on the river side; and, when the sun shines, looks as lively as any of our south coast watering-places. Indeed, I question whether the Hôtel de France situated in this quarter, by the bridge, is not far preferable to the 'Europe,' in the *haute ville;* though it was a palace, and to this hour exhibits, on the walls and panels of the old dining-hall of the Cleuziou family, the original Beauvais

tapestry, in which we are told we may see Caius Marcius Coriolanus receiving the suppliant procession from Rome, headed by his mother, in the camp of Aufidius. The atmosphere, rather than the moth or fly, has exercised strange and baneful influences on man, woman, and beast in this pretentious worsted embroidery; for all the horses of the Volscians are green fleshed, and every human countenance (without any design of the needlewoman or artist to express dignity or anger or mortal apprehension) is blue and bronze coloured! I think I should have relinquished the 'Europe' for the 'France,' but for the best rooms having for some time been secured for, and still occupied by, eight Oxonians ('coach and coached'), who would be staying there all through the long vacation. We fraternized as became sons of the same Alma Mater; and perhaps it was well for them that a man so addicted to ask questions and gather stray bits of information did not interrupt their sedulous study, and substitute incidents of travel in Brittany for the τοποι of Aristotle's rhetoric, the choruses of the 'Prometheus,' or the differential calculus.

Though I could 'not take mine *ease* in mine own inn,' I was constrained to remain at the 'Europe,' where the staircase is of useless breadth, and the back garden is entered from the first-floor landing-place. The hostess is proud of this tableau-vivant, and introduces it as a privileged *lieu de plaisance*; but there was not a head of ripe fruit in it, nor

a flower worth plucking, except a pink. With a business eye to *fricandeaux de veau*, the borders, I observed, were profusely sown with sorrel! but the cultivation was slovenly in the extreme; and as for thinning the fruit trees bending with the weight of thousands of diminutive and diminishing pears, the suggestion seemed in her regards absurd! The house is very spacious: the dining-room and an adjoining parlour, used as a kind of state apartment, occupy a frontage of sixty-five feet, and the bedrooms are well proportioned; but the dreadful matutinal note of the busy hammer closing rivets up, over the way, murders sleep; and the wind blew the smoke of a chimney opposite direct into my room. I wonder how Tennyson, who had been lodged here before me, liked his quarters. Possibly, when the Cleuzious enjoyed wine and wassail here there may have been *gazons* and *parterres* before the mansion; and where the forge of Vulcan now reeks and rings there may have stood a quiet statue of Venus: but whoever turns his glance now-a-days from the main street up the incline, where a little glass box, projecting three feet forward (the universal expedient throughout Brittany for announcing the existence of a hotel), indicates the whereabouts of the 'Europe,' must regard it as a very unprepossessing locality; which is exactly what it is.

As usual, I strolled to the Church, dated as of the seventeenth century. It proved to be the ugliest and most repulsive edifice of the kind I had ever

entered; with eight or nine gables in line, on the north. Everything, within and without, was trashy and mean; painted woodwork obtruding its hideous commonplace above, below, everywhere: but in the yard outside is a crucifix in granite, of no ordinary merit, the work of some Parisian sculptor. The suspended (life size) body had been wrought apart from the cross, a rough unhewn "accursed *tree*," and secured to it by unseen iron cramps. This is well worth careful inspection. Considering the hardness of the material, these works in granite are really marvellous. The country abounds with them. The next cross that met my attention was the well-known one at the corner of the Rue de Treguier, fastened to the angle of the corner house by iron braces which keep it on the slope. It commemorates the death of Geoffroi du Pontblanc, the leader of a gallant defence against Richard Toussaint, an English captain who, in 1346, made his way into the town with a numerous band from La Roche Derrien, of which he was commandant. This enterprising *militaire*, after several attempts to surprise Lannion, won over two soldiers of the garrison to open a postern-gate, through which, at daybreak one Sunday morning, the assailants entered and began to pillage the town and maltreat the inhabitants,—which of course made no small stir, and aroused man, woman, and child from their beds, among whom rushed forth, sword and lance in hand, the chevalier Geoffroi in quest of the invading party.

As champion of the town he laid about with desperate valour, till overpowered at the spot where the cross now stands. Toussaint's soldiers killed in this encounter several gentlemen of distinction who had entered into the general *mêlée*, and carried away many, as prisoners, to Roche Derrien.

The stone, bearing date 1346, appears as fresh as if it had been erected only a few years since, but is pointed out as a relic of the fourteenth century. This senseless raid upon the quiet town, involving the death of so many patriotic and respected citizens, was in all likelihood prompted by the then recent triumph of English prowess at the battle of Crécy, August 26th, 1346. The people call the old slanting cross, 'La croix des Anglais;' with regard to which I have, individually, this much to observe, that if our name has remained for upwards of five centuries in half as bad odour as arises, at the present day, from the gutter's black, stagnant water, &c., at the pavement side, where one must stand to examine the cross, we must still be very unwelcome objects in the eye, if not nose of Lannion; for I was actually obliged to retreat and come back again four times, in consequence of the overpowering stench, which not all the essences issuing from Rimmel or Hendrie, Piesse and Lubin, Breidenbach or Atkinson,—allied powers for the counteraction if not extinction of evil smells and malaria,—could have then and there dissipated. I should take considerable interest in a philosophical inquiry into the

fact of the foreigners' olfactory nerves, throughout the world, being so tolerant of these effluvia. They meet them and seem almost to welcome them, on the strength of life-long familiarity with ineffective sewers, or, which is much more common, no sewers at all: and Brittany in this particular sins most grievously.

A very ancient domicile (No. 5, close to this cross) exhibits the style of ornamentation which prevailed in the Middle Ages among the houses of families holding good position in the town. The carved oak and sculptured granite still visible in the frontage must have occupied the gouge and chisel through many months of the year in which the mansion rose from the ground; but, as is the case everywhere, modern stucco and paint and white window-sashes have done their utmost to extinguish all traces of antiquity. The adjoining house, equally old, has been similarly disfigured and degraded; but its little pillars and their sculptured capitals, surmounted by elaborately carved oak, indicate the ancient residence of a family who lived on the premises about a century after Toussaint's attack. The most remarkable houses, however, are to be seen on the Grande Place, or Market Place; though these, in their turn, have been subjected to the same processes, and are beheld with a feeling of disappointment: the only genuine remnant of their pristine quaintness and singularity being the slated *hood*, as it is termed, which encompasses the dormer

or uppermost window nearest to the roof, with a covering not very unlike the head of a very primitive cabriolet. The extirpation of all the original casements, and the substitution of the ordinary six or eight-paned sash, has given the finishing stroke; and the artist replaces his pencil in its case, and turns away with, 'Nothing worth taking *here!*' I found the remains of a very elaborately ornamented old mansion in a filthy lane, Rue du Four,—now broken up into an upholstery establishment: and so on throughout the town; all has been spoilt. As might be supposed, the natives despise the archæologists with ill-concealed contempt; wondering at the absurdity which would perpetuate a worm-eaten, crazy frontage, and preserve it untouched by the *improvers*, when Pierre Simon, the *maçon décorateur*, has undertaken to make it all look as modern as a house of last year's building for an outlay of a hundred and twenty francs!

The old Palace of the Cleuziou family, 'L'Europe,' is probably rented at a very low figure; for the tenant is evidently 'overhoused;' and though the dining-room be forty feet in length and twenty in height, and panelled throughout, and tapestried, and leading into another handsome parlour, carpeted and furnished with crimson and gilt sofas and chairs, as a sort of state apartment for special receptions, the general housekeeping and style differ not in any respect from the ordinary *ménage* of a provincial inn. There were the same punishing chairs, eleven

inches high in the back, that I had encountered at Guingamp, and subsequently met again at Quimper: and the dinners were scant and uncomfortable. Though boats come in at every tide, we had no fish; and, in the matter of flesh, I here saw the most diminutive leg of mutton that surely had ever been thrust into an oven. (There is no roasting in France.) It exceeded not by a hair's breadth the dimensions of a pint pot; and, as might have been expected, was as tough as a mail-coach trace. The only feature worthy of notice in mine host's 'spread' was the cabbage-soup,—one of the *sine quâ nons* of a Breton dinner,—and not without relish: but we, too, have our *potage aux légumes*, and better of its kind; as a matter of course. At breakfast it was out of the question to obtain a *tea* spoon. The article brought in with the coffee was made for *potage aux choux* and for vegetable dishes; holding two ounces of liquid, and, as usual, brought to an extremely sharp point for the purpose of picking up, as with a fork, the cabbage or other solids; and, now and then, as my eyes have testified, of picking *teeth!* The French innkeepers acknowledge not a tea or coffee breakfast, and keep no little spoons for such puny refection. You are expected to break your fast, as others do, at the half-past ten o'clock collation—in other words, the forenoon dinner. The same word is employed in Italy, where 'collazione' implies the first meal of the day. In fact, we are always clashing with the foreign notions, and

are likely to be strange to them while we survive as a nation. We expect them to minister to refinement, and we have to endure coarseness; and, familiarized with delicacy, we encounter all that is gross. These are the conditions laid down at the outset of foreign travel: and to ignore them is rash and unwise indeed.

TONQUEDEC, as has been already said, is the magnet which attracts the traveller to Lannion. I bespoke a 'calèche' to take me, on the day after my arrival, to this remarkable place, eight miles distant—and took for granted that this intimation was all that was needful to secure the means of transit. At eight o'clock, however, in the evening, on opening my chamber door to ask who knocked so loud, I was not a little surprised to see one of the waiters standing by the side of an old woman apparently eighty years of age (I dare say, not sixty), with whom he wished me then and there to make acquaintance. "A quel propos," I asked, "faire connoissance?" "Mais, Monsieur, voici Madame (!) Kelson: c'est Madame qui loue les voitures de remise, et qui tient de bons chevaux." "Well! and what of all that?" "N'est-ce pas que Monsieur a desiré voir Tonquedec, et a commandé une voiture?" So here was the job mistress *par excellence!* This dilapidated, withered, wild-looking old hag had actually been brought upstairs from two streets' distance to parley (perhaps, as was supposed a matter of course, to haggle) with me for a trumpery

bargain of eight shillings,—without reference had to the innkeeper, or two words to his hostler; neither one nor the other caring to undertake carriage hire; nor even an ass or mule being kept in the stabling for accomplishing the journey of a mile. This, however, I found to be the general condition of things in the province. Poor circumstances and *tant soit peu* of outlay characterize the whole management of the inns; and the English traveller will everywhere find, in these regions, that his sense of comfort will be in exact proportion to the fewness of his wants. He need not, however, ramble into Brittany to learn *that!*

But the next morn would find me *en route* to that lordly domain of which Madame de Tonquedec, now nestling in the Chaussée d'Antin à Paris, is, I believe, the hereditary owner:—and, though I am anticipating my own conclusion, I must at once make declaration of the opinion formed of her ancestral home, even at the first moment of my entrance therein. England abounds with magnificent and intensely interesting remains of her feudal castles and early monasteries, abbeys, and palatial homes; and it would be difficult to particularize the claims preferred by them severally to be classed among the most picturesque and impressive specimens of ruins in Europe. Of these I have seen many; and the recollections of their varied and beautiful features must be life-long; yet this emphatic mention of the delight experienced on every

occasion of visiting and revisiting these venerable relics and landmarks of national history, is only here made that I may adequately praise TONQUEDEC, of which it will now be sufficient to assert that I prefer it to all. It merits on many grounds this precedence. Its peculiar site—the *entourage*, the details of the whole scenery surrounding it—the shapes presented to the eye,—not only the vestiges of what has been, but the features that are present and will long continue to hold their place of pre-eminent beauty, and to fascinate while the face of nature shall smile and enhance the enjoyment of the scene, compel this declaration, and I should regard a journey of five hundred miles richly repaid whose ending would bring me face to face with such another living picture. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* With all its charming details and general effects, and lovely grandeur and interesting history, stored in memory, I had always thought the site of Taormina (Taurominium) in Sicily could never be surpassed. When I had completed careful drawings of that hill-side theatre, and of Ætna and its surroundings, and exhibited the finished picture on the walls of the Royal Academy, six-and-forty years ago, I regarded that site as one of the most beautiful in Europe,—and believed that the view then taken would prove 'the be-all and the end-all' of all my continental sketching: but no artist having an entire year to himself, wherein the uninterrupted exercise of his art would

be to him a year's unalloyed enjoyment, could fail to find it secured to him in these ruins of Tonquedec.

It was a military stronghold, the hereditary house of the Viscounts of Coëtmen. One of them, Roland, having espoused the quarrel of Clisson, (successor of Du Guesclin as Constable of France,) in his prolonged conflict with Duke John the Fourth of Brittany, sustained a total defeat at the hands of Henri du Juch (conquering in the name of the Duke), and the original castle was razed to the ground in A.D. 1395. However, Roland, rallying from this disaster, regained his post, and built the magnificent castle-fortress, of which the extant ruin conveys but inadequate ideas, though imagination strives to construct and restore. After a lapse of two hundred and forty years it passed by marriage and succession through four noble families into the line of the Quengos of Brittany; one of whose descendants, above mentioned, owns the estate at the present day. The castle, designed with a view to military occupation, was held by a royalist force in the wars of the League, and stood in its integrity for a century afterwards, till the tyranny of Richelieu, through which the courtiers of France were compelled to lower their state and dismantle their signorial strongholds, that Louis XIII. might be less dependent and the noblesse more amenable to the sovereign's control, compelled the lord of the castle to shear it of its strength; and from that date (1625—30), the fortifications were never re-

paired. The mansion, still stately and imposing in grandeur, continued to be inhabited till A.D. 1700, when the attractions of Versailles and the luxurious hospitality of 'Le Grand Monarque' had lured more than half the French aristocracy from their ancestral homes to those saloons in his capital where they emulated regal magnificence and exhausted their fortunes withal,—and from that time forth Tonquedec was deserted. The elements were foremost in undermining its strength; and the predatory hordes of the Revolution, within an interval of less than eighty years subsequent to the demise of Louis XIV., completed the havoc. Whatever had been the property of a man of rank was in *their* eyes an accursed thing, and was dealt with accordingly. The donjon, the towers, bastions, machicoulis, and drawbridges disappeared or crumbled into ruin; and accordingly as the ivy or the moss, grass-seed or lichen, began year after year to cover up the fallen and scattered fragments of what was once stupendous in its solidity and strength, or beautiful in its ornamentations, the present site became an undulating area of grassy hillocks,—beneath which lie, in undistinguished ruin and decay, the battlements of the walls, the corbels and groinings of the chapel, the steps and stone benches of the banqueting hall, and the escutcheons that were hewed down from the gates. But for the ill will and evil work of man, TONQUEDEC might have stood its ground for a thousand years.

Aug. 4. The witch-looking old woman to whose supposed lock-up coach-house and superior livery stables I was to look for a light phaeton and strong horse to convey me over the rough and rocky ruts interposed between the Rue de Treguier and the inheritance of the Quengos, sent me a sort of cab phaeton, which would have accommodated four of the fattest of man or womankind; and a dwarfish pony, admirably suited to carry out two babies in panniers for an airing, even for a mile's length. The vehicle might have been constructed at the period of the Treaty of Amiens, March 27th, 1802. So much of the lining as had survived the year 1834, the middle period between that pacification and the present time, was now in the possession of a certain convocation of politic moths who enjoyed a 'divisum imperium' with such fleas as were introduced from time to time by pigeons who roosted in the carriage when the dove-cote outside the cart-shed (we will not call it coach-house, because it was not one; as Squeers said of his 'Hall') was too crowded to accommodate the whole flock, tumblers and all. The harness resembled those curious straps and strips of dirty white leather which have been twice held up to public view and amazement at our International Exhibitions as samples of Chinese saddlery; and might, probably, have been brand new as recently as A.D. 1780. But, the driver! I was to have had, according to expressed wish, an active, intelligent post-boy, intimately acquainted with

every yard of the way between Lannion and the Castle gates, and able and willing to make himself useful in case of our having to encounter any rough passages of travel;—for I ascertained that the road would not, all the way through, be "like a bowling green." We most of us know how 'Boy' used to be represented in the old posting days: but I was hardly prepared for the bodily presence or impersonation of Rag and Famish that hobbled round from the pony's head as I came forward out of my 'Europe' to take possession of the 'shandradan' selected for my pilgrimage. It was a lame cripple of fifty years of age,—to all appearances more suitable for a bench in the exercise yard of the hospital than for a driving-seat; even though it were but to take care of the reins till the able-bodied 'whip' should be forthcoming. If a farmer, having just told off his labourers to go into a field of wheat and cut it down, had previously stepped up to the post to which, for many months, he had affixed his 'manikin' or scare-crow, and disengaged the *sham man* from that place of confidence, and forwarded the stuffed figure to me as a specimen of the Breton *épouvantail*, I should merely have exclaimed, with Macbeth, "Why do you show me this?" and passed on to the order of the day: but to learn that this black scare-crow was actually to go ahead with me, instead of turning round with the wind in the middle of a crop, was, when found, to make a note of. There it stood—with an awfully battered and

bursten billy-cock hat, and a battered face, weather stained, and having one eye in a very questionable condition,—and, as to coat, covered up in just that kind of black wrap which characterizes scare-crows meant to imitate men in every part of the world; high collared, long skirted, pieced, patched, and threadbare. The *continuations* dangerously rotten, and interdictory of any sudden strain or stretch; and ripped up from the knee towards the pocket, on the left side, to admit of a copious stuffing of straw,—much of which projected—(as in all scare-crows), which was to ease the clamping of a false leg, made of ash tree,—the locum-tenens of the limb left at Brest dockyard seven years previously. The wood, however, anon began to move, and I beheld it resting against the splash-board as those arms, which would have been far more appropriately swinging round with the wind in the middle of a standing crop, were now reaching at the reins, and the right hand clutched a stick with a thong appended thereto that seemed to be a yard and a half of supplementary driving rein. Such was our 'turn out.' I said the old woman had sent me an animal hardly bigger than a calf, and asked the 'apology for a coachman' whether it was likely to survive the three leagues of journey. "Ah! mon Dieu, oui." It was a second-class horse, certainly: but 'très fort —très fort.' The 'plus braves chevaux' had all been bespoken for the Treguier races; but this was a 'bon bête.' 'Allons! en route!' shouted my cha-

rioteer, as we entered upon our expedition; but we made an inauspicious beginning. Before the wheels had revolved twice, the thong came down upon the tiny quadruped's hind-quarters with a smack like that of an eelskin round a whipping-top, which I thought augured ill; but all that followed hereupon during two hours was so illustrative of the co-existence of extreme savagery with genuine *vis comica*, that I shall best describe it by interpolating my jottings by the way (pencilled every other minute) with just so many observations on what came under notice on the road as I thought worth making in so brief a journey. I found we were on the high road to Guingamp. Several peasants came in sight, old and young of either sex, bare-footed, and bearing the aspect of extreme want and wretchedness. Whack! whack! went the scourge: "Sacr.....r...r...e. Eh? Nom de Dieu, ce sont vos idées, donc, de trotter? Eh! hie, donc!" The trotting had been, certainly, something very like an amble; but we were not yet a mile out of Lannion, and it was manifest that the resources of strength and energy must be husbanded. Presently I espied four sheep browsing in a dry ditch, each with the off hinder leg tied to the near fore leg! so that the animal shifted its position only by a spasmodic bound. This may have been the flock (!) belonging to one of the occupants of a group of cottages, miserable clay and stone built cabins, which soon afterwards came in sight. Whack! whack! "Eh!

vous vous proposez donc aller l'amble ? Est-ce pour ceci qu'on achète le fourrage à cinquante ?" (This meant that hay cost in that district four-pence three farthings a pound.) He was looking at some hay which had just been got in, and which lay scattered outside a small barn, into which, according to the usages of French farming, it was about to be thrust.

Hereabouts I saw some of those gates (leading into fields) which are peculiar to Brittany. They are slightly attached by osier twigs to the post on which, in our country, hinges would act, and are fitted at the end which touches the corresponding post with a small wheel (not spoked), whereby the movement of the gate backwards and forwards is facilitated: its weight being thus thrown on the wheel. The bars are perpendicular, and resemble the side of a china-crate. Such a gate may be made in the French province for about three francs. Ours, including hinges, hooks, and fastenings, are not put up under a cost of nine times as much. The one, however, is a make-shift; the other a complete and durable provision of usefulness and safety. Three more stripes of the thong! "Que veut dire cette tromperie? C'est moi—eh?—qui dois porter le harnois?—et vous, vous voulez devenir le cocher? Allez donc! prenez cela! et dites moi si vous le trouvez bien. Voleur! larron!"—and now he began to set up a long sustained moan which was kept up for a quarter of an hour;—a miserable, effeminate,

beggar's cry strongly suggestive of those lines in Hudibras—

> "He made a viler noise than swine
> In windy weather when they *whine*,"

which terminated in a castigation involving the loss of the thong—for it flew incontinently over the hedge. While replacing it with another strip of leather, the fellow began soliloquizing:—"Jamais de ma vie ai-je rencontré maudit diable tel que vous: aller à tâtons—ramper; écornifleur! [a shirker] glouton! fourbe!"—and so on, accumulating reproach and abuse on the main charge of the pony being at heart a devil—a creeping, crawling, shirking, gluttonous impostor,—which I certainly did not indorse; for, considering the ponderosity of the vehicle behind him, I thought the pace was not contemptible; and the next time the thong was in air, I suggested that we should try to manage a mile without grumbling or punishment. "Ah! c'est un saumon mort! C'est un cochon, sans fougue, et d'un très mauvais naturel." (He forgot he had introduced him to me as *un bon bête*). It was the first time I had ever heard a living pony called a dead salmon: perhaps it implied the poor brute's inability ever again to try a *leap!* But he was all this and more: a pig without mettle, and of a vicious disposition from his birth upwards. Such was the arraignment!

We passed several crucifixes. One bore a date, A.D. 1790, which indicated the exemption of this

particular district from the visitation of the revolutionary hordes that soon after that date began to overrun France. A Curé, on his circuit, very reverentially lifted his hat as he approached this cross. I remember the days when three out of four of the postilions who used to ride and drive along the roads in France did the same thing when passing the sacred emblem. Just after this we entered on a gentle ascent; and pony, on the sudden, jibbed in a very spirited display of resentment. We were much too near a deep ditch to indulge the animal in this perilous freak, and my scare-crow screamed out:—"Ah! diable! voici la fin! Est-ce, donc, la fin? Dites, seulement, c'est la fin!"—(It was a French echo of Fanny Squeers's "Is this the hend?") The new thong, however, set us *en avant*, and from this point for at least a mile I overheard a strain of irony and banter which, but for the difficulty of eliminating a positive meaning out of every Breton phrase employed in swearing at horses, I should have taken down at length, and turned perhaps to some account; but it was for the most part to this tune:—"Ai-je dit que tu dois être pendu? Tu dois être massacré; écorché; mijoté. [Simmered down to broth!] Et vous croyez que vous devez vivre à gogo [in clover] et vous cabrer dans nos prairies [prance, and kick those heels about] en gentilhomme! Manger, boire, ronfler: maudite gorge farcie d'avoines et de fèves, —et tout pour rien—tout pour rien! Hie! donc,

mangez cela. [Down came the whip], voleur! lache!". At this point we came to a stand-still. It was as if the little animal, outraged by the sarcasms and taunts of upwards of six miles, had resolved to stand it no longer, and to make terms for completing the remainder of the journey on a very different footing—with less of the leather thong, and more of bare civility; but it now seemed doubtful whether the last mile would be completed; not on account of the mutiny, but because to all appearances there was no more "go" in the *dead salmon*. The heat of the weather was oppressive; and we had altogether undertaken too much. But, after a pause of a minute or two, during which the little horse, exercising a certain amount of penetration and judgment, took for granted, no doubt, that he would meet with more courteous treatment, and be neither slanged nor slashed as hitherto—we began to move again, and were soon in a little bourg or straggling village, at the inn-door of which I insisted on a bait of hay and water.

The *boiteux*, who was now patting his spiritless pig and thief and impostor with demonstrations of fondness which the nobler animal of the two must have thoroughly despised, gave me to understand that the journey was here at an end. Aware, however, that we must be at least a mile distant from the Castle, I pointed to his vacated seat and bade him climb up and go on. He had not the slightest conception of the road to be taken; and

had evidently never approached Tonquedec by the way into which a wrong turn had taken him; and finding it was too late to fetch a compass and gain the level, whereby we should have reached the portals of the ancient stronghold without risk of broken shafts or a dislocated arm, leg, or neck, he set off again; and I soon found that every foot of the way would be in a downward direction—for the reply to every inquiry addressed to wayside folk was uniformly, 'Là bas! là bas.' The road might possibly have been practicable enough some twenty years since; but it now bore every indication of having been abandoned to such few itinerants as once or twice perhaps in a month might have occasion to see the gatekeepers, or to come this way, as the shortest, from the Castle. The rolling stones and ruts enjoined very wary advances; and had I not accomplished in safety the ascent to the Grande Chartreuse thirteen years previously, and the descent also, the probability of some untoward fracture would have deterred me from proceeding when I discovered that the track we were on was rapidly approaching a precipitous defile, and such a causeway as no wheeled carriage except a barrow ought to have attempted. The surroundings, however, of this ἀνάμαξευτος ὁδος (for Thucydides has expressively characterized it), were more than enough to allure, and to encourage progress. There were beautiful overarching forest trees of every variety on either hand, growing almost out of the granite rocks; and

through occasional gaps and interstices in the hedge timbergrowth I could distinguish, at a vast depth below, the richest pastures, and the silvery stream of the Guier; and when we were closed upon again by the outspreading arms of ancient oaks—one of which, catching my driver by the coat-tail and wooden leg at the same moment, nearly threw him head over heels (to the ecstatic delight, no doubt, of the *saumon mort*), and required no little presence of mind to avert a crashing overturn—we pulled up to take breath and courage, and to ascertain what might be ahead. The masses of imbedded granite rounded off into polished shining boulders twice the size of hay-cocks, projected their bulk at every other turn; and nowhere did the track, about ten feet in width, exhibit a level surface. The rains of fifty years had worn away a channel, the bed of which, nevertheless, undulated with rotund masses of ironstone and limestone that seemed to defy the passage of hoof or wheel. Where there was any intermission of this shape of impediment, the inequalities of the causeway threatened more and more imminent danger—in which the vehicle scraped and slid along with two wheels in air, while it required the hundredweight and a half of my own bodily frame, and the six stone and a half of scarecrow's, to be thrown on to the uplifted side that the equilibrium might be maintained. We should not have rolled down the precipice; but a somerset into the abundant growth of furze, fern, and broom,

and briers, which skirted the pass, would have left reminiscences of Tonquedec on the facial muscles that it would have been no joy to exhibit during the remainder of the Summer. In the midst of all this jeopardy in a gorge and ambush-like defile, where yellow and bronze tinted rock and wild vegetation coloured the scene to perfection, there was but one feature wanting to render the representation exquisitely true, and *that* was a man in half-armour, with a glittering steel casque, a red plume, and a red sash, leaning upon his sword or lance, and looking out over the country. Scare-crow could not, by any feat of ingenuity and inventiveness have been dressed up to the part; but what was wanting, except the figure here described, to create a *chef d'œuvre* of Salvator Rosa! The landscape portion was complete. The rest—"in my mind's eye—Horatio."

Could the cabinet picture have been finished, it would have physicked all the pains and penalties of this arduous descent into unknown regions. But leaving Fancy's sketch to share the fate of pleasures of imagination, we had to cope with realities that admitted of no parley or delays. The passage still seemed as ugly an obstacle as when we first entered upon it. Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and leaping, as we did, with old and rusty springs and worm-eaten wheels, in such delirious bounds as we gave when dashing, at hazard, over a boulder as big as a steam-boiler, it was like no locomotion with

which earth makes man familiar, but reminded me of those impossible flights one makes in a dream, —thorough brake, thorough briar, over alps and oceans, till, "waking with a start," we find the watch pointing to 2 A.M., and the digestion faulty. "'Tis a long lane" . . . . . —however, the proverb is musty. At a certain point, the ruts showed a depth of only one foot, and the excrescences and nodes assumed the evenness of weed-covered rocks at low water;—the pony could keep three feet on the incline; and his driver resumed two enjoyments which, in tremor, and something like despair, he had laid aside—his *quid* and his whip—and at length, as the second hour came to an end, we stopped at the Castle walls. Not two years have fled since two English ladies were set down at the little inn where we had halted; and, being assured there was no carriage-road, accomplished all this descent on foot!

Great care should be exercised at Lannion to secure a driver intimately acquainted with *the other road*, and competent to reach the ruins without incurring the slightest chance of missing it.

I shall not essay a description in detail of the ruins of the Castle of Tonquedec. In the first moment of entry upon the area enclosed by the crumbling walls, an impression is made which, so far from losing force after a long stay upon the spot—as will often happen in such places—is, on the contrary, strengthened at every turn, and in

every succeeding glance. The observation made by Henry Matthews, in his 'Diary of an Invalid,' (A.D. 1817), in speaking of the Forum at Rome, is happily appropriate *here* :—"It would seem as if the Destroying Angel had a taste for the picturesque; for the ruins are left just as the painter would most wish to have them." I suppose there is not a prospect in all France (my enthusiasm would prompt me to say in Europe), that surpasses the view obtained from the principal oriel window, looking down into the valley. The Guier was flowing placidly through bright green meadows, from the verges of which thickly-wooded slopes rose to a vertical height of nearly a thousand feet, exactly opposite to the Castle; the distance between which and these beautiful acclivities might be three furlongs. The surface of the river was so smooth, and the course of its stream so gentle, as to reflect these dark green slopes in the water. A corresponding growth of wood rose on the hither side of the pastures, and reached the Castle walls. To the right, an old grey granite bridge spanned the river, which at this point fell over a shallow stone ridge, producing the lulling sound of a distant weir. At first I thought it was the rustling of leaves, but subsequently recognized the murmur of a water-wheel which was revolving below in the most quiet nook of the valley. What a picture to gaze upon from the ancient hill-palace! Within these walls, in some parts fifteen feet thick, the forefathers of the

Coëtmens enjoyed, five hundred years ago, the privilege of looking upon the genial face of Nature in a diorama whose only changes were the alternating hues that the four seasons of the year gave in turn to this ever-interesting, never-fading scenery. No dwelling of man, no sheep-fold, no ox-stall, no artificial partitions of the 'greeny' meads came in view; the grass, and the flower of the field, in wide and perfectly level expanse, alone was spread forth below—a *tapis vert* indestructible —and the trees of the forest in spontaneous growth, venerable with age even when Roland felled oak to frame portcullises, or speared the wild boar for the stronghold's provender,—rose in grandeur before TONQUEDEC, and made all its surroundings magnificent.

The recess in which I sat gazing down upon all this loveliness in solitude, was constructed with stone benches in the thickness of the mighty wall; and here imagination may picture the Castellans in the mediæval times feasting their eyes upon Spring, Summer, and Autumn scenery, to which, when their native land had rest, the profoundest peace could not append a charm, nor the alarums of war an alloy. The vale was their castle's fosse, and the wooded hills its rampart—intact and inaccessible. It was in those remote ages, (and except when the mowers or the sheep are taking off the grass crop, and the shepherd is folding his charge, it is *now*) unapproached by human foot: no road, no path,

no hedge, nor a vestige of life, or life's occupations, meets the eye; for the diminutive village which sprung up in the eighteenth century is deep down beneath, and prates not of its whereabout. So sequestered is the spot—so effectually is the stirring and distracting world shut out.

Before I began to sketch, it occurred to me that the summit of the tower nearest to the bridge end of the valley, must command a still more comprehensive range of country, and a corresponding extent of varied and interesting landscape. After a perilous ascent, the hope and expectation were realized. From that airy eminence, a panorama is gained of the whole neighbourhood. Farm-houses, cottages, gardens, mills, innumerable hedges, and every crop that the province in full cultivation would produce, becomes visible in one glance; and the woods opposite, appearing to be dwarfed in their proportions by this *vue d'oiseau*, reveal plateaux of comparatively table land, reddened with heather, and rising like a Pyrenean barrier to shut out the far-stretching champaign which penetrates through forty visible leagues into the Côtes du Nord of France. This was a *coup d'œil* indeed! and it was with no little regret that I yielded to the hint given by a rather sharp shower of rain, that it was high time to descend to *terra firma*. An annoying reflection supervened on all that I was enjoying—that I ought to have given, not a day, but a week, to TONQUEDEC, and have crossed that

old bridge and surveyed the majestic ruins from a covert in the oak forest, and, from without as well as from within, have filled a portfolio with precious reminiscences. The fact is, I had relied, even before my pilgrimage began, on finding an ample supply of well executed prints, illustrating this and other such remarkable localities, at the principal publishers in Paris, when I should be wending my way homeward. I will so far anticipate, as to record in this page my utter failure in this particular. After a long and persevering search, I found nothing; and the vendors of the best series of "France as it is," &c. &c., had not even heard that there was such a place as Tonquedec! While the whole body of water-colour artists, from the earliest days of Prout to the present period, have been gathering up all the stone and timber *morceaux* of the Rhine and Normandy, they have left this gem of beauty unsought, unhonoured—in presence of which the pen and pencil are alike involved in that *embarras de choix* (so numerous are the salient and scintillant points of excellence) which makes a thinking or a sketching traveller pause and ponder in delightful hesitation where to settle down to his heart-stirring work, and where—when once it is begun—to end it.

I asked a question or two of the woman whom I found to be the sole guardian of this solitary hill-fort; but her reply, in a very queer-sounding *patois*, was, that she did not speak French! She was a

labourer's wife—a *vraie Bretonne Bretonnante*—who upheld the Celtic tongue of her birthplace in all its integrity. But it was singular enough to find so distinct a segregation still maintained between civilized France and what we might call its Welsh and Cornwall provinces. A few days afterwards I was in the Cornuaille, Cornu Galliæ (Cornwall) of the Empire—where I was told that when a Breton has quitted Rennes to journey eastward, he will tell you he is going into *France!*

The quiet of our return journey was a charming contrast with the scourgings and maledictions of the morning drive. To be sure, we began the homeward ascent by the road which ought to have been taken after turning off from the public-house where we baited at noon—and this was nine points in the horse's favour; not but that I am constrained in all faithfulness, to record that, upon the occasion of a 'shy' at a pig which had fallen into his 'custom always of the afternoon' of sleeping in the gutter by the road-side—which sudden divergence at right angles to the shafts had nearly brought pony on his knees, and 'scare-crow' from his perch, the denunciation fulminated against the delinquency was, 'Death!' "A Lannion! à Lannion! et à *mort!*" When this capital sentence was promulgated, the lash of the whip was being lengthened and strengthened withal; during which reparation of wear and tear whereunto his hind-quarters could testify, the sagacious quadruped looked round, and, doubtless,

surmised in what way the new end of the thong would be brought into practical use; for, the next moment after that peep we started off at a decided trot, and well nigh ran into a new tumbril which was coming out of a small farm-yard a mile distant from the town,—the aspect of which suggested the dream-like image of a cart under the full influence of the small-pox;—it being painted cream-white, picked out in every part with circular blotches of vermilion: the most accurate illustration of miliary eruptions!

We regained the 'Europe' at a quarter before five o'clock, dead beaten.

Aug. 8. After having inquired of old "Timber-toe," who was loitering at the inn gateway, at what hour the little horse died? and receiving, *pour toute réponse,* 'Eh! mon Dieu! il se porte parfaitement bien! Il mange—même trop!"—I strolled into the Grande Place, it being market-day, and every probability offering itself that the place would be thronged with women exhibiting all the varieties of head-gear characteristic of the province. There was nothing whatever to distinguish the hundred females grouped and wandering among barrows and baskets on this occasion from any ordinary assemblage of English country-folk in one of our large villages. The one prevailing cap was the exact counterpart of those which used to be, and I believe are still, worn by the women in our workhouses or unions. Their gowns were uniformly

black, and gave a very dull, dispiriting aspect to the whole multitude.

LANNION is none of the liveliest. The superintendent at the Bureau des Messageries, whom I drew into a little gossip, *faute de mieux*, on the state of men, women, and things in general, assured me the town was a considerable loser by the railway. Before the iron way was laid down, the produce of the district was disposed of on these market days, and in the streets and outlying places generally. Now, all was carted off, or carried by omnibuses and vans to the Plouaret Station, whence it was sent up or down the line, to purchasers living contiguous thereto, and even to the sea-coast. Had the office-keeper been a grower in some snug allotment just outside the town, he would doubtless have expatiated on the wonderful impulses given to trade, and on the encouragement of production!

CHAPTER IV.

TO MORLAIX.

THE 'EXPRESS' Coach undertook to convey me over the ten miles between Lannion and the Station of PLOUARET. Its chief activity is daily exercised in carrying fish in particular and sundries in general, (which includes stray travellers,) to that point in the line whence the finny and the feathered produce of the neighbourhood is forwarded *à grande vitesse* to all-consuming Paris. Thus, partridges, which in the good old days of Diligences and waggons, used to realize in Lannion only a franc a brace, would now only be procurable at three shillings and sixpence, English money. Woodcocks now cost one shilling and eightpence each: formerly eightpence. The owners therefore, or hirers, of a *chasse réservée* find their account, unmistakeably, in the new mode of locomotion and transmission; and the stock-breeders are proportionately gainers. The line itself pays better than any other in France.

On our way to Ploughères—[we were now to become familiar with the Breton 'PLOU']—we passed just such another beautifully wrought crucifix as the one already mentioned as a *chef d'œuvre* in Lannion.

Well would it have been for the cause of suffering humanity if the money expended on the granite monument had been otherwise appropriated in improving the dwellings of the labourers. Nothing in the worst parts of Ireland could surpass the filthiness and misery of the clay and stone built cabins of this very district. The road-scrapings, and the off-scouring and drainage of pig-styes were to be seen heaped up against the front wall of each cottage within eight inches of the window-sill; and on this wet fermenting mass of horrible impurity bare-footed children of four and five years of age were trampling as if in the enjoyment of salutary exercise out-doors! A dark fetid pool lay in front of the heap into which the 'young barbarians all at play' jumped every now and then for the fun of the thing, *i.e.*, of the splash in the liquid manure, which (one might suppose) their parents opined would as effectually promote *their* growth as it would cherish that of the beet-root crop, for which the nearest farmer would shortly purchase the reeking compost, and cart it away on payment of fivepence! I have described these miserable dens in Chapter I.

The road we were proceeding upon must have been cut through a forest; being skirted on either side by dwarf oaks. Nature has been lavish in the distribution of rich loam, herbage, and fruit growth; but Man in the same region is miserably degraded and dwindling. Beggary and wretchedness are but too conspicuous; and I was glad enough

to catch the first glance of the railway station. The 'Express' here deposited twelve hampers of fish; the greater part of it brought in from sea during the night, the remainder from the Guier; pike, trout, &c. and here, as the porters were preparing to remove the cargo to the coming train, I fell in with a courteous and sociable elderly gentleman whose carriage and pair had just arrived, with his lady and her maid, from a *château* equi-distant between Lannion and the station; and as he wistfully eyed the packages departing one by one from the spot where we were standing in expectation of hearing the signal whistle, he turned round to me and observed how tantalizing, how cruel, it was, that he, residing within less than half an hour's drive of Lannion, or of this very spot, should never by any chance succeed in obtaining a single fish by the Express, laden as it was with the catch of the rivet streams and the ocean. I told him how we in England were often subjected to the same annoyance: it was a tyranny, but we were told (at Brixham, for instance) we had no right to forestall the market, and jeopardize contracts, and interfere with bespeaks, and so forth. It seemed as if my speech had won the old seigneur's heart, for he wished me to come and stay a few days with him when Madame La Comtesse should be returned from Morlaix, and they would give me a hearty welcome at Château Kerivon, about two leagues on this side of Lannion. I could not catch the sound of his name, and hereupon he

took my note book, and wrote in it both name and address—'Comte de Kercariédec de Kerivon, près de Lannion.' Had time permitted, I should have been only too glad to avail myself of his friendly bidding. The incidental mention of some peculiar ornamentation in the Churches I had recently entered led him to speak of a very remarkable polished granite altar in the parish Church, (not far from Kerivon,) of Ploumiellau, six miles from St. Michel en Grève. The process of polishing the rough material, always very laborious and lengthsome, had been undertaken, gratuitously, by ten women of the village, who, from sheer *dévouement* and religious zeal, had carried on the work through two years, and completed it admirably. He said it was called by the neighbouring people 'L'autel de dixhuit cents tasses.' The women came on daily at eight o'clock in the morning; and the churchwardens took care that each should be served, on her arrival at the shed, with a cup of hot coffee. They drank, in all, eighteen hundred cups; and as each cup was calculated to cost three sous, the total amounted to two hundred and eighty two francs; equivalent to eleven pounds five shillings. I suppose this statement, so far as the length of time occupied in the polishing, must be taken, like the granite itself, '*cum grano*;' for the altar would not exhibit more than thirty superficial square feet: and this might be polished easily enough in three months. The good women, in all probability, gave up an hour

or two daily to the job, and then went home to their farms and families. The labour, nevertheless, of bringing granite blocks to a highly polished surface is inconceivable. In one of the principal libraries (I think it is George III.'s) in the British Museum, are four red granite columns, monoliths, presented by the Earl of Aberdeen, and introduced with happiest effect in the architectural design of the noble room. The expense of polishing one of these amounted to twenty-five pounds in mere labour. They are very beautiful specimens: the crystals being fully developed, and the roseate or fleshy hue contributing, as it always does, to lightness in effect.

Our train left PLOUARET for Morlaix at ten minutes to four o'clock; and within thirteen minutes of that time we reached PLOUNERIN, at which point we looked down into a most beautiful valley exhibiting an extent of at least two thousand acres of rich pasture, from the borders of which uprose, right and left, a range of lofty hills covered in some parts with green crops to their very summits; in others, with dense coppices and woods, a considerable breadth of which must have extended along the eminence on which the line had been laid, as we passed through two or three miles of oak and beech growth, till, on the sudden, at PLOUIGNEAU station, another splendid view opened on the left, on which any one might stand at gaze for many hours. It was a valley to be measured by miles rather than by acres,—mapped out by hedges abounding with fine timber, and

variegated by charming alternations of emerald, amber, and roseate or ruby tints, accordingly as rich pastures, standing corn, clover, poppy or *Trifolium incarnatum*, in interspersed crops, distributed their several characteristic colours. The white-faced farm houses and walled homesteads, barns, and granaries, dovecotes and stacks, and other features of a widely cultivated country, added brightness and life to the picture that lay glistening and twinkling in the sunbeams, and suggested the idea of an entire canton spread out within a ring-fence. Even the extreme distance revealed hills of considerable altitude covered from base to crest with green crops. The name of this station—PLOUIGNEAU—should be jotted down in every tourist's *plan de route* drawn out for Brittany, as a spot for which the eager eye should be carefully on the look out. There would be no disappointment—*bien entendu* that the journey be taken in August, and the prospect beheld under a cloudless sky. We left it with great regret; yet, only three minutes afterwards, another glimpse or Parthian glance, secured an '*encore*,' the enjoyment of which was suddenly arrested by our coming upon a deep ravine or chine covered in every foot of its surface with young oak of about a hundred years' growth. To this succeeded, still on the left hand, (for, to the right there was little else than granite hills and forests, brakes and glens, boldly picturesque) a range of undulating country, thrown up, so to speak, in rounded hills whose summits skirted

the railway side, and which we were watching in expectation of coming upon yet another 'happy valley' (as I called them), when, in a moment,—so instantaneously as to be actually startling,—we beheld, in one glance, the whole town and environs of MORLAIX. Deep, deep down, in the bottom of a stupendous gulf or chasm, were seen thousands of roofs, and interlacing streets, and gravelled squares, and little dark dots, like scattered school children, all in motion, among carts that seemed hardly bigger than wheelbarrows, drawn by horses shrunk in dimensions to the size of calves, and everything else proportionately diminished in this *vue d'oiseau*. We were in the centre of the magnificent Viaduct, on the main line between Rennes and Brest, three hundred and eighty yards in length, and two hundred and fifty-six feet high: the finest work of its kind in France, and vying with the proudest triumphs of ancient Rome's civil engineering.* It is one of the many monuments illustrating the ability of the moderns to accomplish, if not to surpass, all the most mighty and magnificent works that have conferred pre-eminent distinction on the wise Master-builders of Italy. It is built entirely in stone: the uppermost 'via' or passage, over fourteen arches, twenty-two feet in width, being exclusively for the railway; and a secondary one (over nine arches), which was constructed for foot-passengers only,

* The Newcastle level bridge is 83 feet, and the Berwick-on-Tweed, 120 feet in height.

spanning the valley and river, and running below the main line at one-third of the whole altitude, or about eighty-five feet from the level of the quays.

This grand causeway, most accurately depicted at the head of this volume, was commenced in March, 1863, and opened for traffic on the first day of April, 1866.

The cost did not exceed a hundred and twenty thousand pounds—which, considering the immense and permanent benefit conferred by the breaking up of the circuitous road travelled over before it was here made a connecting link between Paris and the Land's End of France, was, comparatively, an insignificant outlay. The viaduct at Scarborough is a grand feature; but some idea may be formed of the gigantic scale of this Breton aërial bridge when the reader is told that the extreme height of the Yorkshire elevation only equals that of the lower roadway here mentioned as nearest to the quays in Morlaix:—and the whole chasm spanned by the former measures only a third of the distance comprised by the French structure, which was designed by M. Fenoux, and built by M. Perichon, who, I was informed, realized twenty thousand pounds sterling by his contract. M. Descormier, of Morlaix, informed me that nine fatal accidents had occurred during the progress of the work.

I was soon whisked down from this windy elevation into the town, the first aspect of which made a favourable impression;—a glance or two sufficing to

discover quite enough of primitive Brittany to promise many an interesting reconnoitre and investigation,—and so much of advancing civilization as to afford a pleasurable change, after the dirt and dinginess of recent halting places. The Hôtel de Provence is accounted the best house for travellers' rest: but here, as in other quarters, the supplies seemed to be calculated for the passing hour; and, as at Dinan, the waiter interrupted my breakfast by an earnest request to let him have the coffee-pot *tout de suite,* as there were but *deux en maison:* and on the next evening there was not an ounce of any kind of cheese procurable from any corner of the pantry or larder! The Dining-room is a generator of melancholy. Close in against the windows stood two lime-trees, effectually excluding that indispensable, that essential ingredient of cheerfulness, —the sunshine—which the long narrow ground floor apartments of these foreign inns so much require to make them compatible with English notions of indoor enjoyment. The felling of those obtrusive trees would be one of the greatest benefits that could be conferred on the establishment; and next in succession, would be the removal of one of the noisiest fellows as a waiter I had ever encountered in France, which, be it said, abounds with that embodiment of nuisance. There was, I may mention, another 'help,' always present in the same room with him, whose silent, yet most efficient, services were in delightful contrast; yet tended to

render the clatter, clashing, and unintermitting clamour of the other more telling and intolerable:—I allude to the mahogany '*dumb*-waiter,' whose province was, unfortunately, very limited. The delight with which every other living *garçon*, suddenly and unobserved, approaches our chair and slams down a bundle of fifty knives on the table within a yard of us, or deposits a heavy spoon and fork on the plate, which rings under them like a cracked tenor bell, is strongly characteristic of the Papuan savage whose notions of supremest felicity are limited to the fruition of stunning and incessant noise.

There was a specimen of this degraded humanity in the Trossachs Inn when I was in Scotland, some three years since;—but *he*, I learned, had become galvanic in all his movements through a devoted attachment to whiskey; charged with which he always displayed extravagance in out-breaks, breakdowns, and explosions.

The best-built houses in Morlaix are very high. The cheerful apartment I occupied was on the second floor,—but this was as elevated as the attic in our London house. The two windows were fitted with shutters; those delightful accessories to all rooms that are appropriated as sleeping apartments. The woodwork was very old, and the inn has probably stood here for a century. The prospect from my table and arm-chair was bounded by the colossal Viaduct, which soared above the roofage of the town by an excess of a hundred and seventy feet. The

whole of the principal street, leading towards the Grande Place, was open to my view, and I observed at noon some fifty or sixty workmen going home to dinner, and wearing the peculiar hat already described as bearing a close resemblance to those on the heads of Spanish friars;—large as a dinner tray: but I saw no *bragons* or trunk-breeches. The clatter of six score wooden *sabots* on the pavement, —(for they were all thus shod)—exceeded the noise of the prancings of many mighty cart-horses, and was audible at a great distance. The same men, however, on Sunday, or on a *fête* day, would be seen wearing leather shoes fastened with huge white metal buckles, and pacing the street pavements as demurely as an Archdeacon on his way to Convocation, or 'The Œcumenical!'

The former proprietors of the Hôtel de Provence set up in the entry, just at the foot of the staircase, a statuette, four feet in height, which maintains its position at the present day, and attracts general notice. It was carved in oak, and artistically painted, to represent a Breton peasant in the full-dress costume of the province, and playing on its peculiarly national instrument—the bagpipes. As the gas-burner is brought round him to the front, the little man, now about a century old, is conspicuously seen both by night and by day. The hat on his head is of very moderate dimensions: his hair falls in thick clusters over his shoulders: his dark green Spencer jacket is edged with lace: his red waistcoat, with

the usual double row of small buttons, is similarly enriched, and he wears the full 'bragon'—a dark blue cloth appendage, resembling the bag in which a glass chandelier is commonly covered up. This is gathered in at the knees, from whence hang strings and tassels. His legs are cased in buff leather gaiters, terminating at the ancles; and his feet are in black leather shoes, fastened with a large white metal buckle. Everyone gives him a glance *en passant;* and he will soon, I think, be the only Breton arrayed in the characteristic apparel of the country: for one might reside many months in it without meeting his fellow: as the old jack-boot of a French postilion is now exhibited in Hotels or Inns that were doing business fifty years ago in the posting line,—as a relic of what has been. There are also two similar statues outside the Café de Bretagne, by the Viaduct.

6*th*.—The first novelty that met my eye as I sallied forth this morning was an accumulation of sundries for sale spread over the ground immediately in front of the Hotel,—where it could not but be regarded as a nuisance; but the chapmen and petty itinerant dealers seem to have their own way in all the French towns, and become squatters in archways, or in gutters, on steps, or stairs, pretty much as they like.

Within five feet of our door steps was a load of fresh red clover, strewed among birch brooms; and a heap of farmyard forks, made of peeled boughs of chestnut which had been cut from the tree in parts

where the furcated growth was available for the making of such articles. Near these lay a gross of reaping-hooks, and a large quantity of rakes, fitted with wooden teeth, upwards and downwards; and alongside were ranged a score of flail handles, which I mistook for elaborately turned beech-legs of tables. A little further on was a mound of yarn, made up in 28-lb. lumps. Close to these stood a man holding a heavy bundle of white strips of leather, about a yard in length, called 'bandes à javeler,'—that is to say, binders to tie up sheaves in the harvest fields. I question whether our farmers would find it pay, were they to distribute such fastenings, at a penny a piece, over a thirty acre field! to say nothing of the unagricultural aspect of the article, which would suggest the idea of every sheaf having been bound with the female reapers' garters! instead of the simple wisp made in a few seconds with loose straws. But these expedients are in use where there may be perhaps only four or six sheaves in the whole crop!—not an unusual spectacle in places where infinitesimal *parcellement* prevails. A little further on stood eight sacks of buckwheat meal, and fifty bushels of pears, of the size of walnuts;—mere rubbish—from some orchard where the trees had never been pruned, nor thinned for twenty years; and where quantity, not quality, was the sole desideratum. Among the scientific growers a pear-tree of first-rate excellence is rarely left with more than forty-five heads of fruit: and

I well remember an experienced horticulturist's injunction to reduce the growth of four hundred nectarines on one of my trees to *forty!* As the insolvent linendrapers advertise, it seemed an AWFUL SACRIFICE: but each of the two score exhibited, in the issue, dimensions exceeding triple the size of the thinnings; and the flavour was infinitely superior to any previously obtained:—but this is a policy that even wiser subjects than our cottagers flinch from adopting,—under the influence of a notion that the sap is sure to deal as liberally with a thousand heads of the Crasanne pear or Breda apricot as with fifty.

Passing through this sort of bivouac of petty dealers, I went into the Halle, or Great Covered Market, just across the limited *place* fronting our house, and found myself among six or seven hundred of 'the gentle sex,'—that 'weaker vessel,'—the tone of whose vociferation in arguing, haranguing, and 'slanging' is sometimes astonishingly distinct, and, indeed, we may venture to say, acutely penetrating. There was some vexed question in agitation, just at that moment, among the vendors of butter ranged along the whole length of this large emporium, and occupying all the central stands:—however, I succeeded, amid the pandæmonial din, in ascertaining that the best fresh butter was on sale at eightpence halfpenny the pound; (it was charged at one shilling and eightpence on the same day in West London;) and there appeared to be a

rapid sale of the article, in lumps weighing twelve pounds, and equal in flavour to our 'Epping.'

The young women, in thoroughly Caryatid style, walk about in all directions, with rapid and certain steps, carrying on their heads large glazed brown ware vessels of a pattern bordering on the purest Etruscan, and containing two or three gallons of water,—occasionally, of milk—without touching the burden with even the tip of a finger: bolt upright, and, I might almost say, with dignity of carriage, they take the rough and uneven places in their path with equal steadiness,—crossing a kennel or stepping on to a pavement without any perceptible oscillation; but the great jars appeared to me to be frequently in such jeopardy that I expected to see them dashed to atoms. The Market-hall is a noble building, but there was not much display in Flesh or Fowl. The prime joints of Mutton were on sale at sevenpence halfpenny a pound: Beef, at a penny less: Veal, at sixpence, all round. The supply of vegetables seemed limited; and the turnips were not larger than billiard balls: all the carrots were short-horn. I suppose there were a hundred bushels, here, in the Hall, of the hard little pears above-mentioned. One would imagine they were sold for the making of Perry. There were also many *tons* of red onions, and of potatoes;—many of the latter, excellent of their kind, at four shillings and sixpence the hundredweight. The younger women, the trebles in that gamut of Discord that scared me as I entered

the Market, wore a singularly remarkable cap. It fitted the skull close with five broad folds, from which issued, from ear to ear, a fan-like fall of stiffened calico, containing twelve or fourteen plaited sections, that completely covered the nape of the neck and extended down to the bladebones. This hinder portion bore some resemblance to the expanded tail of a turkey. Many of them wore also white calico tippets. The elderly women wore a 'mob-cap' with a turned-up border from which were brought up to the centre of the scalp two broad starched calico flaps, pinned together in their ends. My passage, as I was about to leave the Hall, was temporarily impeded by a man carrying a tray eight feet long by four, lined with red baize and covered with upwards of a hundred articles of cutlery and steel-ware, — from razors and table knives to corkscrews and thimbles. Just as I glided away from this enterprising pedlar, I confronted a countryman in the gutter who had piled up against a house gable twenty-five horse-collars made up of twisted grass, almost green; and very near to these were set up a hundred sieves; eighty of which were made of yellow split cane; twenty of horse-hair, dyed blue. About this time I saw a great many young men wearing the very broad hats already described, with bright polished steel buckles, three inches deep, fastening behind: and as many with black cloth caps so long as to fall flapping, every other moment, on to their noses. Some lads of ten

and twelve years wore the same cap, but with the tasselled end dangling down on their backs. The adults, just mentioned, were habited in blue flannel tunics *over* which they wore black waistcoats. Some were in blouse frocks, whom I perceived to be porters, hired, as our Covent Garden market women are, to carry home articles purchased at the Halle. I met a delicate-featured young lady, walking homeward very demurely,—and followed by one of these men carrying a basket in which lay a leg of mutton and some vegetables. It was a respectably sized joint, and, judging by the turnips and spinach which projected from under it, it was to be hoped that Mademoiselle would subject it to the boiling rather than to the baking process, which but too often takes away the character and maligns the virtues of a sheep, and may injure the custom of the butcher.

Before I had gone far into the town I espied a great many slate hoods in the roofs; some open in front; others pierced by a diminutive window. Almost all the oldest houses may be distinguished by this peculiar feature in roofing; and these are also cased throughout their frontages with scale-shaped slates; and though seven-eighths of the buildings appear to be of comparatively modern date, these quaint and curious relics are interposed frequently, and arrest the eye, in a moment, by their exceptional aspect; and an occasional corbel or two, cut in granite, over, or alongside of, the doors indicate that some three centuries ago these domiciles were

inhabited by no ordinary occupiers. The "Grande Rue," from its designation reasonably attracts strangers to its locality. It is a little shabby, unwholesome, melancholy thoroughfare of about a third of the width of our own Monmouth Street of old name, and like thereunto, displaying a noisome variety of cast-off clothing. A dingy, repulsive quarter is it, and not likely to be visited twice; but, as a study, I went down it often. It seemed not a little remarkable that in such a dark, narrow, stifling lane there should ever have been erected houses, four stories high, on whose stone and wooden framework the decorator's art must have been so expensively exercised. Though woodcarvers and stonecutters and sculptors were paid in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries at the rate of five or six sous a day, we are to keep in mind that the *sol* in those times would purchase five times more than may be now obtained for sixpence of our currency; and it was scarce: for the people were continually being taxed to defray the cost of their sovereign's game of war; and provisions were dear in proportion to the miserable state of the cultivable land which was, of course, neglected, and suffered to run to waste and almost absolute barrenness, when so large a proportion of the peasantry was compelled to serve in the army, —a mere rabble, as it was, in the mediæval ages, when all that the rank and file had to do was to cut and thrust;—for they were brought into the field too rapidly to learn manœuvres or military training

and discipline. It is certain, therefore, that these decorated mansions were the houses of wealthy families. On the frontage of No. 9 in this street I saw the name of one Colichet, carrying on the craft, if I remember rightly, of a chandler. There were images of angels and saints admirably carved in oak, as at Vire and Lisieux in Normandy,—appended to the upright timbering between the basement and second floor, some painted, barbarously enough, with vermilion ! On the front of No. 10, opposite, was a statuette of St. Anthony, with his patronized pig at his feet. Keeping company with this doughty defier of all sorts of temptation stood St. John the Baptist with a lamb under his left arm. There were elaborate carvings in all parts of the frontage, yet this was but relatively a modern dwelling, being little more than two centuries old. Some of the erections in close contiguity were nearly twice as ancient. To my astonishment I heard some one hard at work with a rondo in A minor, on that almost extinct relic of barbarism, (Forgive me, Corelli, Handel, and Burney !) a harpsichord. Of all the *jammers* that ever haunted a London area railing this sounded like the worst ;—yet the musical composition was elaborate ; and it must have been either a teacher or a very apt scholar who was engaged in the rendering.

The Grande Place exhibits a very large and pretentious Town Hall, of Ionic Architecture, which in so ancient a town as Morlaix seems out of place.

It should have been designed in the style of François Premier or Louis XI. There is an obtrusive modern aspect about it akin to the effect of introducing the 'Portrait of a Gentleman' between 'the Transfiguration' of Raffaelle and the 'Madonna di Foligno.' The inhabitants speak of it as 'grandiose,' and point to its twenty-five long windows; but it only figures to any advantage when beheld on the Port or Quay side of the Viaduct, before any of the features of ancient Morlaix have met the eye.

The Church of St. Meleine is altogether devoid of any interest. The ceiling exhibits wooden boards painted dirty blue. The exterior is all commonplace. The interior abounds with trash. There are wood carvings, however, around the Baptismal Font, close to the Organ, which were, in all probability, executed, as well as the panelling of the Organ gallery, by some of the celebrated artists of Bruges, and presented to the sacred edifice, about the period of the wars of the League.

To the south of the Great Altar is one appropriated to masses for the dead; and here hangs a large oil picture, not badly painted, by a Breton artist, Valentin. An angel is represented descending from above to rescue a man of remarkably ruddy countenance from the fire of Purgatory. Three hapless individuals are still left in it; one man, two women. One of the latter seems to be floating on waves of flame, but exhibits not the least uneasiness! The other stands up with arms upraised,—equally

complacent. The man clasps his hands, but stands upright, with wonderful composure, surrounded by flames. The hair of all four is unsinged.

'Quodcunque ostendis sic incredulus odi.'

In what is thus upheld to *me*,
I place no faith, and hate to see.

In the *wooden* frieze above the wall-plate of the nave are a number of grotesque forms well covered with *blue paint!*

The interior of the South Porch (flamboyant) is adorned with some very rich and beautifully executed stone work, the general effect of which would be excellent but for so much of the sculptured detail being picked out in vermilion! The carving shows with what facility the cutters could work granite; for there is a small scroll in the niche, upheld by cherubs, the raised letters on which are as sharp as if they had been cut in boxwood. A considerable number of townsfolk were coming from the Chancel towards the Western entry, all shod with sabots; the noise of which upon the pavement would have overpowered all the tones of the choir organ. I was surprised to see many superiorly dressed persons wearing these wooden shoes; but a stroll of half an hour's duration brings many curious objects to view. The peculiar names of the Province appear on every side: Helgonald, Gigonzo, Gortebech, Naclou, Bodolec, Créach, Quinquis, Braouèzec, Mezanzou, Bozellec, Keracmesec, Guezec, Goffe; appellations remote enough from French! Having noted these I came

upon a very narrow street called the 'Venelle au Son,' in which stood an awful looking house; just such a den as Dickens's 'Fagin' might have inhabited;—the front supported by four granite pillars deeply fluted, but with flattened capitals. The panes of glass in the windows of the first floor were barely discernible under an accumulation of cobweb. The second floor appeared to be tenanted. The basement was a stable for horses, the effluvium from which was suffocating. Looking upwards I perceived that the attic windows were only two feet distant from those of the house opposite. The marvel is that we hear not of all the inhabitants of such houses and streets having been, at brief intervals, carried off by the Plague or Black Death. Fleeing from this abhorred quarter I came upon the Rue de Meleine, and to the right beheld again the Viaduct, rejoicing in height and wholesome air. This brought me to the Rue du Pont, where, from under a wide arch, pour the united streams of two small rivers, the Jarlot and the Queffleut, which here befriend on their leisurely passage to the sea a legion of washerwomen seen, and very distinctly *heard*, too,—from the bridge and terrace;—and then flow towards the Viaduct, beyond which they assume the still appearance of a canal in Holland;—the quays on either side being built upon to some distance and displaying some excellent modern houses, the residences and offices of commercial men whose business lies mainly in the shipping. Here I

saw Custom House officers taking cognizance only of merchandize brought up in the light craft and barges from the coast, and guileless of the tyranny which, when poor Faraday arrived here in a packet boat with Sir Humphry Davy, just previous to the restoration of Louis XVIII., laid violent hands on all his luggage, and insisted on examining the very shoes he wore on his feet, and impounded all his letters.

Ships go out, week after week, and sometimes twice in the week, with granite ballast for the works at our Thames Embankment. Every block of this material is cut, in Morlaix, to measure; and so packed as to occupy all the space provided, without loss of room: and those sections which have been wrought into decorative shapes are protected by wooden framework.

Wending my way back into the streets I met a crowd of forty women coming from a Paper Mill. They were habited in dark dresses, like half-mourning, over which each wore a black shawl; and all bore on their heads the close fitting night-cap already described. Paper mills abound in the town, and employ hundreds of women. As I was ascending a hilly road in the Faubourg de Plourin, which adjoins the incline on the commencement of which the Hôtel de Provence stands, I came to a rough looking clay built cottage, on the right side of the road, the lower part of which was closed as though the dwelling were tenantless, but out of the upper

window came a thick cord profusely interwoven with white and blue paper, and resembling an old fashioned bell-rope. One end of this was made fast inside the house; the other was wound about a tree which stood in the bank exactly opposite. From the middle of the rope hung a hoop two feet in diameter, with four semi-circular twigs fitted on to it, as though to frame a crown. These were covered with strips of white and blue paper. The coronet was dangling at a height of five yards from the roadway underneath, and suspended from its apex was a square packet, covered with light brown paper, and tied up with packthread, and bearing the appearance of a small tea-caddy wrapped up in paper. I ascertained that there had been a Fête in the week previous, and one of the workmen employed in the principal factory and occupying this cottage, which was of a better description than the generality, had taken an opportunity of turning the Paper Maker's Festival to account in exhibiting, with all the honours, a ream of letter paper, on which the passers-by were to understand he had been personally occupied.

The afternoon ramble led me again to the Rue des Lavoirs, and the head-quarters of the town laundresses. There they were, thirty in a row, stationed at a sort of low counter, from which they could dip into the river, and on whose surface, reinforced by flat stones, they could beat and batter the linen. The stream flowed onward in placidity and

dignified silence while the torrent of talk (the mingled elements of which involved tipsy mirth and jollity, bitterness and wrath, anger, clamour, and all evil speaking, accordingly as happy thoughts, capital jokes, or petty quarrels were in the ascendant) uprose from the soap-suds into the street above like the murmurs of a subterranean cataract. There was one young woman in the steaming front, exhibiting prodigious development of muscle; and, as she brandished and brought down with a bang (in welding hammer style) her ponderous mallet on the bodies and skirts, kerchiefs and ruffs, muslins and laces entrusted by unreflecting owners to her buck-basket, I seemed to take a last farewell of my Balbriggan hose, which had been consigned the day before to this place of execution, and carted off in the same tumbril with other victims from the 'Provence.' Hop sacking could hardly return unscathed from such manipulation as this. I suppose it does, in fact, arouse the curiosity, if not the fears, of wearers of fine linen and areophanous apparel;—for there are generally a score of spectators gazing from the railing down into the river below, as on a spectacle in which they may or may not be personally interested.

Not far from this scene is that remarkable street, the Rue des Nobles. The name is suggestive of such a series of residences as the traveller in Italy expects to look upon in the Strada Nuova at Genoa: but here we come upon a stack of musty,

worm-eaten, melancholy buildings of the fifteenth century, approached by few except strangers who stand at gaze to wonder at the taste of those men of rank in the olden time who could have found such tenements compatible with domestic enjoyment. The frontages (No. 21, in particular) are lavishly decorated with wooden statuettes distributed from the basement to the roof, and representing nuns, friars, saints and sages, savages and fools, in most extraordinary intermixture. I thought I could distinguish one effigy, as being intended to personate the Virgin Mary,—as 'Queen of Heaven,' and crowned: and another to correspond as Christ. The stair-cases are very curious, and are reached after passing through two doorways or vestibules; —the steps being made visible by a sky-light above, called the 'Lanterne:' and this structure is mostly in an angle of the building—the same style of ornamentation with images and dwarf columns being displayed in the whole flight, as outside. There are far more ancient and curious dwellings in Mans and in Anjou, and in the North of France, as at Troyes, and at Bourges, in Berri; and, in fact, wherever we fall in with mansions that were occupied by families of high position in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. We look, however, with interest on these quaint tumble-down domiciles, in Morlaix, as the probable abodes of those citizens of rank who walked forth in trunk hose, and in shoes a yard long, or in half-armour, to welcome

the troops of our Henry VII., when they marched as reinforcements in aid of Anne of Brittany against the reigning Sovereign of France,—her husband that was to be! Associations constitute the principal charm in all these relics. The domestic habits of those days when floors were covered with rushes instead of carpets, and lamps and candles were hardly available, amid smoke and gloom, for the purposes of reading, embroidering, or spinning by night,—and paper was hardly yet a fabricated article, and printed books existed not, and few laymen, even of gentle blood, could read or write,—caused the occupiers of these homes to shape their indoor life on a very different footing from ours. They went to bed at nightfall: they rose at dawn: they dined at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and, it may reasonably be inferred, lived in that hard frugality and habitual temperance which preserved their health under ceilings only three yards above their chamber floors, and in streets only five yards wide: a condition of domicile and a rule of diet under which our *modern* 'Nobles' would dwindle and do nothing worthy of their order. We read the chronicles of those mediæval times, wondering that the men who abode for many long years in these dark, dismal dens, behind the carved and chiselled statuettes, escutcheons, and chimeras in wood and stone, without drainage, sewage, soap, baths, or ventilation, and with the scantiest supplies of light and fuel, water and warmth, ever lived to

the age they attained, and manifested the energies that upheld them as a race, and gave so many honourable names to History. I have never bent my eyes on very ancient houses without calling up to imagination the barbarism of the period in which they were originally occupied. If in France '*de nos jours*' we encounter so many short-comings and such defilements and ungenial contacts, what must have been the domestic status of society when Philippe de Valois and Louis XI. were kings!

7th.—A fair or Mart in the Grande Place. Seeing the population on the move, and cart after cart arriving with country folk from the environs, I hurried off in quest, once more, of bragons (trunk hose), Cornuaille caps, and all else characteristic; but after three hours' ramble in all directions, failed to discover anything that was not discernible daily, and common enough. The fact is that, as in Switzerland and in our own Scotland, the primitive costumes, so far as the towns exhibit any, are altogether extinct, and even in the villages the peasantry exhibit little else than the large hat already mentioned, except on the occasion of any wedding in which more than ordinary interest is felt, or at some special anniversary, or in one of those pilgrimages peculiar to Brittany, called 'pardons,' because all who fall into the procession are more or less going to the priest of a certain church to be 'shriven,' or to submit to penance. This PARDON, so far as I could gain authentic information,

seems to be a custom which would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance : a blending of religion and riot, of penitence and brandy, (which in our country would be spoken of as a wake, or 'frolic,' as the Norfolk villagers call it,)—when a short visit is made to the Confessional, and a very long one to the Public House, whence only too many light-hearted penitents (!) 'won't go home till morning,' or regain their distant cabin homes 'till daylight doth appear!' The motley throng on these occasions is headed by the priests, followed up by young maidens carrying banners such as are elevated in the churches,—and up to a certain point, the ceremonial *cortége* looks respectable enough, and seriously disposed; but the 'tail' of the procession degenerates into a mob of thorough riff-raff,—and the sequel of the day's gathering is, as I have intimated, anything but creditable; and many a lifetime owes its taint and curse to the abuse of what, in its earliest origin, may have been a righteously intended ordinance.

The amusement afforded by this day's Mart arose out of what I may venture to designate as the Variorum Collection of all known or unknown items that enter into the categories of everyday life, whether in fire, water, earth, or air. Millions of objects lay outspread over a space of three or four acres, between the Viaduct and the main street, covering every square yard of the Grande Place, as if the whole agglomerated mass had fallen to the ground from

the clouds. Order, arrangement, classification, there was none; and the walk through the scattered mounds and masses of hard or soft, impenetrable or brittle stuff exposed for sale was such as any one of us would take along the shelves of a large China and glass warehouse or repository. That I may the more expeditiously narrate what I saw and heard, and felt or smelt, I will give the Reader my jottings made in an opened note-book, which, while the observed of all observers, I resolutely turned to account, and from whose pages I extract the following: Eight large shallow baskets filled with farthing candles: three hundred wicker baskets of all sizes: three tons of tarred twine, rope, and cable, and a few small anchors: five hundred sickles, flails, and bill-hooks: three tons of rusty old iron: two hundred and twenty frying-pans, gridirons, and saucepans: a thousand feet of old iron chain: two hundred weight of hinges: two hundred weight of irons: sixty fenders: sixty spades and a hundred rakes: a hundred wooden forks and sixty saws: one thousand pairs of boots and shoes on planks: five hundred pairs of sabots (wooden shoes): a hundred thousand eggs: fifty live ducks, and as many dead rabbits: two hundred aprons, and shawls, and black tippets: two thousand gowns of every conceivable variety of pattern, fabric, and colour: a hundred gallons of milk: a hundred cheeses: five hundred pairs of second-hand boots, strewed upon matting: two hundred galettes (a sort of pancake made of buck-

wheat meal): a thousand boxes of matches: masses of bees'-wax and saffron for making up Bourlardin hats. These are stiff straw hats, very like those worn in Switzerland, and covered with two coats of wax-polish (bees-wax and saffron), the shining effect of which is very lively, and suggests the idea of a hat made of satin-wood. I saw several worn in the market. About seven hundred suits of cast-off wearing apparel, including coats and jackets of gens'd'armes, hussars, trumpeters, drummers, and pioneers—(the most amusing lot of all): three hundred blankets, and as many rugs: eight baskets filled with stale crusts of bread. "A quoi tout cela?" asked I, of an awfully ugly old woman in charge of this mouldy odoriferous cargo. "Est ce pour les chiens?" "Yah; yah!" "Chiens de chasse?" "Oui-dam!" A hundred traps: forty clocks: five hundred wooden bowls, and as many spoons: forty or fifty saddles, with the girths and stirrups: a hundred horse-collars: two hundred loaves, from fourteen to seven pounds in weight each: a hundred metal mugs, and forty salt-boxes: fifty washing tubs, and as many old barrels: chairs in scores: bedsteads, six in the lot, with mattresses: old curtains: old chests of drawers: crockery and glass in such abundance as would have set up three small shops in business. In fact, there seemed to be enough of everything, from tables to wardrobes, from carpets to mirrors, chests of drawers, wash-stands, candlesticks, brooms, mops, pails, &c.,

to furnish many an eight-roomed house: some of the sundries quite new, some second-hand, many very brilliant with polish, many very mouldy, varnish and worms contending for the mastery; amid all which wandered vendors of barley-sugar, gingerbread, fancy cakes, and chocolat-menier, and dealers in beads, rosaries, and small crosses; here and there a doleful ballad-singer. The people, roaming in multitudes, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the *olla podrida* of this world's goods, and bought freely, as might be expected; for it never would be worth while to encounter all the fatigue of carriage and the payment of octroi and other dues, and the trouble of carrying backwards and forwards, without ample remuneration and encouragement. I believe that three-fourths, at least, of everything found purchasers; for on my second visit towards five o'clock the space was almost cleared. Europe has few sights of this kind to show a traveller. One would have supposed that so numerous a collection of heterogeneous sundries would have remained on view for a week at least. By nightfall nothing was visible. The next day would be Sunday, and any such litter and confusion within view of the Town Hall would have been visited with the severest interdict of *Les Autorités*.

My prolonged stroll led me into several old streets and by-ways. In one of these, leading off into the open country, I came up to a low dwelling of only one storey, the habitation of a man who sold sand or

charcoal, or something in that way of business, and here I stood at gaze for some little time to mark a very curious illustration of the style of building that prevails in the provinces where stone grows under the feet like grass, and chisels do their work with the facility of scissors cutting paper. The cottage was constructed entirely of granite. The oaken door was hung in an arch six feet six inches high; simply elegant in its massive stone, fluted, bevelled, chamfered, and springing in semi-circular mouldings from the depressed capitals of two symmetrical pillars (such as we see in Norman cloisters), which would have graced the entry into any little picture-gallery or museum; and compared with which many a portal on lordly domains, to which I might have made reference, would appear mean and contemptible. Yet here stood, astraddle, with his horny hands behind him, a lad of eighteen or twenty years of age, begrimed and filthy, as thoroughly at home,—as familiar with that gem of architectural beauty, as the porter of a college with his gate. These grandiose dwellings for chimney-sweepers and dogs-meat men are the marvel of the Côtes du Nord and the Land's End of France. The bricklayer, (the stonemason, rather,) knocks up a domicile tenable at eighteen shillings a year rent, with a working drawing before him that might have been sketched by Palladio, and plumbs and fits his granite cubes with the precision and energy of an ancient Roman.

Of course, in an old town like Morlaix one can never be at a loss for amusement derivable from such sources of interest as this; and the wider the range of inspection, the more frequently is curiosity awakened, and the need of interrogations increased; but there was no light difficulty to be encountered in taking down ever so circumstantial a reply, which now and then was as entertaining as it was lengthy, though I often shook my head as if to say I could not comprehend the speaker. The dialect is so utterly unlike French. On four several occasions, some casual passenger would step aside and interpret to me what the man or woman meant: a kindness in courtesy which struck me as a very amiable trait. They did this smilingly, saying: 'Monsieur ne comprend point le patois;' which was true enough; for if the vernacular of the country folk be, so to speak, five parts of Welsh to two of French, there was but a slender chance of my picking up a crumb of information from such colloquy.

As I was about to leave the dining-room to-day, where, like all our countrymen, I sate out all the native guests of mine host, who rest not a moment in their chairs when they have dispatched the meal, a French gentleman approached the table accompanied by the finest dog I had ever seen. It was of the St. Bernard race, two years old, and had left the Monastery when a puppy of four months, and was now acclimatised in France. This noble creature stood two feet eight inches high from the floor to his shoulders. He

was covered with a snowy white fleece (as I might most accurately describe his coat) like wool, and his owner informed me that he weighed eighty-five pounds: one pound above six stone. Seeing him munching a biscuit, I inquired whether he was an expensive subject to board. The gentleman replied that his daily food was composed of two rations of hog-wash and milk, and now and then, but not often, he was indulged with a few bones from cooked meat: that he was very healthy, and very good-natured. He had paid twenty pounds for him in the Autumn of 1868 at Havre. This was a far finer specimen of the celebrated breed than any I had seen at the Monastery in 1820.

8*th*. The whole population appeared to be promenading in the streets; many groups of women, chiefly from the paper-mills, walking six abreast, arm-in-arm: men, boys, and very young girls pacing the streets in the middle of the causeway, as demurely as the oldest crones among the women. Hundreds went trooping up to the Eglise St. Meleine. It seemed to be the Beggars' holiday, — for they presented themselves in every nook and corner; a plain indication that 'Toute Mendicité' was *not* 'interdite' in Morlaix, — however conspicuously the notices worded in those terms are posted up in France at large. These lazy, dirty loiterers remained on the *pavé* all through the day, unaffected by the scowls of the Police or any 'Organizations!'

The day having opened so brilliantly, though the

rain fell discouragingly enough soon afterwards, I availed myself of the sunshine to pay a visit to St. Pol de Leon in the 'Cornwall.' of France, and push on from thence to the 'Land's End;'—and preferring the Mail to the Rail, inasmuch as it would deposit me in the very extremity, the rocky beach of Finisterre, I was soon engaged in the uphill, downhill transit across the tame tract of country lying between Morlaix and Penzé, a village on the river of that name which we crossed previously to coming within sight of Kerlandy, the approach to which ancient *seigneurie* is through a noble avenue of trees a mile and a quarter in length—at the extremity whereof stands the Château; not in sight.

The candidates for the holy estate of Matrimony in Penzé and its adjacent hamlets observe a very singular custom, in reserving one only day in the year for the solemnization of marriage; the Feast of St. Michael, when a throng of, perhaps, sixty couples are united. It may be deemed a preposterous arrangement; but it is within probability that the long interval may afford that ample time for reflection which would, in thousands of instances, avert the misery of those thoughtless, improvident marriages which, contracted in haste, are repented of at leisure: the bride looking back upon comforts and indulgences which in her single blessedness were things of course, but which soon become bygones irrevocable; and the young gentleman, 'looking out

for something,' till, like the French admiral * who died of the fatigue of keeping a daily look-out for Nelson's fleet, he discovers what up-hill work he has undertaken for *nothing!* The troops of almost naked children swarming in the roads about Penzé, whining and yelling for a *sol,* alongside of our wheels, were tolerably striking illustrations of "young families to be clothed and fed, and otherwise provided for!" As may be inferred from these wretched beings sent out to reconnoitre in the immediate neighbourhood of their homes, the cottages in the whole district were of the most miserable aspect: there was not a sheep or cow visible anywhere. Heather, broom, furze, and tall weeds abounded, in melancholy contrast with the charming landscapes of Plouigneau and its neighbourhood, of which such emphatic mention has been made above; yet the soil was said to be fertile, and at no considerable distance from this point becomes a valuable area of territory for market-gardens, producing, like our own Cornwall, some of the earliest cauliflowers and lettuces in the end of winter. The hills were frequent and steep, and it was from the summit of the last that I descried in the horizon ahead the lofty spires of St. Pol; one considerably higher than the others. Ten minutes afterwards the sea appeared on the right hand, and sands stretching away far out along the coast with interspersed lumpy islets —the rocks and reefs of this shore. Within less

* La Touche Treville. Scott's Life of Napoleon, vol. 5, p. 248.

than a quarter of an hour we were in the centre of the old Episcopal and, be it added, most melancholy town, where, though I saw twitch-weed and dandelion sprouting up in several parts of the inhabited quarter—as if human foot never crossed the street—I learned that there is a little coterie of Ancienne Noblesse, some twenty families, in constant residence and interchanging in closest fellowship all the hospitality and kindliest offices of friendship,—undisturbed by the affairs of Church or State. There is no longer a Bishop of St. Pol; nor any of the adjuncts of a Cathedral town; and, indeed, the two Churches seem altogether out of place; for their proportions qualify them to hold the highest position in some vast city; and the population, hardly amounting to six thousand souls, would find in one of the naves or transepts ample room for the average number that worship within the consecrated walls. It is as dull a retreat as old GUINGAMP, (Quid amplius addam!) but there were times when it became the scene of eventful incidents, military, naval, civil, ecclesiastical; and, as to its earliest origin, it was a Roman station in the fourth century when known as 'Castellum Leonense.' Our countrymen were the originators of its present name, for it was one Pol (Paul?) Aurelian who, in the reign of Justinian, came over in A.D. 530 from England with a multitude of monks and lay adherents, and founded, after the fashion of those days, a sort of monastery on the diminutive island of Batz, not farther from the

main land than our Ramsgate light-house from the Pier-house, and having sought an audience of Childebert the First, King of Paris (!), was by that prince constituted a bishop, and some few years afterwards died on the islet, and his remains were brought across and interred under the steps of the Church of the town which thenceforth bore his name. A black marble slab points out his tomb, the brief inscription whereon designated him as 'pontifex et patronus;' and in the Sacristie is a silver casket containing one of his fingers. This relic remains intact, but the wretches who pillaged the Churches in the year 1793 scattered the bones and dust of Pol Aurelian to the winds.

As a matter of course, our Henry II., at the head of an army, forced his way to this place, and having razed to the ground all that constituted a Castle, levied contributions from the people and left them in as melancholy a plight as most populations fell into after the summary processes adopted by that resolute invader.

St. Pol underwent all the vicissitudes of unsettled government and internecine civil wars in the course of two subsequent centuries, and was garrisoned in 1373 by a French force thrown in by Du Guesclin, which proceeding impelled John IV., Duke of Brittany, to leave England, where he had been awaiting his opportunity, and to land with the Count of Cambridge and five thousand men, who made instant assault on the garrison, and left not a

French soldier alive. It wearies both author and reader to dwell on the chronicles of these eras of History. There was hardly at any period of those miserable times, when the nations were victimized by the quarrels of princes (quicquid delirantium), an interval of ten years that did not entail some dire suffering and arrest the progress of civilization. The factions of Condé and Guise, and the afflictive, influences of the Religious wars, wrought evils which were hardly surmounted when the Great Revolution of '89 gave signal of fresh and yet greater calamities; and, upon the entry of the semi-barbarous troops of the Convention, sent to enforce a general impressment under the Conscription, a conflict ensued in the very heart of the town of St. Pol, in which many hundreds of lives were lost. It is needless to add that the armed miscreants thus sent to pillage and destroy, overpowering the townspeople by force of numbers, proceeded to commit the most cruel and wanton outrages, and inflicted irreparable injury on all the public buildings and monuments, —on the Churches in particular, where, at a glance, we perceive what havoc must have been made among the most valuable works of mediæval art,—and now find the merest trash and trumpery substituted in coarse material for what was in its kind perfect.

I first visited the Cathedral, the nave of which dates from the reign of Louis IX. [1220]; but one would suppose the sacred edifice had been erected within the last hundred years,—the recent scraping

having restored all the brightness of the stone. The South porch exhibits a beautiful sample of Breton skill in carving the native granite; and the whole of the exterior of the South transept—the tracery of the Rose window, *par excellence*, is delightful to look upon. The granite trough which is shown as an old baptismal font was undoubtedly a coffin, and may have been shaped out for some lay or ecclesiastical dignitary eight hundred years ago. Here were upwards of twenty of those little boxes, painted green and secured with locks, which remind us of the Lilliput dog-houses in which young ladies lodge their diminutive terriers alongside of the drawing-room rug. These are the receptacles of the '*chef*'—as the Bretons call it—*i. e.*, of the skull of some deceased relative. A hole of about two inches and a half in diameter, fitted with glass in the front, exposes a part of the relic; and certain capital letters indicate the name of the individual whose head has thus been taken from its first resting-place. We shall have occasion to refer to this, a little further on.

There was a very large congregation—(It was a Sunday), about five hundred; and I was much impressed by the grave demeanour of the men, some three hundred in number, and even of many boys at their side. It was the first occasion in life of my beholding a whole multitude testifying, without any exception, deep religious feeling. Those who were not kneeling, stood. None sate: still less lounged or lolled or slumbered. Their eyes wandered not:

they were intent on worship,—in silence, in all seriousness and sincerity:—and these were of the same class and condition of life with our common people in the village church:—among whom my experience of thirty years, out of forty-eight since ordination, recalls to me only too many revolting practices of irreligion and impiety in the House of God;—long continued talk, giggling, laughing, cutting of names on pew panels, cracking nuts, or peeling chestnuts, and winking and nodding to female acquaintances, during the prayers and the sermon. I believe this scandalous behaviour to be exclusively English—for in the thousands of congregations that have been presented to my observation on the Continent, within the space of fifty-four years, I have never seen the slightest approach to it. In our rural populations it is of weekly occurrence,—except, indeed, where the total extirpation of pews,—(square pews, especially, which were used like the 'settle' of a public-house)—has brought the masses under something like discipline—and stamped out the abominations here recorded. The Romanists' congregation, nevertheless,—as regards the lower orders—is a pattern of steadiness; and whatever may lie underneath,—be it ignorance or evil—the outward appearance and demeanour are unquestionably in their favour.

The peculiar dress of the St. Pol male population, mustering in multitude to-day, suggested the idea of a ship's crew in mourning. Each man was ha-

bited in a black spencer, with a double-breasted black waistcoat, having two rows of buttons of the size of a shilling. They all wore black trowsers and stockings, and leather shoes secured by white metal buckles; and from their large slouched hats hung broad silk ribands,—the usual large buckle fastening the band. Their hair fell in clusters on their shoulders. Not one of them all had a stick. During the whole of my stay in Brittany I saw only two "pens bas" or knob-sticks. This, like many other peculiarities of the peasant population, is disappearing. The remark of a Morlaisian on these well-disposed countrymen was "Tous ces Léonnais sont devots. La religion est leur politique: les mariñs surtout.' In point of fact, this Cornu Galliæ, *i.e.*, the horn of France—seems to be a kind of *Terra Ecclesiastica*. The peasantry are not more enlightened, in respect of education, than their class in provinces far distant; and their Clergy are of a very ordinary stamp, so far as I had opportunity of judging;—but the bent of their mind is meditative, and favourable to pious culture; and here, at St. Pol, as, indeed, at Roskoff, three miles further on, the people seem to be influenced by *hereditary* sentiment on the subject of Divine Providence and the temples of the Most High. Both communities, living under the shadow of two of the finest churches in the Province, and calling up the memories of an age when the prelates of Lèon were almost Sovereigns in their sway and ecclesiastical ascendancy, and held

every soul in as strict allegiance to the Altar as to the monarch on his Throne,—even now pride themselves on their having been Episcopally important in the most high and palmy state of the Church in France, as if St. Pol de Lèon had been a 'siége gardien de la Foi;' and the ancients among them will point to this or that skull in its case on the wall, and tell us that it was the head of a saint who was taken hence before the profane day of the 'Goddess of Reason.' They were represented to me as very ignorant and not easily amenable to instruction; yet, strange to say, not superstitious. In their dealings, conscientious:—in their affections, ardent and sincere. As times are,—not an indifferent character!

The exterior of the Cathedral is certainly a noble work,—a 'holy and beautiful house'—to look upon. Its extreme length is three hundred and twenty feet: the transepts comprise unitedly a hundred and seventy-six. The two elegant (Lichfield-like) spires, corresponding in height and style,—so rarely the case in foreign Churches (Chartres Cathedral being spoilt by the dissimilarity of its steeples)—are among the finest in France, and soar in air to the height of two hundred feet from their base on the towers, which are a hundred and fifty feet high, and exhibit the longest lancet windows in Europe. The chaste simplicity of the whole design constitutes the great ornament and grace of the sacred pile. In the corner of the yard is one of the many ossuaries

of Brittany, to which more special reference will be made a few pages further on. These churchyards are entered in a rather remarkable manner. There are no gates. A large slab of granite is set up on its edge in an opening in the surrounding wall, and everyone has to step over it. Some of the elders,—the ancient dames, especially, whose knee-joints have for twenty years felt that *first* turn of the screw in the vice known as rheumatism—(I well know that the *third* is Gout)—find these gigantic stepping stones not a little in the way when they go to Mass or Vespers.

Pursuing my *plan de route*, I went forward to ROSKOFF,—a Russian name in a very rugged spot,—the LAND'S END of France. The coast hereabouts exhibits numerous rocky islets similar to those in front of St. Malo and Cancale,—varying from fifteen to thirty feet in height;—some, however, are mere boulders—conical (and, here and there I may say *comical*) in form: the most remote being about seven furlongs distance from the mainland. The isle of Batz, conspicuous on the left, lies at the distance of three miles off St. Pol. Upon the principal islet facing Roskoff, which may extend to a quarter of a mile in length, stands a large lighthouse. There is a general aspect of wildness, not to say desolation, especially at low-water, about this reefy and rocky shore. The scenery of Cancale would have been a far more significant and striking FINIS TERRÆ. The enterprising blue and black-

jacketed sons of the sea, however, doing business equally by land and by water off this finishing point of French territory, used to give our Revenue Cutters no short chases, but abundant trouble, before the two nations combined to render smuggling profitless: and many thousand kegs of "Nantes" found their way, in by-gone nights, to Start Point and other landing places on the Devonshire coast. The legitimate traffic of the present day arises out of the market gardens along shore,—for the whole arrondissement of Roskoff might be called the Canton de Legumes: and the greater part of such produce crosses the English Channel — chiefly in steamboats belonging to the Port of Morlaix, though some growers find it worth their while to freight small cutters to Southampton and Ryde. I fell in with one of these cultivators of kitchen garden stuff, a sailor-like subject, but not unskilled in the rearing of green meat, from cow-cabbage five feet in height, to green peas of the same standard—who was eager to detail to me his many trips to Bristol, Swansea, Cardiff, and, now and then, even up to Newcastle and Hull, with only a small craft of twenty tons, which sometimes he had laden entirely with red onions, artichokes, and beans. There was a load of cauliflowers and cabbages lying stacked for transport at rise of tide. But how unconscious these marine gardeners are of the ultimate value of their products! I have watched many an instance of rapid growth among mushrooms and ill-weeds, but

nothing in increase of development can vie with the history of advance in price between the soil of Roskoff and the counter of a West-End of London Fruiterer and Greengrocer. Two samples will suffice to enlighten my lady readers on this familiar theme: and the account given of the processes through which a vegetable acquires money value may serve to reconcile them to high figures, on the next Monday or Tuesday morning, when the little red or green book is sent in from their purveyor in this kind.

The ordinary price of a globe artichoke at the retail shop in West London is fourpence; I have frequently been charged fivepence. At Morlaix the price was one half-penny. At Roskoff a dozen may be purchased for two-pence-half-penny. Middling sized cauliflowers that realize eight-pence (very often a shilling) each, are cut from their stems in your presence and disposed of at a half-penny each. The Breton grower receives from the British *importer* nine-pence a dozen for the artichokes, and half-a-crown for a score of cauliflowers.

The artichoke is thus found to grow from three farthings to sixteen, and perhaps twenty. The cauliflower grows from three-half-pence to sixteen, —(may be to twenty-four)—half-pence. In other figures, the importer sells to the *retail dealer* at double the price that he pays to the Frenchman—viz., eighteen-pence a dozen for the artichokes; and five-shillings a score for the cauliflowers. This retail

dealer shall be a *stall owner* in Covent Garden market: and he must recoup himself: he must place three-half-pence, at least, on each cauliflower, and sells at this rate to the *greengrocer* who comes to him from the West End, and pays four-pence-half-penny for the article: and when *he* has sent it in with other vegetables to the family by whom he is employed and books it at six-pence, he has only realized a penny-half-penny on his purchase; but it is a third—and exceeds six per cent. The advances made on the farthing artichoke are something to muse upon: but we must in candour admit that, after all,—considering how soon his day's supply may ferment and perish, if unsold—the greengrocer is, in this instance, no extortioner; and we Londoners consume the finest vegetables that Europe produces at a merely 'live and let live' charge. Of course, if there be a glut at the landing-place, lower prices still are paid: but I quote a good trade sample.

The great feature of ROSKOFF is its Church: about two centuries and a half old,—the exterior of which is the most singular specimen of the peculiar Breton Church architecture, which, in the matter of steeples, displays a style so foreign to what may be deemed *normal* in the building art as, in many instances, to suggest ideas of Moorish designs. The shaft, the ascending perpendicular, is often loaded too demonstratively, half-way up:—and higher, again, than that elevation. We see this in the

mosques;—and when I first beheld the second or upper gallery here on Roskoff spire it reminded me of 'Allah-hu'—and the muezzin. The general effect, however, is far from unpleasing, and I heard it spoken of as one of the marvels of Brittany. The steeple of our St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is in some respects suggestive of it. The bas-reliefs, in alabaster, in three glazed cases, at the West end of the interior, are exceedingly curious. They illustrate the life of our Saviour from the cradle to the Cross, and to the Ascension at Bethany. With exception of some excellent wood carving about the Organ, close to which is suspended a huge model of a three masted ship,—all else in this Church is trumpery and wretched: painted wood being nailed up where there should be stone; and tawdry, childish ornament substituted for such emblems and symbols as, when artistically and appropriately worked up in the structure of aisles or altars, shed grace upon the details of the edifice.

The Cemetery, however, is, in my opinion, the most interesting spot in the town, and illustrates above all other localities or objects, the distinctive mind of the people, which is not debased by false religion or spurious sentimentality, but cherishes a fond and fanciful notion with regard to the buried dead in direct antithesis to our Shakspeare's well-known appeal, still to be perused in the chancel of the Church at Stratford:—

"Good friend! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones."

for, here, when nothing survives of all that was mortal, except the dry skeleton, the nearest relatives of the buried man disinter the remains. The skull is removed from the corporeal frame and set up, as was mentioned in a former page, in one of the little boxes, within the Church. This is regarded, however, as a privilege, and paid for accordingly by those who can afford the fee: but the heads of those whose survivors care not to resort to this special exposition are carried to another place, equally consecrated, and even yet more public, but more common. On the coping of the churchyard walls are built up certain stone cabinets, which very closely resemble a vast meat-screen: quite open in front with arched niches,—somewhat after the manner of a catacomb. In these niches, skulls, rarely exceeding four, are deposited in front; thigh and arm bones behind them. Thus, one of these erections, roofed and well-built, containing four niches, receives sixteen skulls, and about sixty-four bones. I paced the whole circuit of the large Cemetery (the Churchyard we should call it; though it really does not touch the Church)—and counted eight of these receptacles; one half of which had been built up with the original stonework of the wall: not superadded. In one or two there were statuettes of terra-cotta, representing the Virgin Mary and certain Apostles,

Martyrs, and Saints: several falling to pieces. In front of these places projected a granite vase,—(the 'bénitier')—intended to contain water, which, upon the recital of certain prayers, would be regarded as holy; and herewith the relatives and friends, making periodical visits, sprinkle the skulls and bones. The falling rain is the only supply that for the most part fills this appendage to the *reliquiaire*, as it is called,—but there are some few devoted ones who bring water in vessels and replenish it. On a slab or large flat stone, dated A.D. 1817, I read the names of Philippe Moal and Barbe Caer, his wife. He must have been a shoemaker; for, sculptured at the lower part of the stone, was the form of a shoe, and, alongside, was the representation of the peculiar hammer and pincers used in the trade. There was another curious feature in every flat gravestone; and there were hundreds. At the lowest part was a bas-relief of the Cross; and immediately below it was a circular cavity about half an inch deep, and two and a quarter in diameter. This was to receive raindrops; which, by such immediate proximity to the symbol of the Atonement, is regarded as hallowed; and thus the grave of the defunct receives, as it were, an aspersion of the consecrated element whenever a shower visits the earth.

During Lent the larger ossuaries, those, for instance, which are close to the Churches, are selected by the Clergy as stations for the delivery of special

addresses relevant to the dust and ashes of mortality: 'For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;' —an observance which we cannot but commend. There are as eloquent "Sermons" in *bones* as "in stones;" and "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh," are rebuked in the presence of skeletons and mouldering ashes with appeals which the infidel and reprobate alone can encounter with apathy and indifference.

St. Ninian's Chapel on the beach, unless repaired before the recurrence of another north-western gale, which would speedily disperse all the loose slates, will, at no distant date, fall to the ground. It has long been desecrated by being used as a store or repository for the market folk; and the sooner it disappears the less obloquy will attach to the parties who are supposed to be *nationally* interested in this relic of the sixteenth century. Mary, Queen of Scots, caused it to be erected in commemoration of her landing in 1548, as the affianced bride of Francis, dauphin of France; and as 'Les autorités' in Calais were silly enough to engrave the shape of a large shoe on that stone in the pier upon which Louis XVIII. first set foot when landing as 'le desiré' restored to the throne, in A.D. 1814, [I saw it there in 1816], so here the good people of Roskoff did, two hundred and sixty six years previously, by the delicate impress left in the sand upon that fragment of rock whence the beautiful, the erring and

hapless daughter of James V. stepped on to the mainland of France. The Calais memorial now lies amid dusty relics in the Hotel de Ville; but the favoured bit of Kersanton stone is as yet undisturbed. It lies under the little stone altar of this chapel, which is about seventeen of my paces in length, and which the stray fisher close to the spot told me was "batie par les Anglois."

Apropos of the altar just mentioned, it was here that Prince Charles Edward, setting foot on shore, a fugitive from Culloden and England—whence a French frigate had conveyed him—knelt down to thank God for his signal deliverance. This was as it should have been: but the sentimental French say we ought to repair and restore a sanctuary asserting these two-fold claims to our loyalty (?) and gallantry. How are we concerned in either of the incidents here referred to? As the Italians say, 'Questa non tocca à noi.'

Previous to returning to St. Pol, I took shelter, conveniently enough, under such a tree as the Jew, with Heaven's blessing upon his political and religious life, would have rejoiced to fall in with in Palestine, when the solar heat had attained 100° of temperature; especially, if, in fulfilment of gracious promise, it had been his own. I allude to the Roskoff Fig-tree in the garden attached to a goodly dwelling-house now occupied by M. Deschamps, the post-master. These premises were formerly attached to a Monastery of Capuchins. It is a

goodly tree, indeed! I paced the circumference of the foliage, and found it, as I had previously been informed, to be exactly three hundred feet; and the diameter of the space it covered was seventy-eight. The boughs, intertwined like a network of ship's cable, so large were they in girth, rest upon four walls, and on oaken beams laid over sixty stone pillars six feet in height. The attendant said that in September, 1868, the crop of fruit filled twelve hogsheads. The tree is one hundred years old, and, I conceive, must be the largest in Europe.

On re-entering St. Pol de Léon I visited its highly renowned Church of Our Lady of Creiszker, a word signifying, in the Breton language, "the centre of the town or district." This celebrity attaches to the very remarkable tower and steeple, which, seen from afar, rivals our own glorious 'Salisbury.' It rises from the centre of the roof, beneath which the combined strength of four arches in the nave is brought into mighty power of sustentation: for one wonders at first how the three hundred and ninety-five feet height of granite could be uplifted in air from two walls only four feet thick. The architect of the fourteenth century conceived the idea of imitating, in the uppermost section of the marvellous spire, that peculiar work of carpentry known in France as 'travail en bardeaux;' which, in England, we call 'shingle:'—little oaken squares, like tiles, overlapping one another, like feather-edged boards. It is not uncommon in our village spires. The

generality of the people suppose it to be slate. This, in the 'Creiszker,' is cleverly imitated in chiselled granite: and there are several steeples in England, especially those of recent construction, where the same work in stone has been very ingeniously executed. The spire rises out of a thick cluster of minarets, and the needle-like apex tapers off into a fineness hardly to be imagined feasible in so rugged a material as granite. The vanishing point of the steeple of All Souls Church, Langham Place, was cut, if I remember rightly, by the masons working under Nash's directions, in Caen stone; the rest of the edifice being completed in material fetched from the Bath quarries. The very delicate and cloud-seeking pinnacle of the Church of Our Lady prompted an enthusiastic old archæologist of the province to say that if an angel were to contemplate a descent upon the Armorica of France, he would first place his foot upon the spire of the Creiszker! The nave is one of the many in Europe that diverge from a directly straight line: a fanciful conception of the mediæval (and, probably, monastic) architects, to commemorate the agonizing of our Lord and Saviour on the Cross. The declension is intended to illustrate the swaying of the head which a sufferer under the dreadful form of capital punishment here referred to would exhibit, while the whole nervous system was contending with such agonies as resulted from the læsion of the extremities. We are given to understand, in general, by the parties that direct

attention to the obliquity of the nave or choir, that it is to remind men of 'The Dying Christ.' But the yielding up of the spirit was, in the case of our Redeemer, a perfectly voluntary act,—a movement, not of helpless convulsion, but proceeding from the will. He finished not the Atonement as an exhausted being. He cried out with a loud voice, and then died; evincing corporeal powers and energy.

The interior, however, of this otherwise remarkable temple awakens no admiration. Everything in it is trashy and repulsive, and one feels it to be a relief to regain the street, and raise the eyes again to the tower and steeple. The South Porch is bricked up, and thus summarily disposed of; but the Northern is worthy of a whole hour's contemplation, and is a masterpiece of carving in granite. There is also a superb display of tracery in the windows; and but for the Church being now used merely as a chapel for the College of St. Pol, and thus segregated, as it were, from those temples of the land to which the State has, at different periods, very considerately made liberal grants with a view to artistic restoration, the hope might be entertained that a clearance would some day be effected of all the encumbering rubbish and most inappropriate fittings; but this is of all expectations the least likely to be realized. After making drawings of the best tracery, I drove home, in rain, to Morlaix.

CHAPTER V.

TO QUIMPER.

MY journey between Morlaix and Landerneau, in the beautiful vale of Elorn, on the direct line for QUIMPER, lay chiefly through granite rock and oak plantations, till we crossed the river Penzey, and reached Landwisiau, when the eye was regaled with several charming prospects of open country and remote hills, as blue as Claude Lorraine's horizons; but there was more to rivet the attention in the foreground than in the distance. Square miles covered with timber are such a familiar feature in France, whose fuel is exclusively derived from wood growths of twenty-four million one hundred and thirty-six acres of forest land, that travellers soon regard it without interest. The owners, however, of the rising plantations and thickets appear to cut very wastefully in felling oak after only fifteen years' growth. Directly it has attained a girth of fifteen inches it is marked for the wood-yard. Not that I have ever seen a diameter of five inches attained in our country within that period. We caught a glimpse, in very favourable sunshine, of the elegant spire of Theogonnec, in the vicinity of

which lay Guimolian, where there is one of the largest 'Calvaires,' or groups of statuary illustrating the sufferings of our Lord, in all Brittany. It is nearly three centuries old, and, of its kind, the most curious; but it has been so often mentioned and described, that I thought it not worth while to make a considerable break in my *plan de route* by going across country and over a bad road, to see it. The photographs that have been taken of it are innumerable. Brittany abounds with these lofty crucifixes and stone platforms surmounting pillars and crowded with statuettes, most of which are admirably sculptured in native granite; but, after seeing twelve or twenty of these monuments, the most inquisitive and painstaking tourist feels disposed to give them the go-by. There is another near Châteaulin equally curious.

Before we reached Landerneau station we came upon scenery very nearly resembling that in the vicinity of Haddon Hall in Derbyshire: and hereabouts the Kersanton stone, towering out of dark forests of pine and oak, presented the aspect of some of the ancient castles upon the Rhine, realizing those lines in 'Childe Harold' that refer to this very appearance:

> "The wild rocks shaped as they had castles been,
> In mockery of man's art."

There is a very beautiful steeple in the neighbourhood of Landerneau Junction, which we reached at

noon. Brittany, of all the provinces of France, is eminently rich in these pyramids soaring into 'the ambient sky,' and I cannot recall any tract of land in that fine country which in the space of a fortnight ever brought before me so many towers

"With glist'ning spires and pinnacles adorn'd."

Their appearance in the outspreading valleys where they are so often seen emerging from masses of foliage, marking the communes or parishes and the seat of worship, is always pleasurable: they tell of honour and homage to the Creator of that earth which is full of His goodness, and of man not left without God in the world. My favourite, however, the windmill, never came in sight. The only one I saw in Brittany was in the hamlet of St. Esprit, in the environs of Dinan. There are so many little tributary streams in that well watered territory, that this form of grinding-house needs never be adopted.

If any of my countrymen *en voyage* should be detained for half an hour at the Landerneau Station, where there is a line given off for Brest (and there is generally a halt), they will discover, while roaming in the rear of the premises, a very curious feature. It has been copied from the houses in Constantinople; and it came to my knowledge, while the Sultan was in this country, that the Chamberlain-in-Chief at Buckingham House caused two or three of these peculiar constructions to be

completed previous to that potentate's occupation of the suite of apartments thrown open to him in the Palace. It is probable that Lord Dudley evinced the same consideration for his guest the Viceroy. Though not "to the manner born," I am not altogether indisposed to regard it as an improvement on the ordinary elevations of the French builder; and this was, evidently, the opinion of the contractor who designed the station, and approved the working drawings.

As we proceeded towards the banks of the Aulne, which takes its course from this point towards Brest, where, forming an estuary, it enters the sea, the same series of glorious landscapes came in sight which characterised the neighbourhood of the Penzey: square miles of emerald-green pasture, vanishing in distant blue hills and haze, and presented to the eye through the charming medium of breaks in the roadside masses of granite. The occurrence of these gaps, furnishing on each occasion what I have already termed massive frames for fine pictures, is a source of continual interest and delight. After a while, however, we came upon table-land, where fern, furze, and heather, interspersed among huge boulders of granite, gave a wild aspect to the country, which at length began to assume the appearance of a whole canton overgrown with oak forests. To the right and to the left lay undulating masses of wood;—the railway pursuing its course through an area of twenty-five square

miles of this growth. A short break intervened, and then we espied on our right, in the extreme distance westward, the roadstead of the harbour of Brest; after gazing upon which we found ourselves again surrounded by a magnificent forest of oak and beech, occupying four thousand acres. The ground out of which these noble trees sprang being of an undulating surface, which gave out eminences varying between fifty and seventy feet, uplifted the foliage in rotund masses of enormous width, producing a very beautiful variety of colour in the expansive area, accordingly as some parts, being depressed, assumed a deeper hue, though we were in brilliant sunshine; and this was heightened into dioramic effects of exquisite beauty by the transient shadows of a few clouds. As we drew near to Quimerch this immense tract of woodland gradually diminished; and the landscape to my right hand appeared to be carried as a living map of twenty square miles in one gradual incline to the sea. At the extremity of the long valley which now lay basking in the solar rays and displaying every tint of red, green, and amber in the most vivid hues among the varied crops, we again saw the silvery horizon which marked the position of Brest. The foremost outworks of the dockyard and several ships were distinctly visible, and a more interesting scene could not have intervened in the journey. I thought of the Channel fleet from which Lord Keith detached that inner line of cruisers which

kept watch, day and night, in July, 1815, on all the ports between Brest and Bayonne, Ushant and Cape Finisterre, to prevent Napoleon escaping from France. The dethroned ruler observed then, with a bitterness of mortification which may well be conceived, that wherever there was water to swim a ship, there he was sure to encounter the British flag. The Frenchmen, my fellow-travellers to-day, thought I was intent on seeing some of their country's ships of war. I was looking into a distance of fifty-four years; and the retrospect was one of overpowering interest. This prospect was cut short by the intervention of huge masses of granite at the railway side, which, however, soon disappeared and left us free scope to gaze, as we crossed a viaduct, into a wide breadth of arable and pasture land, in sweet interchanges of colours, and dotted with white farmhouses and a few grey church towers. As we advanced, we seemed to enter upon a curve (I think it was the bend made here by a ridge called the 'Montagnes Noires'), the view from which penetrated a series of from five to six rich valleys parted from each other by projecting headlands (cultivated to the summits), which exhibited the hollows between hills; just as in a large palace, in which the whole suite of rooms in line are thrown open, we look through a vista which terminates with hardly distinguishable objects. The elevation whence this series of living pictures was beheld rose to such eminence that ancient elms

a hundred and fifty feet high appeared like shrubs down in the hollow: and every now and then 'a cabinet picture' would come in view and vanish:—a living 'Ruysdael'—woodland glade, pond, group of cattle:—this would be instantly followed up by a chine and cleft, in which the Kersanton granite showed as green as the moss and lichens investing it, and gave out effects suggesting the most characteristic pictures of Salvator Rosa.

Before we reached Châteaulin, at half-past two o'clock, eight such delightful prospects had been successively brought into view, and convinced me that I had at length beheld the most beautiful tracts of cultivation and woodland in France. The remark has already been recorded of a French gentleman, that he considered any scenery tame which did not lift up to the eye a vast breadth of vineyards. This is an error in judgment: but in many of the landscapes on this day's journey the young oak plantations covered the distant slopes from base to summit so completely as to present all the appearances of vine-clad hills. Indeed, had we been passing through a wine-producing province, I should have unhesitatingly declared them to be the grape crop. At length we crossed a magnificent viaduct over the Aulne, and reached the station of Châteaulin, where there is another very elegant specimen of Breton church architecture; twin spires—much in the style of the steeple at Roskoff: and, visible on

the rocks, overlooking the valley, are the ruins of Alain Castle. Here, also, are the vast slate quarries supplying Brittany to the same extent that Angers does by its neighbourhood, and many a department beyond it. We still saw a wide breadth of wood-growth; most of the hills covered with trees or crops; leading me to make the observation that Brittany seemed to be the *pays boisé* of France; but the party to whom this remark was addressed intimated that the Orleannois and Franche Comté were generally considered to be the most productive of timber. The latter province, he said, might be spoken of as one continuous forest. I noticed at the Châteaulin station a crowd of priests. There had been a great procession. The Archbishop of Hayti had died, in the previous week, at Rome, and had been interred this day between Pleyben and Châteaulin. The clergy appeared to be very reverently saluted by the people; and my companion observed that we were among the most religiously minded people in France. In Brittany, Anjou, Poitou, and La Vendée, men, he said, have never proved untrue to the faith. They are habitually devout, and reverence holy places, persons, and things. Doubtless this was the feeling and principle which prompted the Bretons in bygone times to erect the innumerable crucifixes and "Calvaires" in every corner of their land. At half-past three we reached QUIMPER, the capital of Finisterre; having in six hours' journey enjoyed nearly fifty of the most

lovely views of Nature I had ever, in the course of fifty-three years, set eyes on.

> "There let the feasted eye unwearied stray
> Luxurious, that rove through the pendant woods!
> * * * * * *
> Enchanting vales! beyond whate'er the Muse
> Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
> O vales of bliss! O softly swelling hills
> On which the Power of Cultivation lies
> And joys to see the wonders of his toil."

It is more than probable that the English traveller reaching Quimper, after having proceeded through the towns referred to in the preceding pages, will, upon engaging apartments in the Hôtel de l'Epée, be disposed to think he has, at last, settled down in excellent quarters.

For the first time in France since A.D. 1816, I found an active, tidy housemaid, busied with pail and water, soap and flannel, scouring the wooden stairs. It was the best advertisement in the eyes of an Englishman that a house of entertainment could put forth; and from the moment of this discovery I felt confident I should find everything conducted in a manner most unlike all I had encountered since I quitted Paris. I saw no male waiters (which in itself was a luxury); but the young women of the establishment were attired in what I heard described as Breton apparel, and looked more like nuns than chambermaids; and as they noiselessly glided along the table at dinner time with the many well cooked dishes (among which

was the finest salmon that had ever been served up to me in France), the idea presented itself of their bringing a composing draught, or a cup of gruel (as nuns have done for me in days bygone); and the gravity of their demeanour heightened the resemblance. They exhibited in their costume a singular feature in the pinning up over their bosoms a triangular piece of black cloth, which, upon the pins being withdrawn, would fall from their waistband and become an apron of very tasteful pattern: the large Breton pockets appeared right and left, sewn on to the gown skirt. From all I had read of Quimper, I expected to see every sixth street-passenger habited in the primitive fashion of the province; but nothing of the kind was visible. Much was *audible*, for the "clump, clump" of the beech and walnut wooden shoes from dawn till night was incessant; and I learn from Mrs. Palliser's interesting publication, that while that lady was at Morlaix she was startled by the din of wooden shoes, tipped with iron, executing the double shuffle in a ball-room! No: there is but little now to be seen of characteristic costume in Europe. I may venture to say that our London milk-women (Welsh and Irish Roman-Catholics, for the most part,) have more undeviatingly retained their distinctive *parure* than any of the Swiss or Bretonnes. As these strong, stocky, sturdy little women pass me in groups of three or four, with their very short skirts, exemplarily clean white cotton stockings, black

leather laced boots (always bright), and with the old quilled cap surmounted by a red cotton fichu, —they present a national garb which has remained, without variation, what it was throughout the last century; and which is not likely to undergo change; and needs, in my opinion, no improvement. As the Highland dress died out, so the Bretons appear to be relinquishing the distinctive habit of their forefathers,—and we can hardly say it was worth retaining: the men's especially. It is not difficult to account for this abandonment of antiquated garments. The Parisian *marchands de nouveautés* have ever active agents in employ, and are everywhere putting out their feelers. The "Journal des Modes" and "Le Follet" circulate in every province; and when a group from Paris reaches the platform of the station (arrayed in a style which, even with ordinary material, a Parisian female never fails to render attractive), and descends into the streets of Quimper,—the observed of all observers,—an instantaneous feeling of admiration is awakened, and a desire, therewith, to adopt much of what is so undeniably *gentil* and *qui sied si bien*, and is so exceedingly becoming; and, firstly, it is the gown material which undergoes reform: a cheap 'étoffe de soie' supplants the 'étoffe de laine:' the Gingham (their own Breton fabric) is discarded in favour of a showy Merino or Alpaca, or Cotton Velvet. No woman can look unmoved on Parisian chapeaux, ribands, sashes, shawls, and mantles: the dames

and demoiselles, and, simultaneously with these, the 'bonnes femmes' and their juniors in the common herd, begin to opine that they are one and all too far behind the age, and outlandish,—'hors du monde,' (the *beau* monde especially),—and conceive a distaste for the dismal old standard black cloth gowns and starched calico caps—more like *linings* than head-dresses—and more appropriate to Sœurs de la Charité than to the wives and daughters of the men of Finisterre; and thus old robes give place to new. In the unsophisticated state, grandmothers bequeathed their jackets and lappets and pockets and flapping 'outriggers' to the second generation, but, "Nous avons changé tout cela" is now to be heard as frequently as in 1789; and of the trunk-hose, coalheaver's hat, and other component parts of the Breton's primitive outfit, we may with equal appropriateness of quotation from the language of that epoch, affirm "Ça ira!"

Directly the railways brought the Rue St. Honoré within a day's journey from Berne, the Swiss maidens felt *their* caps fitting less comfortably than heretofore. The old crones held to their dragon-fly wire-work; but the girls saw the monthly numbers of the "Beau Genre," and the tinted lithographs that illustrated the latest *modes* of Paris,—exhibited in the stationers' windows or on the station bookstall; and, after that glance at the glass of Fashion and the mould of Form, all the reminiscences and reminders and romance of the days of

Guillaume Tell died within them; and they began to dress as we now, in every Canton, from Schaffhausen to Geneva, see them attired.

THE Cathedral is the largest church in the whole province, and, being within five minutes' walk from the Hotel, I was soon within its precincts. A truly magnificent temple is it, both within and without. Here, again, as in many other Norman and Breton churches—St. Pol and Roskoff, especially—are the exceedingly long lancet windows or slits, without glass, perforating the towers; a feature attracting particular notice from its singularity and effectiveness, rather than as an accessory to grandeur or beauty in style. The spires are comparatively new; having been completed only twelve years since; and, knowing something of the general cost of church building and improvements, I considered the sum of seventeen thousand five hundred francs,—seven hundred pounds sterling,—a moderate figure, as the expense incurred in the erection of these pinnacles. It was the "happy thought" of the predecessor of the present Bishop of Quimper which originated an appeal to all the faithful in this old Episcopal town for a yearly contribution of one sol, for five years consecutively, by which expedient, most cheerfully adopted and with triumph carried out, the sum of thirty-five thousand of this small coin was consecrated to the grand design of annexing the spires, which rose heavenward in the year 1858. The splendid south-western tower at the Cathedral of

Rouen was shrewdly worked up,—in the course of twenty-two years,—with the money paid for indulgences to eat butter in Lent!—but, as a *fait accompli*, apart from such considerations of the stomach comforts, I think the Quimper spires the most creditable of the two. This early Gothic edifice has stood for nearly four centuries and a half, the first and the last stone having been laid during the reign of Charles VII.; and it struck me as being by far the most imposing and venerable monument of the kind. I had beheld since my departure from Paris. The people, delighting in legends, give too much of the credit of their beautiful temple to the old Celtic prince Grallon, who lived in A.D. 370, and had no more to do with this magnificent pile than he had with the Pyramid of Cheops; but there he sits on horseback, in stone, over the western portal, the stone carvings in which are wonderful,—and, in the estimation of the townsfolk he figures as the founder of all that stands beyond him. Such glorious memory arose out of the mummery and mock solemnities with which this effigy used, up to the eighteenth century, to be honoured on the 22nd day of November in every year, when more than half the population used to crowd outside the porch to see one of the acolytes or choristers of the Cathedral put to the lips of the horse and of his rider a chalice filled with wine;—a ceremony originating in the tradition that Grallon was the first planter of the Vine in Brittany. Moreover, it was the custom

to throw the cup, after this ridiculous proceeding, into the thick of the surrounding crowd; and whoever caught it, so as to prevent the vessel falling to the ground, became entitled to a very handsome gratuity from the Chapter. It stands on record, however, that the monk Corentin was indebted to this sovereign prince for the land on which the first Christian temple was erected in Quimper, on this spot, probably,—in the fourth century: and so far as this grant availed for the eventual erection of the present magnificent pile, the people appear to be justified in paying to the "gentilissima statua" present honour.

The Interior is very beautiful: exempt from the rubbish and trumpery with which so many of the sacred buildings of France are encumbered, and which bring the national religion into contempt. The aisles cannot but impress every competent judge of Church architecture with their singularly chaste and elegant simplicity; and the arcades of the triforium are delightful to gaze upon. Some of the stained glass in the clerestory is very ancient; coëval, perhaps, with the first decade of the Church's existence. The transepts were inaccessible;—being encumbered with scaffolding, and under extensive repair and restoration.

The Choir struck me as being exceptionally long. The High Altar displayed a gorgeous baldaquin above it, in which vermilion, blue, green, and gold were lavishly blended. I noticed a very large and

handsome Turkey carpet on the pavement of the choir, and a vast number of seats and decorated benches ranged in front of the stalls. All this, it transpired, was in preparation for a very grand ceremonial appointed for eight o'clock next morning.

Close to the south transept I saw a painted statue, about three feet six inches in height, of Saint Roch. He is represented wearing one of the large hats peculiar to the men of Brittany, and a tunic short enough to expose a part of his thigh, about five inches above the knee; and he points to a dark brown spot on the skin, as if to indicate that he himself had, in his day, been afflicted with some malignant eruption, and to invite the believers to invoke him and his intercession, if they themselves were suffering under the like malady. A dog is represented standing by him, with a small cake in its mouth, looking up to the holy man. In immediate proximity to this statue are numerous wax models of arms, legs, hands, and a head. The architecture of the Lady Chapel is simply beautiful: the altar especially so: but the elegant tracery in the mediæval windows is marred by some trashy modern stained glass. Towards the west end I noticed a series of "Stations" or mural appendages richly sculptured, and illustrating the sufferings of our Lord. Unlike the generality, they were executed with considerable artistic skill and very well coloured. The statuettes were about a foot in height, and surpassed thousands that had in

other churches come under notice. It was evident that the two first columns of the Nave and the enormous piers close to the great organ sustained the towers. There was exquisite stone carving below this organ, where a stone screen of elaborately sculptured quatre-foils and rosaces parted the vestibule from the nave. The pulpit is also a masterpiece of oak carving. The choir, as at Creuszker, and for the same reason, diverges considerably,—more than once,—from the straight line, which ought to terminate at the east window after an undeviating course from the western extremity. As I was on the point of leaving the building, I noticed at the west end of the south aisle a large recess, railed in, for a "Calvaire" (or group of statues around the dead Christ),—comprising seven figures, not quite life-size, beautifully moulded and as well painted as those seen at Guingamp. The representation was so faithful—(there were the "Maries," Joseph of Arimathea, and the usual personages in such groups) —that had I passed by in the dusk of the evening I should have mistaken the foremost statues for actual living individuals. The usual misconception was here evident as to the age of the Blessed Virgin, who is almost universally sculptured and painted as a woman of thirty; whereas she must, in all probability, have attained to the age of fifty-four years at the date of the Crucifixion.

This costly adornment of the Cathedral,—around which the devout communicants prostrate them-

selves in prayer at Easter,—was the gift of a widow lady of the name of Nagac. It must have cost, at the least, two hundred and sixty pounds.*

The other church displays many of the excellences noted in the Cathedral; both towers and steeple being of noble aspect;—but the whole edifice was raised on a much smaller scale. The Interior is beneath contempt; having, in fact, been patched up and pieced, at intervals, whenever a little money was attainable,—with ordinary materials and the most vulgar taste,—in those parts which sustained the most grievous injury at the hands of the Revolutionists in 1793.

There is a freshness, brightness, and purity about Quimper which revives the spirit after encountering the black and fetid gutters of less cleanly and wholesome towns. The quays on the banks of the river Odet (which the "Epée" Hotel overlooks) are planted with trees; in one part forming a beautiful grove; and immediately opposite to the said hotel is a lofty granite rock covered with the dense foliage of forest trees, and extending right and left to a considerable distance; and from these wood-crowned heights the town and a considerable portion of the old ramparts and towers are brought at once into view. I was successful in securing a very picturesque sketch, in one of the small side streets,

* A similar statue, carved in wood and painted and gilt, in Spanish Place Chapel, Manchester Square (London work), cost 100*l*. It represents St. Michael the Archangel.

from a little arch or bridge through which the other river stream, the Stheir, was slowly flowing; [The town derives its name from a Breton word signifying a blending of waters;] and an artist resident here for a few weeks would soon fill a portfolio with really interesting recollections of "the picturesque," though there is nothing of "the beautiful."

The Halle or Great Market is larger than that of Morlaix: the supply appeared to be much the same; and the prices also. There were several sieves filled with fresh Sardines brought up from the headquarters of that fishery at Concarneau, five leagues distant, where the curing and encasing processes for safe exportation of that French and Italian sprat, as we may call it, are carried on with all the activity that may be witnessed at Gorgona in the anchovy season, or at Yarmouth during the herring catch. Quimper is a pleasant town for leisurely strolls. The attention of the stranger is arrested at every other turn; and if it had but stood where Carhaix is situate, in the *centre* of Cornouailles, this would assuredly have been by far the most eligible spot for headquarters, whence excursions, equidistant from it, might have been pleasurably made to all parts of Brittany.

10*th*.—I was aroused at half-past six o'clock this morning by the "tramp, tramp" of what I at once concluded to be the passage of a military body, and, on throwing up the sash, I counted a hundred and fifty young soldiers making their way towards the

bridge which would immediately convey them to the left bank of the Odet, where, in front of the Palace of the Prefect, is the Champ de Mars, as the French call any parade ground. Here they were at once drawn up in six squads for drill. I had not resumed my position of rest above twenty minutes when I heard the sound of measured paces repeated; but not in that regular beat that waked me; and, on taking a second peep at the quay below, I beheld a troop of a hundred and seventy young men of ecclesiastical aspect (accompanied by three or four elderly priests) marching in the opposite direction. They were on their way to the Cathedral. There was to be an Ordination; and the carpets and other accessories I had observed yesterday had been prepared for the celebration of this high ceremonial;—one of the Sacraments of the Church of Rome. By eight o'clock I had reached the south side of the choir and taken up a station at a gate in the iron railing which parted it from the aisle. A very considerable crowd of the lowest class of the people were already pressing upon it, and, only through the courtesy of two or three peasants, foremost in the gathering, did I succeed in gaining the position whence all that was to be done would be visible. At a glance, all the candidates for Ordination who had passed under my windows were to be seen seated in the stalls and on the benches in front thereof. About ten minutes afterwards the Bishop of Quimper, Monsieur Sergent, accompanied by two

archdeacons, four canons, and three other dignitaries, came through the crowd to the *grille* where I had been standing and gazing at every one and everything, and walked at once across the pavement of the choir to a handsome chair or throne on the north side which the Bishop was to occupy, when not at the High Altar, during the whole of the proceedings.

At this chair of state the Archdeacons and others began to robe the prelate with certain vestments and appendages over and above the canonicals in which, wearing the mitre, he entered the Choir; and with a too faithful recollection of the AVIS in the Church at St. Lo (which the Reader may remember having read in Chapter III.) I was rather taken aback, as the common phrase is, on seeing the venerable diocesan spit with such sudden vehemence on the carpet as hardly to leave intact the shoe-buckle of the Senior Canon, who nimbly stepped aside, and remained afterwards on the look-out.*

The Church of Rome, like our own, prescribes certain seasons and intervals, in respect of Ordination: and grave reasons have induced the bishops to adopt the custom of conferring all at once, or "by accumulation," the several Orders;—with this reservation, that no individual can be ordained in

* The holy man might well have laboured under dryness in the mouth; the Bishop in the Romish Church being required to fast twenty-four hours before the Ordination, and to continue fasting till the whole of the proceedings have terminated.

the same day Deacon and Priest. There are Minor and Major Orders. The former, I believe, are what is termed "delible," and remove not the candidate from the ranks of the Laity: the Major are holy and "indelible." [At the date of my writing this passage a deputation of Clergy and Laymen of no insignificant positions in our community have just presented an address to the Premier praying for the relief (so often needed) of certain Clergy desirous of release from their Ordination vows.] The Minor Orders are those of the Tonsure, the Porter or Door-keeper (which will be found explained two pages hence), the Reader, the Exorcist, and the Acolyte. The Major or Holy Orders are the sub-deacon's, the deacon's, and the priest's.

There were candidates, on this occasion, for both. Considerable pains are taken for upwards of five years to prepare the laity for these offices; more, it is to be feared, than in our country; though this may be explained and justified:—their superior education and acquaintance formed with Church offices and discipline while at the University tending, in great degree, to make our young men sensible of the responsibilities and requirements of the Clerical Life; and the conditions of Ordination being so much less stringent and severe.

Each individual appeared before the Bishop on this occasion thoroughly well aware of all he was about to promise and vow and do.

I shall not attempt to give any description of the

readings and recitals, prayers and ceremonies, that appeared to engage for a considerable time the hierarchs in the Choir. The Ordination Service occupies three hours. The addresses and exhortations to the Deacons and Priests bore a decided resemblance to those of our Office, and were grave, sensible, and impressive in their counsel and warnings: those delivered to the Deacons especially so. It is remarkable that in our Church *they are not addressed at all,* except in six brief interrogatories to which they render a few words in answer. Our Candidates for the Priesthood, however, are exhorted with many words of pure wisdom and most precious counsel; and none could hear them unaffected by such appeal. With reference, however, to the peculiar Orders of which mention has just been made, I will just lay before the Reader what was specially delivered as a charge to each description of candidate. The novelty of the address will be my excuse for the insertion.

To the 'Doorkeepers,' upon their being led up to the Bishop, before whom they kneel, invested in surplices, the prelate (wearing his mitre) says—"My very dear sons, who are about to receive the Order of a Doorkeeper, reflect on what your obligations will be in the House of the Lord. The doorkeeper's duty is to toll the bells, to open the Church and the Vestry, and to hold the book open before the minister who may be appointed to preach. Take good heed, therefore, that nothing in the

church suffers injury through your negligence; and give all attention to the opening, at the appointed hours, of the House of God to the faithful, and to keep it ever closed against the infidel. As you open and shut with the material keys the visible church, apply your attention to close against the Devil and to open to God, by your utterance and by your example, the *invisible* temples, even the hearts of the believers, that they may with all care hold fast the divine words which they may have heard, and carry them into practice. May the Lord of His mercy grant you grace this to do."

The bishop then holds out the church keys for the candidate to touch, who puts his right hand upon them, while the bishop goes on to say, "So act as one who must render account to God of the things which are shut up by those keys." Upon the utterance of this charge, one of the Archdeacons conducts the candidate to a door of the Church (the one used on this occasion was the iron gate where I stood) which is purposely left ajar;—directs him to close it; then to unlock and open it: upon which he puts a little silver bell in his hand which he rings; and then the Archdeacon leads him again to the bishop, who, with mitre on his head, signals to the candidate to kneel before him, he himself standing up, and addressing the congregation (composed of clergy and candidates) with an exhortation that they will with him entreat the Almighty to bless this His servant in the fulfilment of his ap-

pointed office, &c. Then he pronounces his benediction on the ordained Doorkeepers. On this occasion the Doorkeepers proceeded to the next step of 'Reader.'

The 'portiers,' porters or doorkeepers, are undoubtedly constituted as an Order of men holding rank with what was, in the day of Solomon, 'the Levite.' Special mention is made of them in the 1st. B. of Chronicles, vv. 24—32. "These Levites, the four chief porters, were in their set office, and were over the chambers and treasuries of the House of God."—"The opening of the House of God every morning pertained unto them; and certain of them had charge of the ministering vessels . . . wine, oil, frankincense, &c., of the Sanctuary."

To the 'Reader' kneeling before him the Bishop addresses a longer exhortation,—in which he very seasonably admonishes the young man to read the Scriptures aloud, when appointed so to do, in such a clear and distinct enunciation, without altering the language of the text, that all the words may be heard, and that their matter should never be nullified and rendered of none effect through his incompetency or carelessness. Then the Bishop places the 'Book of Lessons' in his hands, with this brief address:—"Receive this book and be thou a Reader of the Word of God, with the assurance that if you shall faithfully and efficiently discharge your office, you will have part in the recompense of reward promised to the first ministers of the Gospel."

The Reader is appointed to intone when such intoning is in the order of the service: to bless any offerings of first fruits that may in the rural districts be brought into the Church in the Summer season, whether of corn or of fruit: and also to bless the Bread. This refers to the diet bread or pound cake or brioche carried round during Divine Service in the Churches, in baskets containing hundreds of inch-square morsels, which are taken and eaten by the congregation at large. It is sent in, according to a kind of rota, by families who can easily afford the contribution, and who are encouraged in the belief that it is an act of piety. It is a practice that has prevailed through many centuries, symbolical of the common privileges of Christians, who are regarded as partakers of the same spiritual meat, members of one brotherhood, cherished by the same bountiful Lord, relying, as brethren, on one and the same Giver of all good.

The prayer invoking the Divine blessing on this Bread is as follows: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who art the bread of the angels, the living bread which produces eternal life, vouchsafe to bless this bread as Thou didst bless the five loaves in the wilderness, that all those who shall eat thereof may therein find health of soul and body. Grant us this bounty, O Thou who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end." The bread is called the 'Pain bénit.'

The 'Exorcist' being led up to the Bishop, kneels

before him, and the Book of Exorcisms (whether it be the Pontifical, the Missal, or the Ritual,) is placed in his hands to be touched; and then the Bishop says, "Take this book: write the words thereof on your memory, and receive power to lay hands on those who are demoniacs, whether baptized persons, or new converts under instruction before baptism."

The Acolyte, in like manner led to the Bishop, is addressed at greater length: the exhortation dwelling chiefly on 'The Light of the World.' Then the Bishop presents to the candidate a golden candlestick and a wax candle, to be touched with his right hand, and says:—"Take this candlestick with this candle, and know that your function is to kindle the lights of the Church, in the name of the Lord." The Bishop then presents an empty vase (which the candidate touches), and says "Take this vase, to present therein the water and the wine set apart for the sacrifice of the Blood of Jesus Christ, in the name of the Lord."

These four Orders may be taken by Accumulation. It is essential that the candidate for Deacon's Orders should take them: the Church requiring faithfulness in him as a Levite to the Temple previous to his proceeding to the Diaconate and Priesthood. The Sub-deacon must have attained the age of twenty-one years, but the candidate for the Minor Orders may take them under age. The Deacon must be twenty-two years of age: the Priest twenty-four; but the Sovereign Pontiff may

grant a dispensation empowering the Deacon to take Priest's orders a year or eighteen months earlier: that is, at twenty-three or twenty-two and six months. The Canons interdict an illegitimate son from taking Orders; as also any candidate having one eye only, or one arm or leg, or being lame and infirm: but the former objection has, in consideration of the 'besoins de l'Eglise,' been in several instances overruled: as has the primitive requisition which made it indispensable that a Priest should, at Ordination, not only be a nominee to a benefice, but, also, in possession of such private fortune as should secure him from becoming dependent on any one's bounty.

I shall not continue the description of the Ordination of Deacons and Priests, which would occupy at least sixty pages. I waited till the Bishop began his very solemn charge to the candidates for Holy Orders, in which, after reminding them of the awful responsibilities they were about to incur, of the irrevocable obligations, including perpetual celibacy and chastity, they would contract, and other ties by which the Ecclesiastic binds himself to the Church and to God, and relinquishes so much of the World and earthly things—he told them that they were, at that moment, free to withdraw and remain in the body of the Laity:—and then paused. Upon which, as no one drew back, he said with a louder voice, "Let those who are to be ordained Deacons and Priests draw nigh." Up to this moment they had

been kneeling,—but when he pronounced the words 'S' approchent' they stood up,—in ten rows of about twenty in each row—and, in a second of time, and with a precision most marvellous to behold, threw themselves flat at full length on the ground: not one of the whole number was seen to linger or tarry: they went down like the lid of a coffer; not a surplice showed disarrangement: they lay like men in shrouds with their faces touching the carpeted pavement of the choir; and then the officiating priests began one of the Litanies appointed for such occasions. What is called 'Les Litanies des Saints' would occupy, at least, twenty-five minutes. The Litany, whether long or otherwise, would be followed by most impressive and excellent charges, and equally solemn and sensible prayers. Indeed it would be impossible to speak too highly of the deep religious feeling which characterizes these Ordination Services, the whole of which may be perused in the 'Pontifical Romain;' but I am indebted to Mons. L'Abbé D. for so much as I have here ventured to lay before my Readers.

There was something awful, as I felt it, in all that had passed before my eyes and in my hearing, and I withdrew while the young men were still prostrate. The address, however, to the young men about to be admitted to the order of Priesthood is so full of good matter that I here make a point of introducing it:—

"My dearly beloved sons, who are now about to

be consecrated as Priests, let it be your earnest desire to receive this charge worthily, and when invested therewith, see that you acquit yourselves in a manner deserving of all commendation,—it being the office of the Priesthood to offer up sacrifice and prayer, to pronounce blessings, to preside at ceremonial, to preach and baptize. With godly awe, therefore, should the ordained priest ascend to this elevated dignity,—and this only after having approved himself to be in all respects eligible by the manifestation of that wisdom which is from above, by purity of morals, and by the habitual fulfilment of all righteousness. Even thus, when the Lord commanded Moses to choose out of all Israel seventy men to aid him in the governing of his people,—on whom He would bestow the gifts of His Holy Spirit, He spoke unto him, saying, 'Choose them whom thou hast known to be the elders of the people.' And you, in like manner, are now to be accounted as the Seventy, as the Elders, if through the grace of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit and by observance of the Commandments of God you shall cause all men to take note of your knowledge and your deeds thereunto answerable in equal degree. As it is also recorded in the New Testament, our Saviour likewise made choice of seventy-two* disciples, and sent them forth before Him, two and two, to preach the Gospel, that they might through the efficacy of His word and of their own

* This is an error. Christ sent forth seventy: not seventy-two.

examples, cause the ministers in the Church to learn how perfect they ought to be both in Faith and Works, and immutably stablished in the love of God and of their neighbour. Strive you, therefore, to become such as these men were, that by God's grace you may prove worthy of being chosen as fellow helpers to Moses and the twelve Apostles; that is to say, of the Bishops of the Catholic Church, who were prefigured by Moses and the Apostles. The Holy Church is thus verily encompassed, adorned, and governed, after a most admirable manner, by these varieties in Orders, seeing that in her fold some are Pontiffs, others, in lower degree, are Priests, Deacons, and Sub-deacons,—men consecrated to those offices at the Altar,—of whom, being many members and invested with various dignities, one only Body, even that of Jesus Christ, is composed. Wherefore, very dearly beloved sons, whom the judgment of our brethren hath chosen as fit persons to be consecrated as our coadjutors, take heed that you maintain in all integrity of moral conduct a chaste and holy life: weigh well the importance of every act of that life. Illustrate by your example all that you teach; in this, even, that so often as you make solemn remembrance, in the mysteries of the Sacrament, of the death of our Lord, you may cause all vice and evil concupiscence to die within you. Let the doctrine you teach be a spiritual healing of the people of God, and the sweet smelling savour of your life be a delight to the Church of

Jesus Christ, while your exhortations and examples are edifying the household of God: so that the Lord may not on a day to come inflict punishment on *us* for having admitted you into this ministry; and on *you* for having taken it upon yourselves, but that He may the rather reward us; and this may He of His favourable mercy grant. Amen."

The majority of the candidates were of coarse mould and physiognomy: many bore the aspect of labourers in surplices. Some twenty or thirty exhibited very regular and even handsome features, and withal very superior apparel; the chaussure of these, as they lay prone, being eminently conspicuous (including patent leather, even) among the hob-nailed 'highlows' of their fellow 'Ordinands.'

I observed, by the bye, among the numerous incumbents that attended, in honour of the occasion and of the Diocesan, that many of them en soutane wore trowsers and boots. Till within the last twelve years, the foreign Clergy wore black stockings and shoes.

I had not ceased musing on all that had taken place and was still in progress of ceremonial at the Cathedral, when I took my place at the breakfast table this morning; and seeing an elderly French gentleman sitting near me, I observed to him how forcible an impression had been left on my mind at sight of so many young men in the flower of their age relinquishing so much that is attractive and innocently enjoyable in this world for the hard and

precarious lot of a minister in the Roman Catholic Church;—of the rural Clergy especially. "Mon cher Monsieur," he replied, "you are not aware that four-fifths of the whole number have done it in order to *escape from the Conscription!* If they had not made themselves Ecclesiastics, the State would soon have made half of them soldiers!" At this moment, it occurred to me how significantly the two marching divisions, at early morning, had encountered one another. An Archbishop's crozier, no doubt, is a guerdon infinitely more desired by many, even in martial France, after hard service—than that Marshal's bâton, which every common soldier is there said to carry in his knapsack;—and even the most vigorous and promising of the sons of Brittany would doubtless say with Viola, "I am one that had rather go with Sir-priest than with Sir-knight?"

CHAPTER VI.

TOWARDS RENNES.

THE two hours' journey from Quimper to L'ORIENT traversed for the most part a range of fine meadows, many of which were heightened in their pastoral beauty by the semicircular sweep of their elevation where (in Dryden's words) "an amphitheatre appeared rapid in degrees." In some of these undulating grassy plots I discerned a considerable number of cows; that stock in which, of all others, the Breton farmer is so wanting—and which he so much needs. In fact, not half the number of cows or oxen are kept in France at large which ought to be for due manuring of the soil.

The buck-wheat crops appeared, as usual, in large breadths: the wheat crop very rarely. Mention has already been made of the total absence of Vine growth. The standard diet of the labourers is ruled accordingly. They subsist mainly on bread made of rye and on that pancake known in France by the name of 'Galette,' made from the flour of buck-wheat; that 'Sarrazin' crop which is to be found in every province, and, as its name implies, was introduced originally from the East: they rival the Irish

in the consumption of potatoes, universally of a bad description; and, where cider is not procurable at a farthing the pint, their drink is water. One third of the population of France at large fare thus meagrely: meat, wheaten bread, and wine forming no part of their diet. The coast population obtain, as may be supposed, occasional supplies of ordinary fish;—but this is exceptional. This hard condition of existence drives so many into the large cities,—into Paris especially,—the enlargement of whose population is an annual grievance of no light burden: here they can obtain high wages for comparatively light work; and to many of them the exchange is actual blessedness. This hankering after *town* prices for labour and relative luxuries (already referred to in Chap. II.), thrusts only too many in our own country on London, which all our country cottagers think and speak of as an El Dorado, and regard, (to their discomfiture and frequent loss,) as a threshold to fortune. Whenever in France I have visited the 'chaumière' of rural life,—the home, Normandy excepted, has always been suggestive of pinching need and wretchedly precarious subsistences.

We reached Rosporden and its *pond* (larger by many acres than our Elstree water, and bearing the aspect of a dammed river) at an early hour in the forenoon, and after running through woods and orchards, arrived at Quimperlé on the Ellé, embosomed in hills covered with young oak and beech.

Here, for the first time, I saw seven men thrashing in line. A month later I might have witnessed twelve similarly engaged in a circle; but the harvest was hardly sufficiently advanced to bring so much corn into the cultivator's yard as to render such a number needful. As we advanced, however, the face of the country gave evidence of large farms, one-fourth of which seemed to consist of orchard and grazing land; and this feature prevailed till we came to L'Orient, so named, I believe, from the thriving agencies which in the day of Louis XIV. carried on a good trade with the East Indies; which, however, fell into decay before the accession of Louis XVI. Though there is no lack of white-fronted houses and pleasant little residences chiefly occupied by the Dockyard employés, there is nothing here to requite a long break in the journey. The body of the Church is very ugly: the spire is perforated and very beautifully crocketed. I saw portions of the Dockyard; two or three basins:—in which were five hulks of frigates and eight gunboats, and a large ship of the line on the stocks; a permanent stone bridge, and a suspension bridge. The mast-house and some ponderous cranes and anchors came in sight during the twenty minutes of my stay, and I saw six iron-roofed store-houses and the lighthouse. Coming up the long *allée verte*, a well-planted and cheerful-looking avenue, were several midshipmen, three of whom afterwards entered the Station. They were not a very favourable

specimen of the Imperial Marine,—if, indeed, they were in that service. They might, possibly, have been attached to the Mail packets. The buttons on their jackets—as large as franc pieces—bore the impress of the Crown. Several common sailors likewise came in view. Their uniform was almost identical with ours, but their large round black glazed hats had a Chinese appearance, and looked like half-gallon basins on their heads. I am sure they must hold water;—for the brim forms a circular trough quite capacious enough to retain a pint and a half. They bore, as ours do, the name of their ship. I saw Fort Louis, at the mouth of the harbour, in which the reigning Emperor was confined previously to his deportation to America in 1836, by sentence of Louis Philippe's Executive after his ill-judged demonstration at Strasburg. Between one and two o'clock we moved across the noble iron bridge, 1080 feet in length, over the river Scorff, and saw Hennebon spire,—a beautiful crocketed pinnacle, worthy to soar among the steeples of Rouen or Caen. All that is recorded by Froissart of Jeanne, the gallant wife of Jean de Montfort, who held out here with her little garrison against the legions of Philippe de Valois, in 1342, entitles her to a pedestal alongside of the Maid of Orleans in French history. It is remarkable enough that *three* 'Jeannes' should have left their *noms de baptême* thus immortalized in the annals of their country. Jeanne de Montfort in the fourteenth, Jeanne d'Arc and Jeanne

Hachette de Beauvais, in the next century. These heroines exhibited in turn all the daring and obstinate courage of the bravest men that ever adorned the chronicles of their fatherland; and, I doubt not, many of my Northern readers will give the valiant and unconquered Charlotte de Tremouille, Countess of Derby, credit for having emulated these bravest of the brave among women, at Lathom Castle, in the century which followed the raising of the sieges of Orleans and Beauvais. Nor unrecorded be the ardent valour of that daughter of Spain who

> "——— o'er the yet warm dead
> Stalk'd with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread:
> * * *
> Scarce would you dream that Saragoza's tower
> Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
> Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase."

I cherish that opinion of high-souled women which prompts the belief that there is nothing so noble, nothing so magnanimous, so self-sacrificing and devoted in the nature of the greatest of our sex which they cannot, when their spirit is called upon to rise with the occasion, achieve with all the sublimest impulses of patriotic virtue.

We were now in Morbihan, the land of Cromlechs and dolmens, in which I felt not the slightest interest. I think it was Henry Matthews, the Invalid diarist, who said that, having seen St. Peter's at Rome, he should be content with his parish church for the remainder of his life; and, for my part, having so often passed through Stonehenge, I am

equally satisfied to rest upon the recollection of this mighty monument and its neighbour Amesbury, and to leave the Kit's Coity houses of Brittany alone in their glory. I had visited the Angevin dolmens three years previously.

Orchards and meadows with occasional heaths seemed to alternate till we reached the AURAY Station, where I saw twelve Sœurs de l'Ordre de la Sagesse (my old Dinan acquaintances!) alight from our train; and their appearance on the platform in the characteristic grey flannel garb of their community, with large capes and sleeves, presented the faithful counterpart of so many of our ancient 'Charlies' mustering, as they were wont, with rattles and lanthorns, before they went off on their several beats,—to their watch-boxes and comfortable slumbers.

However tempting it be to dwell on illustrative chronicles, I shall not here introduce narratives or comments from Froissart relative to the memorable battle fought on AURAY'S plain in 1364 between John de Montfort, commanding the English forces, and Charles de Blois, that noble leader of the French. It is a twenty times told tale, even in the present century.

Sir John Chandos, whose active gallantry has been already recorded in my account of the victory at Poitiers, bore off Du Guesclin as his prisoner; and the money eventually forthcoming for his ransom was paid, it is said, by the joint contribution of

three parties. Nearly twenty thousand pounds were supplied by the King of France himself, Charles V., the order for which I saw among the Archives of the Empire in Paris, with many other far more ancient documents. Our countrymen won the day, and ended hereby the twenty-four years' war. Among other captives in the English camp was the chivalrous Jean de Beaumanoir of Lèhon, whose monumental effigy in the Museum at Dinan has already been referred to. He died, twenty years after his release, by the hands of assassins.

The Sœurs de la Sagesse, just mentioned, were on their way to the Chartreuse at AURAY, now occupied as an asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and superintended, (admirably, no doubt,) by those kind-hearted women. It was originally the Chapel of St. Michel du Champ (de Bataille) which Duke John IV., the Montfort just mentioned, caused to be erected on the field where, with the powerful aid of the English,—the archers, especially,—he had conquered.

No English tourist, with a mind superior to that of the somnolent and ill-informed French *en voyage*, should travel over these provinces without a pocket volume of Froissart. It enhances the interest of every locality; on the scene, especially, of shrewd diplomacy and decisive conflicts signalizing those seventy-five years of the fourteenth century which that quaint but painstaking annalist has illustrated. Herein, as the Doctor says of his patient in the

Castle of Dunsinane,—the Reader must "minister to himself"—and turn to the Chronicle I am speaking of.

There is a trashy legend, also, in connection with AURAY and the miracle-working well or spring of Ste. Anne, which, for two hundred years, has been the resort of the Bretons and their neighbours suffering under Rheumatism and Scrofula. There had been a grand *fête* here about a fortnight previously, and the well-house and its holy staircase, and the image, and much more that the Catholic mind delighted to honour, had been visited by multitudes. Several chaplets and waxen models of stiff joints and distorted limbs had been hung around the saint's statue. A far more interesting and worthy object is the monument erected to the memory of hundreds of those hapless Royalists who so unadvisedly threw themselves in the way of the troops of the Convention at this place in 1795, in too blind confidence of the aid to be rendered by our fleet,—which stress of weather rendered impossible,—and were mercilessly slaughtered. The mausoleum memorial stands in a field called the Champ des Martyrs. AURAY is but too remarkable for its *tristes souvenirs;* but is held by the Bretons in high estimation, however grimly battle, murder, and sudden death appear to have characterized it.

The line we now pursued lay through flat and tame country, thickly wooded, till we reached a long slope of land which, curving round to the

right, formed an almost semi-circular declivity, whereon, at a quarter past two o'clock, we beheld the lofty and, I may add, unsightly roof of what is called the 'Pardon' Chapel of the Cathedral at VANNES. The name of this town revived the recollection of fair Françoise d'Amboise, whose romantic history has been touched upon in CHAP. III. St. Vincent Ferrier died here, and was buried under the pavement of the Cathedral; where, also, at his feet, as she had emphatically desired, were deposited the mortal remains of Jeanne, Duchess of Brittany. A beautiful gate in the town bears his name.

The Constable tower (as it is called, after Olivier de Clisson) projects grandly out of the town walls, a considerable length of which, with the fosses, now planted with trees, runs along the river side; and the prominence of this mediæval structure seems to blazon with all the notoriety of a bad name the iniquitous treachery of Duke John IV. by whom Clisson was decoyed into the dungeon where he was to have been murdered; another sickening reminiscence of the cruelties and diabolical crimes which render the history of Europe in those times so revolting. I have seldom fixed my gaze on a machicolated and loopholed tower, such as this, without learning that some great villany had been perpetrated in its recesses, and the history of some "secret'st man of blood" mixed up with its origin and conservation. Our own Tower of London, unhappily, is a signal illustration of this.

AN hour's halt at Vannes, where we are still constrained to thread filthy lanes and stride over black kennels to gain insight into its oldest and most picturesque house-fronts and gables, will always requite the traveller. It is more interesting than Lannion, and less *attristant* than Guingamp; and whoever contemplates walking the tour of the Druids' stones might accomplish it as satisfactorily from the 'Hotel du Commerce' here as from the 'Poste' at Auray; not but that the latter is far from being ineligible head-quarters. Here I saw again thrashers in line; eight men with busy flails occupied over the contents of a wagon that had conveyed six quarters (forty-eight bushels) of wheat: possibly to be divided between four of the party at the end of the operation; their share realizing, in that case, thirty-six shillings each. The yield must turn out very foul; for they scatter it upon the bare earth, and beat grit and dust into it as sedulously as they knock the grain from the ears.

The face of the country on the line leading towards Redon abounded in granite rock, tracts of heath, and plantations of fir. The stone grows out of the soil in such abundance, and in such flaky shapes, that the occupiers of land set up blocks of it on end, instead of wooden or any other fence at the roadside of their fields. I counted half a mile's length of this material so appropriated. The farmer must have set to work on this Saxon-like outwork as a sheer *passa tempo*, for there was

nothing to ward off: not a sheep, pig, ox or cow could approach the place, lying as it does immediately below the rail embankment. Nor were there any human beings (almost as much to be dreaded in point of trespass as any quadruped) to make short cuts, and gaps thereunto conducive. Near Redon, which succeeded to Questembert, I remarked a very extensive growth of chestnuts, exceeding even what I remembered to have travelled through on a corresponding length of territory in the Abruzzi, where, as in Spain, the peasantry rely greatly on this crop when wheatflour is sold at a comparatively high figure. Much of the country hereabouts is as flat as a billiard table, and exhibits vast breadths of heather, fern, and broom, blended frequently with furze. Such, indeed, was the condition of a large extent of territory, a hundred years since, on which neither spade nor plough had initiated a single operation of husbandry; and the space thus left to weeds and barrenness was regarded in the light, almost, of 'no man's land.' A measure of relief was at length granted by special edict of Louis XV. in 1769, to all farming tenants and owners who would take into cultivation the waste lands of France; making such tracts free of taxes for twenty years. The Sovereign appealed, on this occasion, to the Clergy, exhorting them to forego all claims for tithe on the land to be thus experimented upon, and reminding them that successful tillage would, at the expiration of the stipulated term, render every field

not only a Rent-paying, but a Tenth-yielding plot; and this at a vast augmentation on the amount that could be realized from the wretched soil about to be reclaimed. The Incumbents of the Kingdom were far from being of one mind in the matter; not relishing the *hiatus deflendus* of twenty years; but the whole of the Breton Clergy gave their cheerful adherence to the royal project, and their successors were just entering upon the full fruition of all the advantages accruing from it when the Great Revolution suddenly confiscated the whole patrimony of the Church in France, and constituted the Curé a pensioner of the State.

There are, of course, many impracticable surfaces and subsoils in a province so heavily charged with granite; but even the most prolific portions are in frequent instances most unfairly treated. I saw a peasant proprietor scraping off the top soil to cart it away to another field! It was but too certain that he was then robbing good soil of its profitable loam to spread it, in lieu of manure or other compost, on land which was to bring him an average crop, while the denuded tract would either lie dead fallow, or yield a third of its ordinary produce. The fact is that among these pauper cultivators, or rather deteriorators of their country's soil, the main stay is the fruit-yield. I saw hundreds of apple trees in the wheat stubble within fifty yards of his cart. These were succeeded soon afterwards by an area on which must have stood at least two thousand pear and apple

and plum trees, all planted in *quincunx* order, and on arable land where the wheat ear occasionally touched the hanging fruit. The pear tree is preferred, in this culture, to the apple, because it strikes its roots directly downward, and its branches do not extend to any great breadth; whereas the apple tree throws out lateral roots and makes great breadths of shade with its boughs.

I travelled through this section of my journey with a very intelligent and communicative gentleman who had a small estate in the *enceinte* of Paris, and was returning from an official tour of observation and statistical enquiry—Mons. Claret de la Touche. He is the party to whom Baron Haussmann delegated the somewhat difficult and, as it sometimes transpired, thankless task of naming the new Streets and Boulevards of the Capital. He knew Brittany well, and gave me much information on the Province. Speaking of the natives, he said they were decidedly a quarrelsome race. If two sate together,—each man finishing his pint, or bottle, of wine,—the result would be, not a warming of the heart, but a wrangle. In violent dispute they do not draw knives, but have recourse to their knob sticks, if they happen to have them at hand, and emulate our Irishmen with their shillelaghs. The decision as to the better man is ruled by the thicker scull of the twain! On one occasion, M. de la T. said, within his personal knowledge, the smaller of two men challenged the other to an inter-

change of the most violent blows their sticks could inflict. Unobserved of his adversary, he turned up his thick flowing locks into a round mass, and topped this up with the kerchief from his neck; then, cocking his huge hat, fiercely, he awaited an attack. Down came the stick with a tremendous cracker, forcible enough to have split a cornu-ammonis or broken the spine of an old ram; but all the damage done was the battering, as flat as a galette, of the hat it fell upon: but the padding underneath did its work faithfully, and he lost not a second in coming down upon the enemy with a tap which floored him, and left an astonishing impression which probably muddled his brains for a year! Their prevalent vice is excess in drink; Cider or Brandy being the favourite liquor: but when under military discipline this propensity is quelled, and they are accounted excellent soldiers and brave as lions. In one particular, however, they are occasionally found wanting—and this in the *literal* sense of that term: they are very apt to desert! Unless deterred by what they deem very tempting considerations, they are not to be reckoned on as true to their colours, and thus give their commanding officers no light amount of trouble. In my opinion such a soldier is one of what we used to call 'the king's bad bargains:'—The principle of honour is not in the man. There is a fool-hardiness about them, and a recklessness as to imminent peril which sometimes borders on madness. In a battue,

for instance,—in Wood Shooting, especially—they will run across a ride under fire, like untrained dogs; as if the guns were loaded with powder only. My fellow traveller had seen much of those queer fellows, but had not formed a very favourable opinion of the race.

The course of the Vilaine through the valley of that name has a charming effect. I was surprised to see Fern and Furze *cultivated* in large breadth, and learned that they are used everywhere instead of straw, which in pasture districts is very scarce, for littering down horses.

In the vast pasturage of New Zealand, where an owner occasionally rides over a hundred miles of his own Sheep-run, it is an every-night custom to make the 'shakedown' wholly of fern, which is reported to be most excellent bedding.

The Line all on a sudden passed through a cutting on either side of which the Kersanton granite rock soared to a height which darkened the passage: and at intervals, I descried in the distance still more stupendous elevations. They were as remote as three leagues, presenting the aspect of young Alps, covered to their summits with purple heather.

The remainder of the journey lay through a long and widely extending breadth of beautiful pastures, at the extremity of which, having completed the hundred and fifty-two miles, we ran into RENNES.

Aug. 11*th.*—As a matter of course RENNES was to be included as a halting-place in my *plan de*

route, though it is but a city of yesterday,—a century and a half old. The greatest part of the primitive town, Capital of Brittany Proper, was destroyed by a fearful conflagration in the year 1720, at which period three-fourths of the houses, and many even of the public buildings, were chiefly constructed with timber and as inflammable as tow. The streets, as is seen in parts which the Fire did not reach, were as narrow as those in the oldest parts of Dinan and Morlaix; and, there being no water supply nearer than the two Rivers, nor engines to turn that resource to any account, whole blocks of houses caught fire simultaneously; and, only where strong currents of air drove the flames aside, did any dwellings escape. The Municipality, however, of that day evinced far greater wisdom, common sense, and foresight than our civic authorities did in 1666. The plans for the new city exhibited wide and long streets, many at right angles to each other,—and houses of uniform height and displaying architectural decoration, even when intended only for trade and commercial purposes. Large squares and areas, quays of great breadth, noble bridges, magazines, colleges, halls, theatres, Law Courts and municipal palaces rose on all sides, which left nothing to be desired in respect of utility and convenience. The resources from which the vast resuscitation was to be effected admitted not of lavish expenditure on the designs or construction of the principal edifices or private man-

sions,—which would have enabled the citizens to build in the style of Genoa or Turin,—of Rouen or Nancy;—adopting the Gothic or the Grecian orders;—the city, therefore, has what the French term 'un aspect façonnier,'—a formality in its general features more nearly resembling the appearance of the Hague than a French capital: but there is spaciousness and air almost everywhere; and the sun's rays, except in a few streets of not much import, find free range, and impart a cheerful brightness infinitely more desirable than grandeur in dim and dusky thoroughfares. This is what I entered upon to-day. If Rennes be not a lively place of residence it is roomy, and clean, and fresh looking, and suggestive of wholesome habitations: and after all I had felt and smelt some weeks previous, it seemed to me almost English in its proprieties. The Hôtel de France 'me accepit,' as Horace says:—a dull mansion, externally, in a dull but respectable street, Rue de la Monnaie, out of which you enter a spacious inner court or quadrangle, which is rather stylish and well cared for,—having evergreens, vases, garden benches, &c., distributed at its sides, and most diligently swept and purified. The population amounts to forty-six thousand souls; about ten thousand less than that of Amiens, and though there was not much appearance of traffic and stirring life in the streets (which struck me as being singularly still) it was easy to perceive that a good business was carried on, not only in the central and

handsomest quarter, but in the numerous thoroughfares intersecting it, where many of the shops equalled in brilliancy and style the most respectable in Paris. The sail-cloth manufactories are nearer to the river; those for damask also:—but none of the linen cloth factories, so renowned in 1556,—and held in high esteem by the English people in the reign of Mary—are now in existence.

I was struck by the number of Booksellers' shops. Within seven minutes I counted twelve; in the windows of one of which I saw an edition of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' crown 8vo., translated into French. The river Vilaine, flowing from East to West, separates the town into two unequal parts, the most considerable of which, on the site ravaged by the conflagration, stands on the incline shelving towards the right bank of the river. This is the handsome section. The Canal of the Ille and Rance, carried from North to South, and the river Ille itself, surround the West side, or 'Haute Ville,' with two-fold streams which ultimately enter the Vilaine. With so much water at hand one would expect to see engine houses and hydraulic machinery erected to throw it, after our fashion, into every home in the town. As it is, the boys hawk water about the streets with the cry of 'l'eau! l'eau!' as in London they cry 'muffins.' I could not obtain any satisfactory account of the origin of the dreadful Fire. A pestilence was raging in France at the same time. Some attribute it to wanton, wilful

carelessness on the part of the soldiers in crowded barracks near the Place St. Pierre; others have retained the belief of their great-grandfathers that it was kindled by political incendiaries at the period of the notorious Mississippi Scheme, about three years before Louis XV. ascended the throne. This terrible conflagration consumed eight hundred houses, and continued its ravages through a whole week; ending on the twenty-ninth day of December, and effecting a clearance which threatened to leave the whole population homeless. There are five or six corners, however, which eluded the flame. The Place St. Anne, the Grande Place de Lices (Tilt-yard), the precincts of the Cathedral, the Rue Guillaume, near it, and the Rue St. Malo,—and these serve to show what a dingy, fetid, unwholesome city stood here in the beginning of the eighteenth century: relics which cannot but teach the present generation that the loss of those eight hundred houses was a gain: and, in the day that now is, the Basse-ville, an ill-built, ill-ventilated, wretchedly paved district, would be undoubtedly benefited by a Fire. The streets in this part exhibit a peculiar and odious paving composed of a material very like our Verulam pudding stone, called by the Rennes' folk 'Caillou (pebble) de Rennes,' and terrible to walk on. Sufficient, however, has been created in the formation of the modern city to redeem all this; and, as I have already observed, no one could enter it and not admire. The Palais de Justice

(Law Courts) is a superb edifice, though somewhat top-heavy;—the statues of four illustrious jurisconsults, represented sitting, forming a very appropriate decoration of the fore-courts. They immortalize the memory of Seneschal d'Argentré, Toullier, La Chatolais, and Gerbier. The principal Hall, *au premier*, is magnificent.

The modern Cathedral is, unfortunately, a conglomeration of the errors of bad taste. The cost of its erection might have raised a beautiful temple. I think the architect had in his eye the general effect of the Cathedral at Orleans; but the two towers that are here carried to such a considerable height serve but to teach beginners in architectural study the principal orders of Greece;—and present the same unmeaning appearance with those of Evreux Cathedral already mentioned. The long window between them is only fit for a coach-builder's premises. The Interior is the *beau idéal* of a Corn Exchange or the Entry Hall of a Terminus Station; well suited for the North-Western Railway head quarters in Euston Square. There are nine Ionic columns, on either side, and three club-room candelabra carrying twenty-four globe lamps, each. There was nothing else to look upon! and I hurried away somewhat *dégouté*. The Church of All Saints' exterior proved to be a *replica* on a reduced scale; and the oldest Church—St. Meleine or Notre Dame —with equally repulsive masonry in its exterior, positively scared my senses by the hideous ugliness

of its interior. Here was a large gathering of upwards of two hundred persons at a grand marriage. The bridegroom and bride sate in chairs immediately in front of the rails of the altar. The ceremony had not concluded, but I saw a very handsome and very elegantly attired matron lady walk round the aisles and nave distributing an immense quantity of 'Pain Bénit' (already described) —a brioche cut into two hundred morsels. There were twelve carriages waiting: two or three exhibiting crests of the Nobility. While in the precincts of the Cathedral, I wended my way to that very ancient mediæval gate with its flanking towers, the Porte Mordelaise (see Vignette on title page), nearly eight hundred years old;—a capital specimen, if it were but cleared of the encumbering rubbish of a modern garret-like lodge on its summit, just above the characteristic machicoulis and windows and chimneys which some barbarous citizens of the sixteenth century, infected with virulent utilitarianism, superimposed (simply because they found themselves enabled so to do and to save the cost of a hundred pounds) on one of the purest specimens of Military architecture that has ever been handed down from the eleventh century.

Next in order I threaded my way into a musty, stifling lane, called the Rue Guillaume, not a hundred yards from the Hôtel, to see the 'Ancienne Maison.' Here were two well carved wooden statuettes surmounting elongated corbels; the one

representing a mailed warrior; the other a female with her right hand tied to the bough of a tree! All the frontage, figures inclusive, was *bien badigeonné*, as the French term it;—alias, covered with the white-wash of many years' sedulous preservation of all that chisel and graving tool had effected in the fourteenth century! The University on the splendid quay is a goodly pile, and there are blocks of houses on the River side worthy of new Paris. The public walks are charming. The promenade, *par excellence*, of Mt. Tabor commands a prospect of the whole of Rennes and of part of the Valley of the Vilaine.

The Hotel de Ville, a superb structure, with a central clock-tower, constituting an improvement on our 'Horse Guards' (forty-six windows in the frontage), stands upon the site of the ancient Præsidium—the Palace of the Dukes of Brittany—in which that same Lady Constance,* immortalized chiefly by Shakspere in 'King John,' where, throwing herself to the ground, she exclaims, in her wild grief for the wrongs of her son Arthur,

> "——— Here I and Sorrow sit—
> Here is my throne! let kings come bow to it,"

held her Court, as heiress of the kingdom; as, in after times, did Anne, Duchess of Brittany and Queen of France, whose romantic history has already

* Daughter of Conan le Petit, Earl of Richmond and Duke of Brittany.

been dwelt upon in Vol. I., and would furnish incidents for many a lengthened tale of Peace or War; the latter, unfortunately for herself as for her adversaries, having been the *status* both of her single and married life, and a melancholy blot upon a country whose feuds and conflicts retarded, beyond all other causes, the advance of civilization. The Princess herself was in advance of her age. While many unlettered ladies of that day did little else than spin and embroider and go out with the hawks or hounds, this distinguished personage, familiar, as it is said, with the dead languages, wrote Latin letters and read works of current literature: the 'Elizabeth' of the time, without the Tudor queen's tyrannical caprice, false-heartedness, and innate cruelty.

RENNES traces its origin from remote antiquity. Its site was peopled by a race called the Rhedones, who, with five other, formed a Gaulish confederation, known as the Armorican cities. These were subjected to the Roman power by Publius Crassus, one of Julius Cæsar's generals, and became important strongholds garrisoned by the troops of that all-conquering nation till the sixth century, when the ancient Bretons seized the whole, and made an independent state, which gradually developed itself into the Dukedom of Brittany. In common with other seats of government and large and influential communities, this City became at various periods, through many generations intervening between its earliest existence and settled authority in France (in

the seventeenth century), a centre of political and religious conflict; harassed by feuds and revolts, and subjected to all the miserable vicissitudes of those contentions for mastery which signalized the conspiracies leading to civil war, and the sanguinary struggles of the League,—to enjoy but a short breathing time of tranquillity before the outbreak of the Great Revolution. The men of Rennes behaved at that awful period with great moderation. They sent the flower of their youth to serve with distinction in the armies of the Republic, but were never violent partisans of Napoleon; and they continue to this day a loyal, self-respecting and contented people. Since 1804 the population has doubled itself; the enormous increase of traffic accruing from the Great Western Railway of France having in no light degree contributed, of late years, to increase the importance of its position and all the sources of permanent prosperity.

Having quitted Rennes early in the day, we reached VITRÉ within two hours and a half:—a small town on an eminence overlooking the Vilaine, and almost made up of round towers and monuments of the middle ages, interspersed with decaying and dismal old dwellings only fit for rats, and some garish newly-built mansions. To sit here in a nook of the long walls, and read Froissart or Monstrelet, is a luxurious diversion; for, beheld from its *enceinte murale*, this old cradle, so to speak, of feudalism realizes all that we read of the homes of citizens

in the dark ages. It is a perfect type of those towns that sent forth fighting men armed in chain mail, and wielding maces and two-handed swords, to do battle at Norman Tinchebraie, or dispute French territory with our Plantagenets. Its ramparts, barbacans, machicolations, and fortified gates, that did good service long before 'villainous sal-petre' had been 'digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth,' and suggest the exclusive use of bows and balistas, are grand relics and illustrations of ancient warfare; and as we go in at one postern and out at another, and cast the eye down into the dry fosses and crumbling escarpments, the only objects desirable to fill up the picture drawn by stimulated fancy is a steel-clad warder, or a standard-bearer mounting the stone stair to hang out the flag of defiance!

> "Within the barbacan a porter sate
> Day and night duly keeping watch and ward,
> Nor wight, nor word mote pass out of the gate,
> But in good order and with due regard."
>
> (SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

Amid all these massive cylinders of granite are distributed some of the most rotten and miserable of wooden and stone houses, encased with scale slate and moss and mildewed lichens, and nodding in their oblique decrepitude to decay. In the Rue Poterie and Rue Baudrairie are just such groups of dingy tenements on granite posts or pillars (deco-

rated, *quand même*, with statuettes of warriors or chimerical monsters), as have been already spoken of as characteristics of the dark lanes of Dol and Morlaix. There are arcades formed by the trembling porches of these dwellings which, however marcid and forbidding in aspect, are not above two hundred and fifty years old; and appear to be passing away in lingering death among the glorious towers and turrets, that defy age or assault, around them.

The stranger comes all on a sudden (no agreeable surprise) on the Rue Notre Dame, leading out of Place Napoléon, on white-faced and decorated modern mansions, which convey the idea of young people waiting for the decease of old;—the continuation of such attractive rows of buildings depending on the successive falls of their dilapidated and moribund neighbours. On the Church wall of Notre Dame is the counterpart, as to design, of that out-door pulpit which was described under the head of St. Lo, in Vol. I. This of Vitré is very superior to it. It is about three hundred and seventy years old: perfect in its carved stone decorations, and, whether in respect of design or completeness, is unique in Europe. The natives, in their degeneracy, ridicule the mere idea of its being used for the delivery of a sermon! The devout centurions of the day of François Premier may have suffered the word of exhortation, and, in a hot summer's afternoon, considered an *al fresco* congregation in the light of a boon to

the faithful. On no account let the traveller fail to halt here. The trains will serve either in the forenoon or afternoon for a stay of five hours, and take him afterwards into Laval or Le Mans in good time for dinner or supper.

An elderly Englishman who had left Rennes with me regarded the mediæval curiosities with somewhat of Gallio's indifference, and was intent on pushing on, directly he alighted, for Château les Rochers, about three miles distant, to see the quondam residence of Madame de Sévigné, who lived there in the picturesque old house at different periods between 1654 and 1690, and wrote from her little study two hundred and sixty-seven of her well-known letters. She was a remarkable woman, and exhibited unquestionable abilities and penetration, but rose not much above the level of her age in taste or principle; and her merciless animosity with respect to the French Protestants I have always considered to be simply abominable. Old Maintenon evinced an equally truculent and un-Christian malevolence.

I was now re-entering localities with which former years had made me familiar, and, passing by LAVAL, regained my old quarters at the 'Boule d'or' in Le Mans. The hotel was now under a new and certainly not superior management. The entry and threshold, floors and corridors, down-stairs, were dirty: and the waiters in their shirt sleeves (!) equally so, and as noisy by day as the market-clock

by night, which, but for my having qualified myself by pleasurable fatigue for sound slumber, would, as of old, have rendered tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, a stranger to my eyelids.

A stroll into the Cathedral was the best of all after-dinner recreations. The choir, rarely equalled, —perfect of its kind — was beautiful as ever. The flying buttresses of the exterior are certainly too *prononcés*, or, as men say now-a-days, too 'demonstrative,' and in this respect especially so, that they suggest the idea of props and stays to prevent a bulging and a fall: which, in fact, they were intended for; as is seen, with equal objections, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

The most thorough enjoyment of all the dioramic beauties of Le Mans Cathedral is decidedly attained by entering it at dusk, when the silence and dim religious light and fading perspectives constitute a charm which no language is adequate to describe, and awaken feelings of no evanescent nature. There were eight individuals on their knees in the nave at 8 P.M.

12*th*.—At the glover's shop, where I stepped in to make a purchase, the young *gantière* offered me, under the head of 'gants convenables pour un homme de mon age,' a pair of *scarlet* cloth make! She could not have mistaken me, I was sure, for a prelate! I said I had seen the Bishop of Quimper thus fitted a few days ago, but they were too much of the *teint de homard* for my taste. She assured me they were

very commonly worn, and I could only observe that the wearers must appear to have thrust their hands into boiled lobster shells.

Had time permitted, I should have spent another happy week in that old city, LE MANS, one of the most curious and interesting in all France. To trace its history from the period of Celtic Gaul to the present day, or meditate by the banks of Sarthe on all that was done and suffered here between the days of Trajan and Napoleon, is a scholar's luxury; though the terrible infinitely exceeds the credible in such annals: but my course lay direct for Paris through CHARTRES. [At the station here I saw the counterpart of that peculiar stonework which fell under my observation at Landerneau in Brittany.] After having so recently rejoiced in the contemplation of the many beautiful spires of that province, I could not bend my regards on those of the otherwise glorious Cathedral of Chartres, which, from their uncongenial dissimilarity, devoid of compensating excellence, are so repulsive. The sacred pile, however, has that *within* which, as Hamlet says, passeth show; and my recollections of four visits consecrate the memory of all its features and influences. Mindful of past delight, while recording the wonderful masterpieces of Gothic art in the most delicate sculpture that has survived the outrages of the Revolution, I have introduced a minute sample of the exterior of the choir screen as a vignette in the First Volume of this work. The carving is in

many parts as fine as filigree, and evinces alike the consummate skill of the artist and the durability of the material. The traveller inspecting this magnificent interior for the first time, should devote two hours at least to the inspection of the statuary so worthy of this special mention.

After another glimpse of the Maintenon Aqueduct, thirteen miles further on, and a splendid view, in sunshine, of royal Versailles, we re-entered PARIS.

A few days of leisurely recreation in the vast and magnificent capital of France, after many hundred miles of travel, recruit both body and mind. The *habitué* wanders from North to South, from East to West, amid its squares, boulevards and streets; and, as Falstaff says of Worcester's breach of loyalty—Interest and Pleasure lie in his way, and he finds them. I shall reserve for the conclusion of these volumes the account of a long visit to the Palais des Archives de l'Empire, one of the most interesting *répertoires* of that witness which ancient writings bear to the events and characters of bygone times that the world contains, and with which I have reason to believe the majority of our English tourists very rarely become acquainted. Meanwhile my own pen may record a few jottings by the ways traversed in a leisurely stroll through the old and new thoroughfares of the ever interesting and thought-engrossing city.

The archways and palatial chambers above them which were to unite the Louvre with the Tuileries

are now complete; the connecting edifice—in continuation of the immense façade—being called the Pavillon de Lesdiguières and the Pavillon de Tremouille. These front the Quay and the Bridge called the Pont du Carrousel, and constitute a grand feature on the bank of the Seine: especially in the prominence given to two very beautifully executed statues representing Martial Prowess and the blessed Results of Peace. One statue, a male figure, wearing scale armour under a mantle and robe, holds up a sword and a palm branch. It stands on the prow of a war galley, which exhibits a ram's head (referring probably to this recent appendage of Fighting Ships), two boys alongside carrying a helmet and weapons. The other statue, female, uplifts a torch, alluding to the Enlightenment of Mankind by Education and Learning; in her left hand, a palm branch and olive intertwined. This effigy is placed on the bows of a trading vessel: two children at the side, hold a sickle and a sheaf of corn and a book. The whole effect is excellent; purely French, but not without impressiveness. Above, in a shallow semi-circular niche, about twenty feet higher up in the frontage, is a bronze alto-relievo representing the reigning Emperor on horseback, much in the style of the equestrian statue of Henry the Fourth at the Pont Neuf. It has a very good appearance, and is very appropriately and deservedly introduced at this section of the stupendous Palace, which he has, within only a few years, succeeded, not only in

rendering complete in its entire design, but amplified and adorned on every side on a scale of magnificence compared with which the Palace at Versailles is but a barrack.

Having crossed the Pont du Carrousel and gained the opposite Quay, I entered a new edifice called the Imperial School of Art. Here, in the spacious vestibule leading into the immense hall, were a great many persons intently examining models in clay, eight in number, sent in by the candidates for a prize to be bestowed on the most approved alto-relievo, which should represent Alexander the Great drinking off the potion in the presence of Philip the court physician of Macedon. While Alexander was in Cilicia, that Macedonian province of Asia Minor which eventually became a Roman territory, (the birthplace of St. Paul,) he contracted a dangerous fever by bathing in the river Cydnus while in a state of profuse perspiration. Lying in this critical state he received a letter from Parmenius, his favourite general, but whom he eventually put to death (not on grounds connected with the incident about to be related), to apprize him that Philip the physician meditated his death by administering poison in a composing draught. Hereupon Alexander, having summoned the accused, without any intimation of what had been communicated, placed the letter in his hands, and at the same time, with his eyes fixed on his countenance, drained the cup which Philip had directed to be given to his patient on that

morning. This was the incident forming the subject of the relievos, four feet in length, two feet three in height. They all displayed great merit, not only in conception but in execution. On inquiry, I discovered that the one I had most admired—the work of M. Allier of Toulon—was the winning model. It represented the monarch turning the drained goblet downward; his eyes steadily gazing on the physician, who exhibits horror and indignation. A young man (a warrior), and an aged one, a civilian, by the side of Alexander, eye the accused with anxious scrutiny. History records that Alexander heaped honours on the maligned *medico*, expressing implicit reliance on his skill and unimpeachable integrity. The work was eventually to be wrought in stone or marble, and was probably intended for the College of Physicians.

Following out investigations of works of Art, I next dropped in at one of the principal publishing houses, where the illustrations of scenery and costumes of foreign countries are got up in very superior style. Here I was made acquainted with a striking instance of the petty tyranny to which the now almost exploded system of Inspectorship and Bureaucracy had been carried. The head of this firm had printed a large edition of "Paris Illustré," and in conformity with the regulation of the Government had submitted the copies to the Inspector for that department. The drawings from which the engravings were made had been executed

before the well-known bronze statue of Napoleon, habited in his favourite *redingote*, and wearing the small cocked hat, had been supplaced by the heroic (unmeaning) statue which now surmounts the Column in the Place Vendôme. A message was conveyed to the Print publisher that he must cancel that particular plate which exhibited the *ci-devant* effigy. "It must not go forth to the public;" and a new print was accordingly completed, in which the present statue was represented. Official despotism could hardly go farther than this. The Authorities, at the period of the Restoration of Louis XVIII., exhibited far better judgment and feeling when they left the portraits of Napoleon on the painted ceilings and covings of the Tuileries Palace untouched; though the familiar features met the eyes of multitudes as often as the State apartments were thrown open.

From this Magasin d'Estampes to the Place St. Sulpice. Having so recently as July stood by the Lions in Trafalgar Square, it occurred to me to make a careful inspection of Lamand's diminutive four at the Bishop's Fountain in front of the Church of St. Sulpice. The seated figures in the niches of this monument represent Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, Flechier of Nismes, Massillon of Clermont, and Fenelon of Cambrai. The surface of the stone out of which the animals were cut exhibits a decidedly prejudicial action from the atmosphere; a circumstance indicative of the unfitness of the quarry for

works of Art; for these statues have not yet been wrought twenty-five years. They were, doubtless, modelled from life, but the artist has failed to express in any one of them the dignified aspect of the King of Beasts, and was unfortunate in being constrained to make their throats the conduits of water into the great vase beneath, for they appear to be laughing rather than roaring; and two of them bear a remarkable resemblance to Voltaire, though that bad man was said to blend in his countenance the features of the eagle and the monkey; whence has been inferred his possession of the fire and rapidity of the one animal, with the mischievous restlessness and petulance of the other. The attitudes of these wild beasts, couchant, is not natural, but constrained; and their inferiority to the majestic Nelson Column group, compared with which they are mere little cubs, is strikingly manifest.

From these to the Halle, or Great Market of St. Eustache. Here the absence of needful oversight was most offensively marked by an unsupportable stench from the Poultry Section,—the malaria of which extended beyond five-and-twenty feet in the direction of the stalls, reeking with the offal of entrails from the birds. The women *draw* the fowls and even large birds, on the spot, directly they are sold: not before, as in our country; and they cast out the filth, right and left; rendering their standing-places so noisome as to be almost unapproachable. The Fish department, sluiced with abundance

of water, was exemplarily clean and scentless. On inquiry, I found prices much the same with those obtained in London, but Meat was thirty per cent. dearer, and very indifferent in quality: the veal alone seeming wholesome and fine in tissue. If the same spirit of interference which mulcted my acquaintance in the Print publishing line had thrust its nose into the Marché aux Volailles, it would have worked positive good. The police sergeants were pacing the open square, in full enjoyment of the mephitic odours, but took no notice: but, as I have already remarked, there seems to be an incapacity in the French olfactory nerves to distinguish smells;—to sever the piquant from the pestilential; and as these are always blended in Paris, the probability is that the public nose exercises the philosophy touched upon by Shakspere, in mention of the mingled yarn of Human life, and inhales good and ill together with enviable complacency and contentment.

English manufactures are not commonly seen in the retail houses in Paris. In the course of many miles' perambulation, I could not fall in with any except in Rue St. Martin, the Cheapside of the French metropolis; where, in a very large barrel placed outside a shop door, I saw a label attached to the article, announcing that it was filled with 'Épingles Anglaises.' The introduction of some millions of dozens of our white-handled and best steel-bladed knives would be an immense boon to the community; as would an equal number of

dessert and teaspoons, even in Britannia metal, if not in electrotype: for to this hour the general supply at breakfast is the spoon intended for soup. I think there has been no improvement whatever in the French cutlery within the last fifty years.

The Railways have originated the same kind of 'Pleasure Vans' that run through London in July and August, loaded with thirty persons each, to be conveyed to the several Stations for a day's excursion. I observed, however, that the parties thus on the move were very many degrees higher in the social scale than those we see thus accommodated in London. In one instance the huge caravan was occupied entirely by *gens comme il faut.* There are beautiful environs within ten miles of the capital;—and in a fine summer day these jaunts must be most delectable.

Walking homeward from the Rue Rambuteau, I paused a few minutes to look into the Rue Beaubourg, near the Church of St. Eustache. I stepped it, and found the extreme width to be fourteen feet. The Rue Brantôme and the Impasse Berthaud, in the same quarter, measured *eight* feet across! Does Haussmann merit all the vituperation heaped upon his plans of demolition? These wretched streets and alleys are rapidly disappearing, and in no quarter of Paris will their extinction be more timely or more welcome than in that of St. Eustache where, though the noble Church and Market (barring the *Poultry* department!) are

redeeming features, there is still only too large room for improvement. This is the more to be regretted, in that the splendid new Boulevard de Sebastopol cuts its way into this very district, and thus brings magnificence into immediate contact with squalid need and filthiness. The walk commencing at the 'Observatoire' and terminating with the Station of the Great-Eastern of France, is one of the most interesting, perhaps, in the whole of Paris, if not of the country at large.

Among the many curiosities *d'un certain genre*, which our countrymen would do well to notice, is the Orfila (Anatomical) Museum, in the vicinity of the École de Médecine. It is on a very limited scale compared with its near neighbour the Museum of Dupuytren; but the arrangement is admirable, and many of the preparations are equal to the finest in the Gabinetto Phisico of Florence. In one of the cases was the skeleton of a negro female alongside of one of a female chimpanzee. The similarity, at first glance, is very remarkable; but the pelvis in the brute is three times larger than in the human subject. The number of ribs is identical. There is the skeleton also of a gorilla nearly six feet six inches in height: another of a Calmuc Tartar (seven feet nine inches high), who lived thirty-three years; and two of two French giants, one being seven feet nine inches, the other seven feet six inches in stature. I saw, however, in the year 1823, in London, a living Anak of the same nation, named

Henry Louis, who measured eight feet three inches—a stature only equalled by that of the Miss Swan, who, in February 1869, took up her quarters at the Langham Hotel, where a sofa was placed at the foot of her bed for her legs to rest on, as they were in excess of the length of the bed by upwards of twenty inches! I saw her afterwards in an exhibition room in Piccadilly, where were also the hideous and revolting Siamese Twins, and two young women introduced as their daughters (!), who bore marvellous resemblance to a couple of healthy buxom Yorkshire lasses, and spoke with an accent strongly suggestive of Whitby.

I now took a drive down the Boulevard Malesherbes to the Parc de Monceaux,—a beautiful creation of French gardening, as early in its origin as the year 1778, when it was the property of the infamous Duke of Orleans, Philippe 'Egalité,' father of Louis Philippe, Roi des François; but it passed through many proprietorships and phases, and is now a portion of the lands vested in the Municipality of Paris. The taste pervading every rood of this charming retreat from the heat, dust, and racket of the capital, is worthy of all admiration; and the thriving condition of numerous exotics and even tropical plants, among which I distinguished the caoutch and sugar-cane, in the *open air*, indicates a temperature in the climate of Paris to which our own country is strange. Here there is actually a perfect lawn, the rarest object on the Continent. The

generally pleasing effect of this scene is considerably heightened by streams of running water and two cascades, and a little lake, on the brink of which stands an admirable model of a Grecian temple. The exotic shrubs are scattered in abundance; and as for geraniums they are planted in millions.

The lawn owes its velvety surface to excellent grass seed, frequent careful mowing and weeding, and, above all, copious irrigation supplied from the water by an apparatus of tubing similar to the flexible pipes used for laying dust in the streets. And this, be it said, is no light success. The difficulty of securing the moisture essential to the cultivation of these ornamental grass-plots is so great, and entails, in general, such heavy expense, that even the 'tapis vert,' as the long slope from the Palace to the Basin is called at Versailles, is left in what our gardeners call wiry scrubbiness; and the Grand Duke of Nassau only manages to preserve the lawn at his riverside palace at Biberich by an extensive hydraulic apparatus built up in the rear of the premises for the express purpose of watering the grass; the exhalations from the Rhine itself, flowing at the very margin, proving inadequate to preserve sufficient humidity.

It is the only lawn which an Englishman on the Grand Tour of Europe will find comparable with those which, in our country, are as commonly seen as grit and gravel.

The public accommodation is lavishly provided for in this retreat from noise, heat, and dust by hundreds of metal wrought chairs painted to imitate bamboo; and here one may sit and read or write, and meditate in sunshine or shade *ad libitum*, for a whole summer's afternoon, and forget the very existence of Paris. Some beautiful villas are in progress of erection in the immediate vicinity, whose occupiers will, within a year, walk about and recreate themselves as delectably as sunshine and idleness amid flowers and running waters, —the Elysium of a Frenchman,—can enable them. The Parisians do, in fact, enjoy their 'Monceaux' with grateful appreciation. The entry-gates are a magnificent specimen of iron castings, gilt and burnished most brilliantly; only to be equalled by the grilles and gates in Nancy.

Quitting this fascinating spot, we speedily enter the Avenue de la Reine Hortense, planted with double rows of trees, in imitation of the Grande Route d'Entrée to Versailles from Paris. The extremity of this avenue is closed by the Arc de Triomphe, through which, on the road to Courbevoie, and at the turning point leading to Neuilly, may be discerned, at a considerable distance, the statue of Napoleon, *en redingote* [the word framed by the French out of our 'riding-coat'], which formerly surmounted the column in the Place Vendôme, and of which particular mention was made in the few last pages. It was taken down eight years

since, after having stood thirty-one years; the bronze having been supplied by cannon taken at Algiers.

Leading up to the magnificent Arch there are now eleven grand roads or avenues, one of which is the Avenue Joséphine; her statue being at the commencement of it. Another leads off to the Bois de Boulogne: Fort Valerian being a conspicuous feature on the distant eminence to the right. Others bear the name of Neuilly, Wagram, Haussmann, the King of Rome, the Emperor, Friedland, &c. The most remarkable, however, next to that of the Champs Elysées, which is a mile and a half in length, is the Avenue Joséphine. Her statue is very characteristic. On the pedestal is an inscription stating that it was erected to her memory by the City of Paris: the dates 1763 and 1814 being annexed to record her birth and decease. The Empress is represented bearing in her hand a rose and a *fleur de lis*. The last-named flower was probably introduced as a kindly reminiscence of her parentage and first husband; her father, Count Tascher de la Pagerie, of St. Martinique, having been a subject of the Bourbon King Louis XV.; and her first husband, the Visconte de Beauharnais, having, as a royalist, been guillotined in his thirty-fourth year during the 'Reign of Terror' in France. On the reverse of the pedestal is another inscription: 'Sous la protection spéciale de l'Impératrice Joséphine l'Institution St. Perine,

transferée à Auteuil en 1862, fut fondée à cette place en 1801—1806.'

In the Avenue of the King of Rome stands a small and hardly yet finished palace, the residence of the justly deposed Queen of Spain. Whatever her *moral* retrospect may be, she enjoys a most beautiful *back-view* of Paris from her second drawing-room looking eastward; the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides forming a conspicuous feature. The avenue, however, is not yet completed, nor is likely to be before the end of the year 1870; and the mansion here referred to is, at present, in close proximity to mounds of cement and stone and building materials, and the carcases of houses; fabrics in contemplation and *in futuro*; illustrating, in some respects, the approaching accession to supreme power, in Spain, of a party as yet unknown.

From the site of the *ci-devant* Trocadéro and all the space cleared between the Place du Roi de Rome, overlooking the Pont de Jena, I took my final farewell survey of Paris. The clearances in this quarter have been, in every sense of the word, wonderful. Before the plan came into operation, it was accounted impossible; and the farming community and market gardeners' hopes and wishes were fathers to the thought; for while Haussmann's clerks of the works were paying wages to the labourers exceeding seven francs a day, not a man could be procured to get in the harvest; and corn, fruit,

vegetables, and grass perished in the midst of blessed abundance, for want of hands to gather and to store, or convey produce to market. Apprehending, perhaps, a violent and general protest from all the taxed inhabitants of the capital, which might cause a sudden suspension of, if not permanent interdict against, further continuation of the costly works, the Committee of Improvements appear to have carried on the mighty operations 'against time;' doing the labour of three days in one by extra hours and enhanced pay: terms which were sure to bring the whole mass of able-bodied men resident within three or even five miles of Paris, into the City.

The Emperor says he has crowned the Edifice of Liberty; and the Commissioners point to the new streets and boulevards and avenues, and the demolished *ruelles* and *impasses*, and say they have crowned Paris: in their latest enlargements especially. *Finis coronat opus.* The *fait accompli* is, indeed, astonishing, and will in the course of time be fully justified.

The prospect from where I this day stood at gaze overlooked the Seine and the bridges of the Hôtel des Invalides, d'Alma, Jena, and Grenelle, the remaining ten being concealed by bends in the river: the eye rested, centrally, on the immediately opposite Champ de Mars, at that time an arid plain;—the site of the late Exposition Internationale. On the left, above the horizon, rose Mont-

martre: then came Belleville and the Buttes de Chaumont, of which such advantageous mention was made in Vol. I.

The extreme right included Juvisy, Corbeil, and Chatillon, and Bagneux, touching upon Arcueil. A forest of spires, towers, columns, domes, shafts of factories, roofage of every degree of altitude, among Theatres and Railway Termini, rose out of the densely covered *thirty square miles* of Paris. Its population is still only half that of London, but such statistical reports as the following were interesting accompaniments to the survey I was this day taking, and may enhance the pleasure to be derived from the same prospect by others after me:—Consumption in one year, 33 million gallons of wine; 7 million gallons of beer; 13 million pounds of grapes; 200 million pounds of meat; and as much poultry and game as realized eight hundred thousand pounds; butter to the amount of nine hundred thousand pounds sterling, —among sixty-four parishes comprehending one million eight hundred and ninety thousand Roman Catholics (exclusive of the military), sixty thousand Protestants, twenty thousand Jews, and about thirty thousand individuals of other dissident creeds. There may be, at the present period, in this number about three thousand English residents. I think that, upon the whole, the most satisfactory conception of the extent of Paris, and of the activity pervading its streets, is attained from the towers of

the Cathedral: but whether surveyed from this eminence or from the Vendôme Column, the Tour St. Jacques, or the Dome of St. Geneviève (Panthéon), the noise in the streets is not so continuous and penetrating as that which comes upon the ears in London, whether looked upon from our Monument or from the Duke of York's Column. It was ascertained, some five years since, that there were eighteen thousand more horses in harness going about our streets than there were about the same period in Paris.

A propos de chevaux, the Improvers have laid down an admirable 'Ladies' Mile' between the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées; and though the ground is fresh the hoofs fall lightly on it. The number, however, of French young ladies figuring as equestrians in Paris is insignificant enough compared with our mounted demoiselles. The *pater-familias* across the water, however well pleased to behold the development of a faultless form in his cherished Amelie or Marie Louise attired in a riding habit,—and the bewitching attractiveness of the loveliest of hats and plumes—is affected with serious misgivings as to the issue of all this pretty horsemanship. Will his daughter contract an union with the man of easy fortune who will be able to keep two horses? After all other outgoings, so infinitely exceeding incomings, will there be 4000 francs annually available for this indulgence? He sees, daily, in the 'Bois' and other riding grounds, twenty

fine girls cantering to admiration, and mistresses of the *manége*, without twenty sous for a dowry; and he wonders how the chesnut or the bay will be kept *after marriage:* and revolves the question whether it were not the wiser course to leave saddles and *promenades à cheval* alone altogether—unless there be more than a mere probability of the husband *in posse* being able to afford a continuance of such expensive out-door exercise, and to share it, moreover, with his better half. This is a rumination which may possibly occupy the thoughts of some English mamma seated in the summer season in Hyde Park, while Florence is cavalcading between twelve and two o'clock, and acquiring a taste for equitation.

I met some English horsewomen in the Avenue Montaigne, a quarter in which some very beautiful residences are in progress of erection; and, perhaps, this is one of the most delectable districts for family mansions, being equi-distant from the Court and the Arch, through which, having once passed, a carriage may be said to be entering on a drive out of town; not that this is so common a desideratum in the French capital as in our own; for the breadth and airiness, the brightness and ever lively features of their principal boulevards, and the infinite superiority of the Parisian MacAdamized roads to ours, encourage the owners of private carriages to take airings on these spacious well watered, well regulated 'Broadways,' in preference to suburban or

village visiting. They have no taste for the open fields, or what we call 'peeps into the country.' Paris is for the Parisians: they love it, and with all its expensiveness, its disturbances, its heat or cold, sunshine or fog, are happy to live and die in it, and many call it PARADIS!

CHAPTER VII.

LE PALAIS DES ARCHIVES.

THE concluding word of the last Chapter was written quite *à propos*, but unconsciously, to the opening of this, which will record, as briefly and entertainingly as the subject may permit, all that a visit of some hours brought under my notice—in the Palais des Archives, Rue de PARADIS —a continuation of the Rue de Rambuteau, in the neighbourhood of St. Eustache. This spacious and truly palatial edifice was formerly the town-mansion of the old family of Rohan-Soubise, and had not been built above twelve years when Louis XV. ascended the throne. The ruinous results of the Revolution were the main cause of its abandonment by the noble owners within less than a century after their first occupation of the premises, and it eventually became the property of the State, and, being annexed to two other mansions immediately contiguous (a part of which formed in early times the Hotel of the Dukes de Guise), a very large Government office has been formed for the Records of the Empire, for the Printing Department of the State, and several other purposes in connection with

these,—including an extensive and handsome Museum, as it may be called, in which are some thousand feet length of glazed cases and frames; —resembling those in our British Museum—containing, it is said, the oldest documents in the world, — admirably arranged and classified, and bringing distinctly under view an almost inexhaustible series of manuscripts, and even papyri, dated, in some instances, so early as the sixth and seventh century, and so recently, again, as the commencement of the nineteenth. These are all in the State apartments of the old palàce, and are accessible on almost every day in the month; forming at once a delightfully interesting and instructive exhibition for the enjoyment of those whom education may have qualified to appreciate such lore. The French mind, however, is not disposed to rest on these subjects, or capable of deriving any gratification from retrospect which, probably, revives only too painful memories, and leads to thoughts that it were happiness to be able to expel from minds only too severely tried in national reverses and afflictions. In a suite of noble rooms, where thousands might have moved to and fro without inconvenience, I saw not above twenty individuals. Such solitude was most favourable for the leisurely transcription which I effected during a stay of four hours; and it struck me that any stranger in Paris, taking up his residence for several years, might here find a daily increasing source of

amusement — might live in the past, and, if he chose, begin with a Charter of Clovis and read on till his glance rested on some of the most cramped and all but illegible autographs of Buonaparte, First Consul,—Napoléon Empereur:—the archives of thirteen centuries. Our countrymen are rarely seen in this curious and valuable depôt; possibly owing to the word 'ARCHIVES' not being suggestive of that entertaining and absorbing novelty which the *nouveau arrivé* in the liveliest capital of Europe seeks out in scenes where the mere mention of musty old letters and leases, deeds and diplomas, would sound ridiculous. But we will pass on to my narrative.

One of the first objects to which my attention was called, after having entered the Vestibule, was a model of the Bastille, about three feet in length, twenty inches wide, and two feet in height. It was cut out of one stone which once lay in the walls of that long abhorred fortress. It is elevated on a little table, around which are suspended twenty-eight keys that used to hang from the belts of the warders up to July 14, 1789, when the infuriated Parisian mob, 50,000 in number, reinforced by the French Guards, who fraternized with them, stormed and took the fortress. The remainder of the stones were worked up by Perronet, the eminent engineer of that period, into the Bridge known as the Pont de la Concorde. Here, too, I was shown the council-table of Louis XIII., at which he and Cardinal Richelieu concocted,

no doubt, many a scheme and deed of 'scoundrelism,' to the great impoverishment of the State, and discontent and disgust of the people.

One of the first curiosities I chanced to light upon, among thousands, was a Diploma, bearing date March 31st, 797, by which CHARLEMAGNE acquits Count Theudald of a charge of treason: and another wherein Theudald makes a donation to the Abbey of St. Denys, dated December 20, of that year. Near this lay the Ratification of an exchange on the part of Louis the First, surnamed Le Débonnaire (son of Charlemagne), Emperor of the West and King of France, dated at Thionville, Nov. 6, 821, when he had associated his eldest son Lothaire with himself in the Empire. Nineteen years after this date he died, in the Monastery in which his other sons had shut him up, on account of his having made Charles, his second son, King of Germany.

Immediately after the inspection of this, I inspected the Papyri of the Mérovingian and Carlovingian dynasties:—they appeared to be writings on the thin lining of the bark of a tree, and showed a Diploma granted by Clovis the Second, A.D. 625, and a donation by Dagobert, A.D. 657, to the poor of Paris. A similar donation lay near, from Clotaire the Second to the Abbey of St. Denys, A.D. 625,—and a judgment in favour of the same Abbey by Childebert the Third, Dec. 13th, 710; and a Release from Pepin the Short, the first of the Carlovingian kings, A.D. 768, the race of that heroic

founder of diplomacy, legislative and ecclesiastical power, and the restorer of learning, Charlemagne, whose empire sank in ruin not long after that disastrous day when his nephew Roland, "with all his peerage fell by Fontarabia."

The Abbey of St. Denys appears to have won all the Court favour; this might be from Dionysius the Martyr being patron Saint of France. King Robert, in another document close to the above, grants certain valuable rights to the Monks of St. Denys, on May 17, 1008—given at Chelles. Near this lay a deed, dated at Meaux, January 11th, 1011, by which Macaire, Bishop of Meaux, confirmed to the Chapter of Notre Dame of Paris the Altars of Rozoy and Moret; this being at the instance of Rainaud, Bishop of Paris.

Alongside of this was an Agreement, dated at St. Quentin, Nov. 1, 1067, in the reign of Philip the First (surnamed L'Amoureux)* son of Henry the First, of France, between Gacelin, an advocate of Viry, on the one part, and Eudes on the other. This was on vellum, occupying fourteen lines: and was placed close to another vellum deed recording the homage of Simon de Montfort (spoken of in a preceding chapter) to Philippe Auguste, April 30, 1216, for the provinces of the south. This Montfort (son of the Count Simon,—who, in 1209, conducted the crusade against the Albigenses,—by an English lady) became a favourite at the Court of

* See vol. i. pp. 187-8.

Henry III. of England, and was created Earl of Leicester, to exercise almost absolute power in our country, till, in hostility against the royal family, he fomented a civil war, and was killed at the battle of Evesham (1265), where Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., was victor.

I then perused a deed executed by eighteen nobles of Angers and Maine, A.D. 1246, each of whom had appended a seal on green wax. Near this hung a petition with thirty-six similar seals, signed by the Clergy of the province of Lyons, A.D. 1308, requesting the Pope to approve a treaty made between the King of France (Philip IV.) and the Archbishop of Lyons.

Not far from the end of this compartment was the mandate of Charles V. of France to his Chancellor, directing that a sum of thirty thousand doubloons of Spain should be dispatched by the treasurers of the king's revenue to the Prince of Wales, then in France, as a ransom for the liberation of his prisoner Bertram de Guesclin.

This was the Charles who founded the Bibliothèque Royale and the Bastile.

On a long counter were outspread, in great abundance, Records of Pepin, Charles Martel, Carloman, his eldest son, Childebert, Dagobert, Eudes, Robert, Lothaire, Hugh Capet; Louis IX. (Saint), John, Philip V., Philip VI., and so on downwards through the reigns of Louis XI., Francis I., and Henry IV., to the last of the

Bourbons;—a series among which it would have been easy to beguile many an hour and day; but the afternoon was far advanced, and I at once addressed my attention to the letters of more recent eras,—lying open,—to the amount of many hundreds.

The first I closely inspected was one addressed by Louis XIV. to the King of Spain, on the decease of Maria Theresa. It was dated at St. Cloud, August 1, 1683, and was chiefly to this effect—that it was with extreme grief he had to communicate the loss he had sustained in the death of the Queen "ma très chère épouse;" that Philip was so nearly related to her as to lead him to believe that this 'funeste coup' would be felt by him as strongly as by himself; and he goes on to express his hope that God might be pleased to console him by His holy grace, and grant the like consolation to Philip!

The consummate hypocrisy of these *words* placed in apposition with the *deeds* of the debauched and adulterous career which had rendered the twenty-three years of his unhappy Queen's married life one long protracted torment, is revolting to contemplate. Louis was a selfish sensualist; and his professions of affection for the outraged sharer of his throne were as despicable in their mockery as his ostentatious pretensions to piety were wickedness in the sight of God.

Close to this memoir, which ought never to have

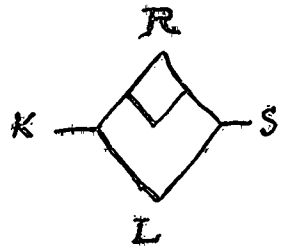
been brought to light, lay a receipt on a sheet of paper (twelve inches by eight), in the handwriting of the beautiful Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin: "Pour servir de quittance de la somme de douze mille livres (francs) que j'ai reçue du trésor royal pour les premières six mois de ma pension de l'année courante, fait à Londres ce 21 Juin 1677. Signed, Hortance de Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin." It will be seen that the lovely Duchess takes no account of the etymology of her baptismal name, nor of the genders of nouns. [My transcript is exact.] She was a very remarkable personage; the third daughter of Lorenzo and Jeromina Mancini, born in Rome A.D. 1646, educated at Paris (by the wish of her uncle, Cardinal Mazarin,) where Charles II., at that time an exile, fell deeply in love with her; but the Cardinal averted that misfortune, and she became the wife of Armand, Duc de la Meilleraie, whom, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, she parted from, seven years after marriage, and remained in Paris for seven subsequent years, and then took up her residence in England about the year 1675. Charles II. had married in 1662, twelve months after her union with Meilleraie. The Duchess resided chiefly in Chelsea, where she lived in elegant style, and gambled, it is said, extravagantly, but maintained an unblemished repute. The first Italian Opera ever introduced in London was rehearsed in her drawing-rooms. St. Evre-

mond, a French nobleman of distinction—as much on account of his literary as of his military genius—and who adopted England as his country when he quarrelled with the French administration, wrote her funeral oration, and, while she was yet living, at her request *read it to her!* She died at Chelsea on the 2nd of July, 1699. The beautiful life-size portrait of this lady,* which was exhibited in the National Portrait Gallery four years since—from my brother's collection—is at present in my own room; and when the receipt met my glance among the archives of France, it naturally recalled an acquaintance with which I had been familiar for upwards of sixty years. The picture is one of the finest specimens of Mignard, the Court painter; dated 1668.

In another case was a letter from Henri, Duc de Guise, Chef de la Ligue, August 1586, to Philip II., thanking him for his services rendered to the League, and protesting his devoted attachment and obedience.

Returning to some of the compartments I had not fully explored, I discovered the Edict (on vellum) which conveyed *the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*, signed at Fontainebleau in October, 1685,—that infamous proclamation which deprived the French Protestants of all exercise of their religion, and even tore from them their children that they might be educated as Roman

* "Hortense eut du Ciel en partage,
La grace, la beauté, l'esprit."—LA FONTAINE.



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Catholics. Calvinism had existed for some years in peaceful separation from the National (Popish) Church, when Louis XIV., like a second Nebuchadnezzar, issued decrees wherein the royal will was announced that the extreme of rigour should be enforced against all who refused to embrace his religion. The fierceness of the 'burning fiery furnace' of his persecution was felt throughout the realm, but prevented not the escape of vast numbers of moral and conscientious people who carried their arts and industry to hostile nations,—to our own, particularly,—in which, to this day, are numerous families, some of them being my esteemed acquaintances, who are lineal descendants of the refugees of the seventeeth century.

Not far from this dread document was a splendid specimen of engrossing; a deed executed in May, 1273, at Senlis, by Philip le Hardi; and, alongside, hung the lease of a Norman Farm, dated July, 1276, at Verneuil, by one Pierre de la Brou. Thirteen seals of as many tenants,—designated "Paysans"—are attached to it.

On a second examination of the Carlovingian compartment, I found a document bearing the peculiar signature of CHARLEMAGNE, which certainly bears a very close resemblance to the apparatus attached to vanes indicating the points of the wind.* This deed bore date February 26th, A.D. 742. The Emperor had not the pen

* See fig. 1 in the preceding page.

of a ready writer! and, like William of Normandy, three centuries later, was said to have frequently made his mark with the pummel of his sword! Charles the Bald, however, a century later than Charlemagne, adopted (as the deed showed, near to the one just mentioned) this identical monogram, and appended, moreover, in inch letters, a word, more conspicuous than intelligible, which signifies 'Legimus' ["we have read the above"], and ratifies a deed dated in the year 841.*

Some way further on lay the papers containing evidence against Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV.; and several letters from Richelieu, Voltaire, and Madame de Pompadour; and a very curious letter addressed to the Regent Orleans (Philip, the second Duke) in 1715,—during that Regency, preceding Louis XV.'s majority, which involved France in bankruptcy and wretchedness. It appears to have been composed by some party who dared not risk handwriting;—each word having been cut out of letterpress and gummed to the sheet of paper, in varying types, but very legible. It is addressed to 'Monseigneur Le Regent,' and expressed in the coarsest language of rancorous hostility. The period was that of Law's Mississippi Scheme: an evil one for the country, and involving the ruin of thousands. Near this was the marriage contract between the Prince de Condé and Mademoiselle de Soubise, May 2nd, 1753.

* Fig. 2, p. 307.

I now entered a magnificent apartment, blazing in burnished gold decoration, which was the State Bed-room of the Princess Soubise when resident in this Palace; and where, within a semicircular balustrade, according to the fashion of those times, the noble lady, *en demie toilette*, used to receive visitors, as she sate up in her gorgeous bed, attended by her ladies. It is hardly necessary to say that these receptions and audiences in the Bed-chamber, previous to the illustrious Bed-occupier's rising [Levée], originated the term still in use in our country, as adopted from the French, to denote the assemblage at Court, and at the Official Residences of Officers of State; many hours *after* their rising!

Here, in a splendid ebony-wood cabinet of beautiful workmanship, are exhibited in frames, under glass, the last will and testament of the murdered King Louis XVI., and the remarkable letter of his Queen, Marie Antoinette, addressed from her cell in the Conciergerie Prison, to Madame Elizabeth de Bourbon, her sister-in-law,—bearing date, before break of day, October 16, 1793,—within a few hours of her death by the guillotine. I published it at length in the first volume of my 'Nooks and Corners in France,'—to which and to all the deeply interesting circumstances connected therewith I must refer my readers.

Madame Elizabeth's will is also framed with the above. She was iniquitously put to death in the year next following.

The King's will bears date December 29th, 1792.

I here saw the Message, conveyed partly on a printed form, partly in writing, and headed COMMUNE DE PARIS, in which the Queen, Marie Antoinette, on January 13th, 1793 [eight days previous to the murder of the King] informs the Government of her daughter Theresa—eventually the Duchesse d'Angoulême—being unwell. Her Majesty requests that a physician, Citoyen Brugier, might see the young princess. The document states that this request is granted, "but Marie Antoinette (*sic*) is not to communicate with Citoyen Brugier, except in the presence of the Commissioner of Police; and the drugs he may think fit to prescribe must be tasted (*dégustés*) by the apothecary." [Attached to the prison in the Temple.]

Here, also, are several *procès-verbals* (examinations) held in the Temple, the prison-house of the Royal Family, involving statements made by Louis Charles, the young Dauphin, and Theresa* and Elizabeth Capet† [the family name of Louis XVI.'s race of Bourbon]—dated October 6th—7th, 1793, and signed by the unhappy boy (eventually made

* Maria Theresa Charlotte, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, was born in 1775, and died in 1851.

Austria gave up four prisoners of war [La Fayette being one,] members of the Convention, for this Princess, at Richer, near Basle, in 1795. She was eighteen years of age when the Queen, her mother, was murdered.

† Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI.

away with)—with the words of which a faithful facsimile is presented in page 307.

Next in order was a letter written by Louis XVI., beseeching a postponement of his execution for three days, in which he might communicate with his family and prepare to meet his God.

Not far from this lay the mandate for his execution.

In another apartment was a glazed case exhibiting a very curious record, bearing date January 21st, 1793. It was a Report drawn up by the Clergyman who had witnessed the inhumation of the murdered King's body in the old cemetery of La Madeleine,—where, without rite or ceremonial, the Swiss Guards' bodies had been previously thrown into pits, and after the King's, the body of Marie Antoinette. These, the latter, were at the Restoration, taken up and removed to the Church of St. Denys; after having lain in the temporary graves two-and-twenty years. The original French would be more interesting, but I annex a translation.

"After some few interruptions which rendered the proceedings rather slower than they would otherwise have been, the body of Louis Capet was interred in the Madeleine Burying-ground, in our presence, and in that of the detachment of Gens d'Armes who brought it. We recognized the said body entire in all parts, excepting that the head was separated from the trunk. We noticed that the hair at the back of the head had been cut away, and that the body was without any kerchiefs about

the neck, without a coat, and without shoes: it was, however, clothed in a shirt, a sort of jacket brought to a point after the fashion of a waistcoat, and in small-clothes of grey coloured cloth; the legs covered with silk stockings. In this state it was placed in a coffin which was lowered into the grave and instantly covered up; everything being ordered and conducted in a manner conformable to the commands of the Provisional Executive Council of the French Republic: and we have hereunto annexed our signatures with those of Citizens Picarez, Renaud, and Damoreau, 'Curé et Vicaire,' of St. Madeleine. Signed, Damoreau, Silicé, and others, "Rue d'Anjou, &c. &c. St. Honoré."

I cannot explain M. Damoreau's attestation of his being both Incumbent and Curate of St. Madeleine. Just below the original are four words, by whom written, or when or where, no one could inform me: and their import, as well as etymology, is equally strange: 'Un mot taye nul.' I incline to think that it is an annex in the phraseology of some *provincial* witness among the Gens d'Armes to the purport of not a word having been uttered on the occasion, good, bad, or indifferent:—for it must have been an ugly business, indeed, and the functionaries might possibly have expected that the Clergyman, a Royalist—horrified and outraged—would have let fall some significant words;—as he well might!—but was too discreet to utter.

In another section of this matchless Collection were nearly a hundred manuscripts relative to Buonaparte and his family.

One of these appeared to me paramount in interest to any in France. It is Napoleon Buonaparte's own account, written in almost his very worst autograph,—and *that* implies a hand-writing very nearly resembling the track of a fly whose legs have been blackened in an ink bottle — of that occurrence by which his lifelong destiny was determined. It was the turning point of his military career.

I refer to what in the modern History of France is called the "Jour des Sections"—October 7, 1795:—In Revolutionary phrase, the 13th Vendemiaire. On that day, Buonaparte, occupying the present Rue Dauphine (at that time 'no thoroughfare'), with two pieces of artillery, and about a hundred and fifty regular troops, exactly opposite to the Church of St. Roch in the centre of the Rue St. Honoré, withstood the approach of the insurgent National Guards, who came thronging from every section of the North of Paris (through the Rue St. Roch, which runs alongside of the Church), and took up a station in the street,—which comprised all the steps leading off the pavement up to the doors of the sacred edifice; and from the party occupying this elevation of fifteen feet it has generally been stated the first musket shot was discharged. The insurgents probably did thus commence

the conflict, and seeing that all their divisions which had marched down on the approaches to the Tuileries had been counter-marched by the soldiery of the Convention, who were now occupying every avenue leading to the palace; and as they could proceed no further, they hoped to force a passage from the Rue St. Honoré, and best to accomplish it by rushing boldly on the guns and infantry they saw drawn up to oppose their advance at the point above mentioned. An hour's engagement decided the fortunes of the day,—after some hundreds of lives had been sacrificed; and the troops of the Convention drove their antagonists before them throughout the Capital. On the columns by the Porch doors of the Church of St. Roch may still be seen some insertions of stone which became necessary after the conflict. Several bullets passed over the heads of the National Guards, the Insurgent force, as they stood on the steps leading up to the doors, and I remember having, in 1816, seen the indentations made by these balls which broke the surface into rough holes. They were repaired about four years afterwards: but the present marks are interesting records of the most eventful period in Napoleon's life: for, when he first became acquainted with Barras he was in such obscurity and lying under such neglect as to induce him to entertain thoughts of emigrating, and of offering his services as an Artillerist either to the American or some European state! His eventful history, how-

ever, is well-known. Buonaparte, "the little Corsican officer," as Barras described him, when recommending him to the Conventional Assembly,—"one who would not stand upon ceremony"—was soon afterwards appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior. He was but six-and-twenty years old; and from this date his career may certainly be said to commence. It was always said 'The day of the Sections made the man.' I shall now, therefore, lay before my Readers the account of that day's proceedings drawn up by himself, at the instance of Barras, to be laid before the Convention.

On the occasion of my visit to the Palais des Archives, I had but half an hour on hand when this very curious document was first brought under my notice. Accordingly I retained the good offices of a young Parisian acquaintance, who faithfully transcribed the whole, and forwarded it to me, with another paper equally interesting. I translated it, and it is as follows:—

"Report of General Buonaparte of the 13th day of the month Vendemiaire (7 October, 1795).

"On the 13th, at 5 o'clock in the morning, Barras, representative of the people, was named Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior. General Buonaparte was nominated Second in command. The local artillery was still in the Camp des Sablons, with a guard of a hundred and fifty men only: the remaining portion being at Marli with two hundred. The depôt at Meudon

was left without any guard. At the Feuillants Station there were but some four-pounder guns without any artillerymen, and a store of 80,000 cartridges only. The provisionary stores of the magazines had been distributed throughout Paris, and in several Sections the drums were beating to arms. The men of the Section of the Théatre Français had stationed outposts up to Pont Neuf, which they had barricaded. General Barras gave orders that the artillery stationed at the Camp of the Sablons should immediately repair to the Tuileries: that all the artillerymen of the battalions formed in 1789 and such as were now serving in the Gens d'Armerie, should muster in force to serve these guns. At the same time he dispatched to Meudon * two hundred of the Legion of Police, together with fifty heavy-armed Cavalry from Versailles and two companies of the veteran regiments; and ordered the stores at Marli to be transferred to Meudon. He then adopted measures for victualling for several days the Government troops, and supplying provisions to the Members of the National Convention altogether independently of the Magazines situate in the various Sections. Intelligence, however, was brought from all quarters, of the Sections having formed a coalition: they were risen

* At the period of the Revolution the Royal palace at Meudon was converted into a factory for warlike engines. In 1812 it was fitted up anew for the Empress Marie Louise: and now it is the country residence of Prince Napoleon, the Empeor's first cousin.

in arms and were forming in columns. Hereupon he made such disposition of the troops under his command as would secure the safety of the Convention; and made preparation with his artillery to inflict summary punishment on the insurgents."

[These insurgents, the Reader will observe, were Citizens armed as National Guards, who though not ostensibly Royalists, had begun to look with distrust and jealousy on the Regicides and all the Republican Politicians, who, they apprehended, would become far more despotic and less willing to establish National Liberty than the Ministers and adherents of the lately murdered King. Paris was, and, indeed, still is, partitioned in Sections, (as all the modern maps show),—just as London comprehends the Section of Tyburnia or Paddington, Marylebone, Pancras, Islington, Hackney, &c., &c., &c.,—each of which Sections furnished a body of Guards,—unpaid troops: a fine body of men at that period; and always, whenever enrolled as a force, exhibiting a soldierly aspect and discipline.]

"He accordingly placed cannon at the Feuillants* which would command the Rue St. Honoré; brought up eight-pounders to the head of every street that opened upon it, and stationed a few pieces in reserve, to take the enemy in flank should he by any misadventure succeed in forcing a column

* A convent founded in 1587, just before Henry IV. began to reign, between the Rue St. Honoré and the Tuileries Gardens, where now the Rue Castiglione runs. Not a vestige of it is standing.

through one of the side streets. In the Place du Carrousel he left two mortars [for throwing shells], and two eight-pounders to open an effective fire on any houses from which muskets should be seen pointed against the place of Assembly occupied by the Convention. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the insurgent columns made their appearance at the end of every street by which they could approach; with the intent of consolidating their forces. This critical moment seemed the moment fittest for their total destruction. The veterans among the soldiery —tried men, familiar with war, — felt this to be the case; but they felt, also, that the blood which would be shed was French; and it appeared compulsory to leave these wretches, deeply involved as they already were in the crime of revolt, to steep themselves in the still more defiling guilt of fratricide. To the Rebels attached all the horrors of striking the first blow; and at a quarter to five, being drawn up in hostile array, they began their attack along the whole line. They were repulsed at all points. The blood of Frenchmen was shed: the guilt and the shame of this terrible day were incurred by the Men of the Sections."

"Among the killed were recognized, in all directions, emigrants, priests, and nobles; and among those who were made prisoners, the majority proved to be Chouans, the adherents of Charette.*

* Chouans were peasants of Brittany, named from four brothers,

"The men of the Sections did not regard their first discomfiture as a defeat. They dispersed to take shelter; some in the Church of St. Roch; some in the Theatre of the Republic [so called] and in the Palais Egalité; and they were heard calling loudly on all the inhabitants in the Capital to rise in arms. With the design of averting further bloodshed on the following day, no leisure was allowed them to rally their numbers. The General decided on pursuing the enemy with all alacrity, and sent orders to General Montchoisy who was stationed on the Place de la Revolution [now Place Louis Quinze] with a reserve, to form in column and hasten with two twelve-pounder guns to the Boulevard, and make for the Place Vendôme, to effect a junction with the picket at head-quarters, and so close up with the divisions already mustered in order of battle.

"General Brune with two mortars marched up the streets of St. Nicaise and Rohan. General Cartaut dispatched two hundred men and a four-pounder gun from his division to the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, to *débouche* on the Place du Palais Egalité. [Now the Place du Palais Royal.] General Brune, who had a horse killed under him, proceeded at once to the Feuillants, and thence moved onward to the scene of conflict.

leaders of the royalists, of that name, in 1792. Charette was a Vendéan royalist, shot by the Republicans at Nantes, in April, 1796.

"The Church of St. Roch and the Theatre of the Republic were simultaneously entered by force, and cleared of the rebels, who thereupon withdrew to the head of the Rue de la Loi,* and threw up a barricade. Pickets of observation were thrown out in all directions, and several rounds of artillery were fired at these barricades during the night with a view to check further operations, which they effectually did. At daybreak the General learned that a number of the inhabitants of the Commune of St. Germain were on the way with two pieces of artillery to aid the insurgents; upon which he dispatched a troop of Dragoons who, coming into conflict with them, bore off the cannon and conveyed them to the Tuileries. In spite of these operations the Men of the Sections, as with an expiring effort, threw up another barricade at the outlet of the Section Le Pelletier, and placed cannon at the head of all the principal streets converging on this point. Hereupon General Berenger, at 9 o'clock, drew up his force in order of battle on the Place Vendôme, and marched off with two eight-pounder guns to the Rue des Vieux Augustins, and thence to the principal quarter of the Pelletier Section. General Vachot, in command of a body of riflemen, held them in readiness, on the right, to bear down upon the Place Victoire. General Brune moved to the steps at the end, and planted two howitzers there in the Rue Vivienne. General Du-

* Now the Rue de Richelieu.

vignan with the column which had hitherto h[illegible] the central point of operations, now moved forwa[illegible] with two twelve-pounders to the Rue Richelieu and Rue Montmartre. At this juncture, however, the resolution of the Men of the Sections began to fail, as they apprehended that their retreat would be cut off. They at once, therefore, vacated the position they had taken up, and in sight of our soldiers proved false to that honour attaching to the Chevalier Français which it devolved on them to maintain. The Section named after Brutus occasioned, nevertheless, some trouble at this particular moment, on the occasion of the wife of one of the Representatives having been arrested in that quarter.

"General Duvignan had orders to march straight up the Boulevards as far as the Rue Poissonière. General Berenger took up his station at La Place Victoire. General Brune occupied the Pont au Change; and thus the Section of Brutus was entirely surrounded: our troops pressed onward to the Place de Grève, whence they threw out scouring parties into the Isle of St. Louis [neighbourhood of Notre Dame Cathedral]. From the precincts of the Théâtre Français to the Pantheon—the patriots in all directions had taken heart: the progress of Civil war was effectually arrested; and the bulk of the population seemed, one and all, convinced of the folly of this outbreak, and admitted the extent of the error into which they had been led astray. The next day, measures were adopted for disarming the

) Sections of Le Pelletier and of the Théâtre Français and the Chasseurs and Grenadiers of the National Guard.

"Dêpot de la Guerre."*

The narrative here given conveys a tolerably distinct idea of what has always been called 'The Day of the Sections;' but it comprehends the proceedings of the day next following, which, indeed, was nearly as important, considering the issues, as the first. The young General found important work to do, and did it well; and he must have had what men call 'a clear head' to be enabled to commit to writing the details which, with the Map of Paris before us, prove the extent of his strategical genius and thorough self-possession at a very trying crisis: for the probability was great, that if the fifty thousand citizens in arms had gained the ascendant on this occasion, the Republic would not have stood a fortnight; and there were powerful adherents of the dethroned dynasty who could have made their influence felt, and have become the instruments of that Reform and restoration to monarchical government on which, it was generally believed, the mind of Paris,—harassed and outraged by Revolutionary licence,—had already begun to rest hope.

I believe this 'Report' of Buonaparte has never yet been published in England.

* Ce rapport est tout entier de la main du Général Bonaparte.

In close juxta-position to the interesting document just laid before the Reader, was a letter in Buonaparte's handwriting, of which I took a copy. It was addressed to Louis XVIII. (then in exile, and bearing the title of the Comte de Provence,) and bore date September 7th, 1800.

But, it will be read with greater interest after the perusal of the letter from the King which elicited it. The First Consul permitted upwards of six months to elapse, before he sent his reply;—a delay which Louis regarded as a slight. It was his first approach, however, to the Child of the Revolution;—and we may reasonably infer that many considerations rendered it a very delicate and difficult subject to take up; the correspondence going the full length of suggesting to Napoleon the relinquishment of all he had won or might attain to:—an issue which, we all know, was furthest from his thoughts.

To enable my Readers to feel due interest in the letter transcribed by me last August, I will give the two letters sent by the King.

"February 20, 1800.

I. "SIR;—Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first

wish of my heart. Restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the State for me to discharge by important appointments the debt of my family and myself."

Before Buonaparte replied, a second letter, without date, reached him:—

II. "You must have long since been convinced, General, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward, and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

"No: the conqueror of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me. General! Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

"LOUIS."

The King's letters (impounded as I was told, in Paris, by his express command, at the period of his restoration in 1814) were in his own handwriting: and Napoleon wrote thus, with his own

hand, the following reply: — [The manuscript I copied.] It has been published in Sir A. Alison's History of Europe, and also in De Bourrienne's Memoirs.

"Paris, 20 Fructidor, An VIII. [Sep. 7, 1800.]

"J'ai reçu, Monsieur, votre lettre; je vous remercie des choses honnêtes que vous m'y dites.

"Vous ne devez pas souhaiter votre retour en France; il vous faudrait marcher sur 100,000 cadavres. Sacrifiez votre interêt au repos et au bonheur de la France . . . . . l'histoire vous en tiendra compte.

"Je ne suis pas insensible aux malheurs de votre famille; je contribuerai avec plaisir à la douceur et à la tranquillité de votre retraite.

"Signé "BONAPARTE."

Now, there is a very remarkable circumstance attached to this MS. If De Bourrienne is to be relied on, it was never forwarded! The old Secretary says the last sentence was substituted for "I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure the tranquillity of your retirement:" but as the scored and interlined letter could not be sent, it lay for some time on the library table; and sometime afterwards Napoleon wrote another in which all the former matter was retained, but the concluding passage ran thus: "I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded

with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement."

As the Autograph letter is at this moment in the exhibited Archives of the Empire, as by me there transcribed, I incline to believe that it was in fact sent direct, whatever may have been suggested with reference to its conclusion : and Napoleon was likely enough to abide by his own first thoughts and words, though he might have permitted his Secretary to mutilate the first copy.

We are informed that the King was indignant in the extreme on perusal of the above, and in the first impulse of anger penned a reply, an extract from which in manuscript has long been in my possession. It was dated in September, 1800, and manifests the disturbance of mind into which the unfortunate monarch was thrown by the announcement made by the usurper of his throne and dignity. "You may usurp the throne of my fathers; you may destroy me, if you please; but you cannot efface the ages that are written on my brow as the descendant of a race of princes whose origin dates from the period when the first gleam of civilization shone over a benighted world. You may, with all the arrogance of a *parvenu*, efface the spotless lily from the public buildings of my rightful realm. It matters not. Its annals are already written in the imperishable pages of history, and it is itself engraven in the escutcheons of every royal family of Europe."

This reply was read by Louis' confessor, who,

after some length of remonstrance and tranquillizing counsel, persuaded him to lay it aside; and then the King wrote the following,—his last. The Duc d'Enghien was put to death in March, 1804; and Buonaparte was crowned Emperor two months afterwards. I may as well insert the letter which terminated so remarkable a correspondence:—

"I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government; for the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be duly appreciated by me. But he is under an error in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights. So far from that, he would confirm them, if it were possible for them to be questionable, by the step he has now taken. I know not the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects;* but I know the obligations which God has laid upon me. As a Christian I will fulfil my duties to my last breath;—as the son of St. Louis,† I would, like him, respect myself even in chains;—as the successor of François Premier, I say with him, 'Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.'

"LOUIS."

* The King was recalled to "enjoy his own again," in April, 1814.

† Louis IX. was a prisoner among the Turkish infidels, A.D. 1248.

In a glazed case, not far from Buonaparte's letter to the King, were several letters addressed to himself by his sister Pauline, Princess Borghése, whom I met almost daily in Rome, fifty years since—a very beautiful woman, and a favourite *fra noi altri Inglési;* together with Louis, King of Holland, father of Louis Napoleon, the reigning Emperor; Madame Murat (the Ex-queen of Naples), and several other members of the Imperial family. There are letters from the King of Holland to his brother at the Tuileries, giving reports of the troops in Holland.

I read a letter from Joachim Murat, King of Naples, Sept. 4, 1808, communicating knowledge he had gained in a tour through Italy. He begins by saying, "Je n'ai pas écrit à votre Majesté depuis Turin,"—not very intelligible French. Seven years afterwards he was shot, by sentence of a Military Court, as an Invader of Italy! Near this, was a very curious memorandum or note of certain minutes made by Napoleon relative to his assuming the throne of Italy. The handwriting baffled all my endeavours to decipher it. It was very like Arabic and Syriac blended with French; and with this my inspection of the Archives terminated. I recommend a similar employment to all my countrymen who may have opportunities of going through Paris leisurely, and enjoying an exceptional gratification. In its kind it is unique.

In an apartment adjoining the gallery I had just

quitted hung a very large picture, of ordinary execution, twenty-five feet in length, and twenty in height, which had formerly held place in the Monastery of Riom, Department of Auvergne, and cost that fraternity of Jesuits dear, in having contributed, when found there, to their expulsion from France in 1762. It has been attributed to an artist of the sixteenth century, who, rejoicing in his opportunity of illustrating the ascendancy of the disciples of Loyola, has introduced Henry IV. of France among the personages thrown overboard into the waters out of a huge vessel thronged with black-gowned Jesuits. A monster is seen approaching the King with its jaws opening! The waves dashing against the ship bear on their crest a vast nu[redacted] devilish monsters, who seem to be on the [redacted] for castaways! The Government of the day of Louis XVI., having received intimation of this very demonstrative picture being in the parlour of the Monastery, sent officers to seize and remove it to Paris, where it was actually carried into the House of Parliament and denounced. The Jesuits were immediately driven from France.

This grotesque piece of limning was valueless in interest compared with the Table immediately below it. It is about three yards long and upwards of four feet in width: covered with black leather, in which are plainly discernible numerous little scratches and slight indentations, such as might be made by any rough tool, on the side farthest from

the wall; a dull hazy mark or stain being perceptible in the middle, as if dirty water had long since been spilt upon it. This is the identical table on which Robespierre was found lying when, having failed to blow out his brains with the small pistol he had not long before purchased, he sprang on to the top of it in the agony caused by the bullet merely fracturing his jaw. A deal box was under his head, and the blood had streamed from his chin and cheek under his coat collar, and run under his coat over the surface of the table. This was on July 28th, 1794. The name of that low-born, low-minded tyrant is still mentioned with abhorrence; and the Custos of the Apartments pointed out the stain, and struck the ever memorable table as if he were killing a dead wolf in its lair. It is a startling reminiscence. Next to the very guillotine itself, sold some years since by the family of the hereditary executioner, Sanson, to Messrs. Tussaud —(as the abhorred engine of death that decapitated the murdered King and Queen of France)—this table forms an appropriate *finis* to the brief history of five years between 1789 and 1795, upon whose innumerable and dreadful incidents the Model of the Bastille, shown at first entry to the Palais des Archives, sets the mind thinking. All the reflections on France in the last century are painful. They are akin to the mournful recollection of acts too terrible to dwell upon, perpetrated by a relative or friend during a paroxysm of madness; for it is hardly too

much to say that it was a national delirium which committed or countenanced the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. The People, whatever be their weaknesses and their faults, are, in the main, come to themselves—to their right mind—fully capable of appreciating the blessings of settled government and enlightened rule; and, like convalescents emerging from a long continuous fever, eagerly anxious to conform to every prescription for the preservation of health in life, and for preventing a recurrence of past sufferings. France is the country which, next to our own, we have the most immediate interest to see happy, tranquil, moral, wise, and free; in peace with ourselves; in harmony with the world: and it should be a source of deep gratification [redacted]s to behold the wisdom and virtue of such [redacted] engaged in winning true and lasting liberty, which, if we may judge by the past, will, in their case, be found to consist in rational submission to rational rule. They are, as it were, in a state of transition; but the tenor of the deliberations of the Legislature indicates a consciousness of growing freedom, and of a great deliverance. The prayer of the world should be that they may prove competent, in every succeeding age, to enjoy such emancipation without abuse.

With such impressions and kindly wishes I bade farewell to a Country in whose welfare my frequent Rambles within its territory could not but tend to enlist my warmest interest. The foibles, follies, and

vices of the French are patent to all who have read the people's history, or, even now, attentively scrutinize their disposition and character: and their annals will admonish the nations upon Earth to all ages: but there are great souls and pure, and kind and loving hearts among the masses with whom the desire to cultivate friendly relations may from time to time bring us in contact; and in many more quarters than the world at large gives them credit for, there are institutions supported by private benevolence that shed a lustre on humanity;—there are virtuous and well-ordered homes. In a conversation of some length which I had an opportunity of holding with an English lady who has lived a considerable time in France and is still resident in that country, she laid great stress upon the carefulness exerted by Mothers of families in guarding their daughters between the age of fourteen and one-and-twenty from contact with evil. The girls are never permitted to walk out alone;—nor with female friends not being relatives, and then, not unless the latter be married. They are debarred the perusal of any book but such as the family confessor approves. Their leisure hours are disposed of, so far as may be practicable, in innocent occupations; in the study of languages and the cultivation of artistic accomplishments. The demeanour of daughters towards their parents is almost of patriarchal piety:—As to a girl of twenty years of age carrying everything in her own way with her mother, it is

unheard of: and no intimacies are permitted, even with male cousins. The *salon de reception* is guarded, as by dragons; and where a matrimonial connection is formed, it is in its earliest beginnings a proposal made to the parents;—counter to whose decision the daughter never marries: yét the home circle is a happy gathering, and, whatever storm may rage without, the domestic *entente* is cordial and perfect. This is a picture of society in what we term 'middling gentry.' It would be well if, after prolonged sojourn and accurate and dispassionate observation, our opposite neighbours could so report *us:* though there is but too great cause for believing that the English at large entertain notions with regard to foreign families of respectable position, very discrepant from the inferences that may be drawn from these revelations.

On the subject of such inner life in a community with which fifty-six years have made so many myriads of our countrymen in a certain sense of the word familiar, the extent of their ignorance is great and regretable, and only to be accounted for by the brief periods of our stay upon the Continent,—our hurry in travel,—and the frequent cases of mutual inability to hold long conversations and to cultivate intimacy. Rare are the instances in which reciprocal good opinion and regard have not grown up on acquaintance,—to the extinction of national prejudice and preconceived aversions;—the tenets

[redacted]ying creeds opposing no obstacles to the formation of steady friendship where the quiet influence of religion in the heart has had its perfect work, and Christian charity has generously agreed to differ. I have seen so much of domestic life in France as has more than sufficed to implant these convictions, and to secure to them a permanent place among many pleasurable memories.

Of the recent bloodless and tranquil Revolution in the form of French Government it is not within the scope of my design in this publication to speak with lengthsome comment. An experienced and liberal Ruler's concurrence with the endeavours of a fairly constituted Parliament to order and settle all things essential to the advancement of the Empire's real glory, which should be inseparable from the permanent well-being and happiness of the subject, is really all that the good men and true of France look for; and when, in my last few days of sojourn among far-sighted statesmen, able thinkers and true patriots, I heard the affirmation that the days of Personal Rule were numbered, this was "the be-all and the end-all" of their hopes and aspirations. It is now a *fait accompli;* and the probability, if not the absolute certainty, is great and cheering that, with the maintenance of this *entente cordiale* between the Head of the State and its administrators, will be simultaneously secured the freedom, prosperity, and contentment of a great and mighty and intellectual and enlightened people.

Aug. 17*th.*—The Fête de l'Empereur w[illegible] served with the usual festivities two days s[illegible] and though detained for four hours in Calais harbour, after embarkation, *because of shallow water on the bar,* this day's evening found me installed, in that comfort and perfect rest which travelled men enjoy only in their own Country and their own Home.

THE END.

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